

MARCH 25c

Coronet



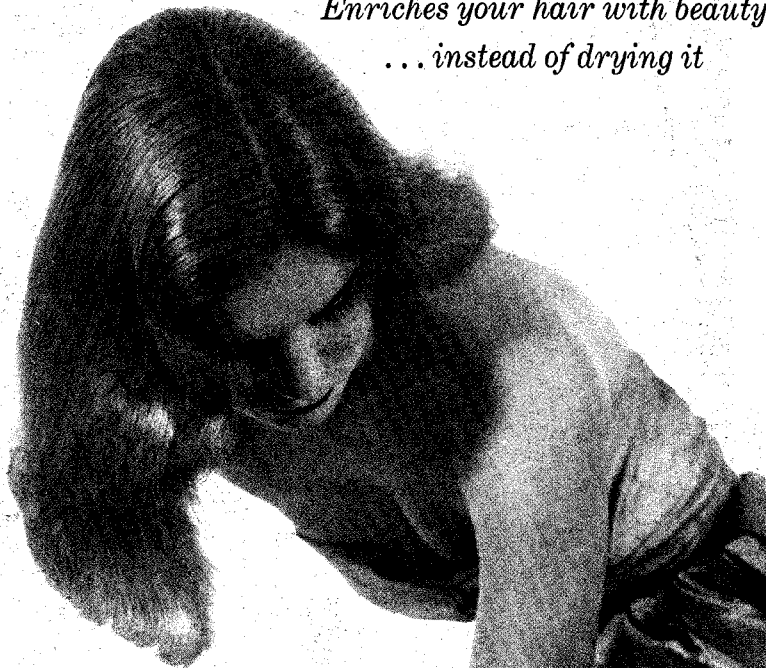
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Here, for you and your family to enjoy, are the breathtaking scenes, still lifes, landscapes, nudes, portraits that have brought pleasure to countless art lovers, students, children! The same radiant beauty that draws millions of people to see these masterworks in the museums will fill your home with breathtaking color and design!

HOW THIS COLLECTOR'S PLAN OPERATES

Mail the coupon at once, together with your dollar, and we will promptly send you your Van Gogh and Toulouse-Lautrec Portfolios and a free copy of the first treatise of your Art Appreciation Course. In addition, we will be happy to extend to you the courtesy of an Associate Membership. *Associate Membership does not obligate you to purchase any additional Portfolios ever!* However, each month as each new collection is released it will be announced to you in advance for the special member's price of only \$2.95. If you do not wish to purchase any particular Collection, simply return the form provided for that purpose. A section from the Art Appreciation Course will be included free with every Portfolio you accept.

Because of the infinite care required to produce these matchless reproductions the supply is limited. Send your dollar for the Van Gogh and Toulouse-Lautrec Collections *now!*

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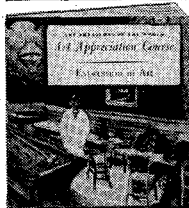
Baltimore News Post

"The series is sumptuous no less, priced so low it will make you blink in disbelief. The art lover who doesn't take a look at these is doing himself an injustice."

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Clement Greenberg, N. Y. Times



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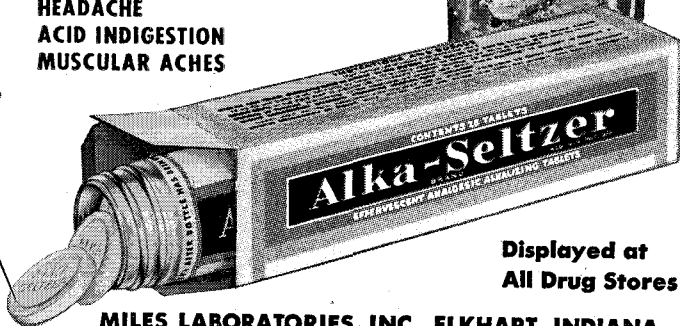
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THE MONTH'S BEST...

THE GLENN MILLER STORY

GLENN MILLER DISAPPEARED during a wartime flight, but the music he made will live as long as America dances. Now, Universal-International has produced a heartwarming re-creation of his story, with James Stewart as the bandleader, June Allyson as his wife and a host of music-makers in their real-life roles. For anyone who can't help humming to *Moonlight Serenade* or *In the Mood*, this is a must.



In World War II, Glenn led army bands.



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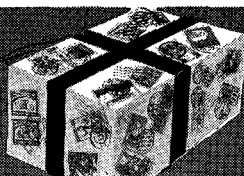


. . . and Louis Armstrong blows his horn.

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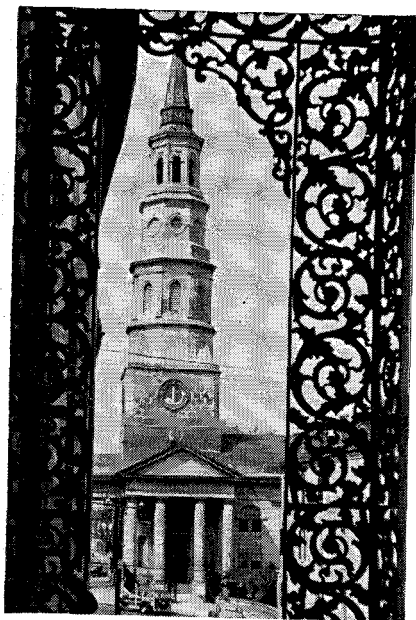
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This monument at Kitty Hawk, N. C., marks the site of history's first powered flight.

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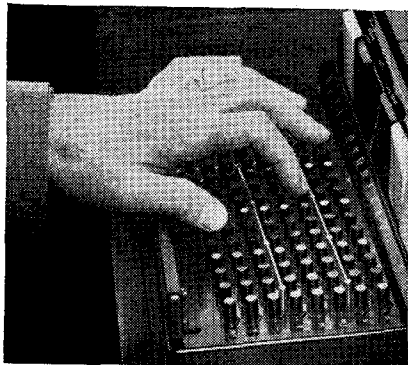
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NEVER PLAYED BEFORE? CAN'T READ NOTES? HALF AN HOUR AT THIS NEW KIND OF ORGAN AND



Already you're playing a melody. The easy "picture music" shows you just which keys to play. (You can also play from standard music.)



Beautiful organ chords with one finger. Press the button pictured in the music to play chords that ordinarily take 3 to 5 fingers.

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But the truth is, thousands of people who didn't know music sat right down and played the new Chord Organ in half an hour.

But what will astonish you even more is this: you'll master rich, impressive organ chords merely by pressing a button.

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Come in and spend a pleasant half hour with the Hammond Chord Organ. Use the instructions and picture music, and learn why you *can* "sit right down and play."

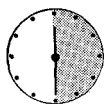
Some dealers will even bring one to your home for a demonstration. Many dealers extend terms up to 3 years. The full price—\$975 f.o.b. Chicago (bench not included). For more details, mail coupon.

The Hammond Chord

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YOU'LL

**Sit right down
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Now you add a little bass. Rest one foot on either of two pedals. The Chord Organ adds the correct bass tones *automatically!*

Organ

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Without cost or obligation, please send me full details about the Hammond Chord Organ and the name of my nearest dealer.

Name

Address

City Zone State

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MARCH, 1954

11

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The Spoken Word



MEASURED AGAINST the repertoire of music records, the number of recordings which present plays, poetry or the spoken word in any other fashion is small. Yet it is growing.

RCA Victor issued two Shakespeare albums, *Macbeth* (LM 6010) and *Romeo and Juliet* (LM 6110), both played by members of the Old Vic Company, the English theater group renowned for the high standards it sets for the performance of classical plays and, in particular, the works of Shakespeare. Alec Guinness, better known in this country as a versatile film comedian, plays Macbeth, and Pamela Brown plays Lady Macbeth.

Angel Records offers two albums of superb quality, Oscar Wilde's *The Importance of Being Earnest* (3504 B) and T. S. Eliot's *Murder in the Cathedral* (3505 B). The polished aphorisms of Wilde's social comedy emanate with an unexpected degree of sparkle in this performance which has John Gielgud, Dame Edith Evans and Pamela Brown as main characters. Eliot's distinguished religious play (which uses the classic form) cannot fail to convey its intense spiritual message in this beautiful performance, an Old Vic Company production. *The Cocktail Party*, Eliot's dissection of the troubles of modern society by way of dramatic conversation, is available as a Decca record (DX 100), which employs the actors of the play's successful New York production, Alec Guinness among them.

Dramatic readings, recently in vogue, which dispense with the flash and glitter of the traditional stage decoration and rely on the power of the actor's word,

are natural material for reproduction on records. In Columbia's *Don Juan in Hell* (SL 166) such stars as Charles Boyer, Charles Laughton, Cedric Hardwicke and Agnes Morehead join for the intellectual fireworks of this otherwise seldom heard centerpiece from *Man and Superman*. Tyrone Power, Judith Anderson and Raymond Massey recreate Stephen Vincent Benet's Civil War epic, *John Brown's Body* (Columbia SL 181), giving meaning and timely conviction to its visions and messages.

Living poets and writers increasingly read their works for commercial recordings, often providing the listener with a different, unknown or unexpected interpretation of their words. Columbia, under the editorship of Goddard Lieberson, issued a *Masterwords, Literary Series* in which, to mention a few, W. Somerset Maugham once more proves that he is a born story teller, William Saroyan wanders astray trying to tell his story, and John Steinbeck plainly reads (SL 190). The Library of Congress publishes *Contemporary Readings of Poets Reading Their Own Poems*. A wide variety of poets and poems is available.

Edward R. Murrow, whose eminently successful record series, *I Can Hear It Now*, proved the interest of the public in documentary records, now signs as editor of an inspirational album, *This I Believe* (Columbia SL 192). Ten living Americans of various backgrounds record their philosophies, and the beliefs of ten "immortals" of all ages, written by outstanding public figures, are read by ten people of eminence.

—FRED BERGER

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3 SPEAKERS



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There is something new in the world of sound and it is the Webcor stereofonic sound system—high-fidelity reproduction of your records that actually rivals “live” performance.

You can play up to four hours of uninterrupted music on the glorious new Webcor Musicale. The sound is picked up by a wide-range General Electric magnetic cartridge. Then through a matched preamplifier and

a powerful amplifier the sound is fed into the room through *three* carefully balanced speakers. The result—50 to 15,000 cycles of undistorted, magnificent sound.

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\$149⁵⁰

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- plays all three sizes
- three speakers
- audio level control
- plays all three speeds
- General Electric pickup
- hand-crafted cabinets

WEBCOR

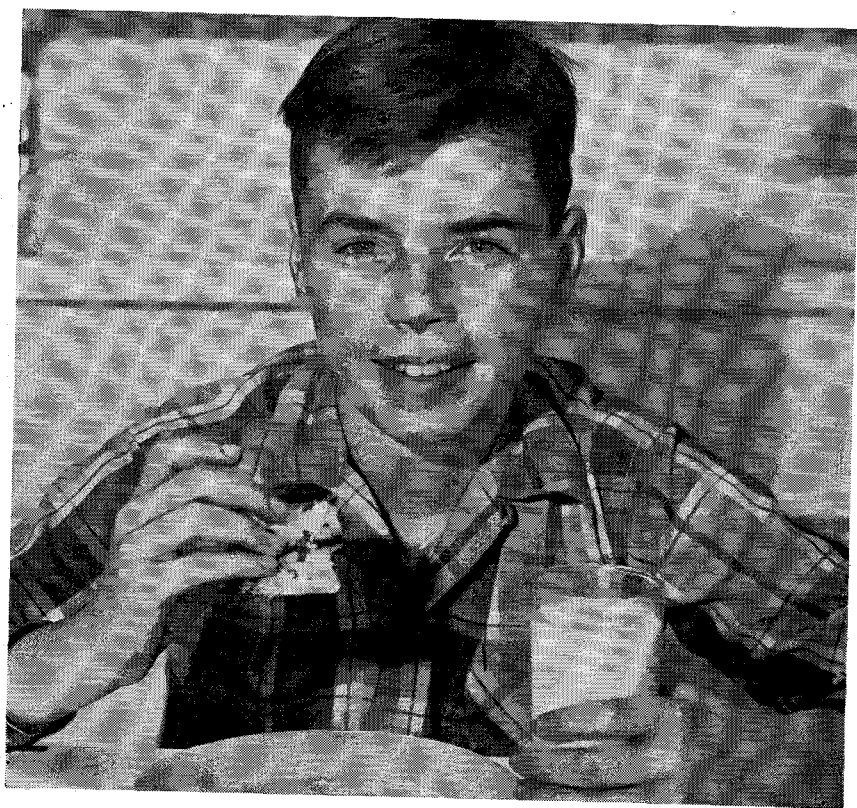
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No other type of tooth paste



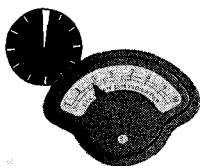
Magazine after magazine reports that Listerine Antizyme Tooth Paste has the continuous action anti-enzyme, sodium dehydroacetate, found in no other tooth paste. They tell you how this invisible ingredient is actually absorbed, as you brush, onto the

surfaces of the teeth. For 12 to 24 hours after each brushing, Antizyme's continuous action stops the enzymes that make tooth-decaying acids. Scientific laboratory tests have definitely proved this in 9 out of every 10 cases tested.

protects against tooth decay every minute of every day!

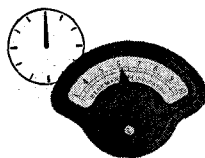
LISTERINE ANTIZYME TOOTH PASTE ...

with the anti-enzyme, sodium dehydroacetate,
found in no other tooth paste ... gives you con-
tinuous protection against tooth-decaying acids.



Without exception other types of tooth paste are only effective temporarily ... sometimes for less than half an hour. Acidometer tests (electronically measuring decay acids on the teeth) made 30 minutes after brushing with ordinary tooth paste, showed "dangerous decay acids", in most every case.

In tests using Antizyme Tooth Paste, the Acidometer showed "no harmful decay acids on teeth" for 9 people out of 10 ... even though more than 12 hours had passed since the last brushing. Don't let your children go another day without this new protection, morning and night.



A Product of
The Lambert Company



**No Other Type of Tooth Paste ... Even Those Claiming Anti-Enzyme Action ...
Protects Against Tooth Decay Every Minute of Every Day.**

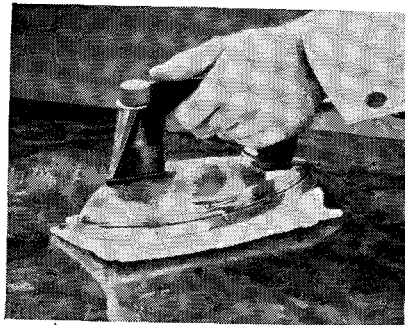
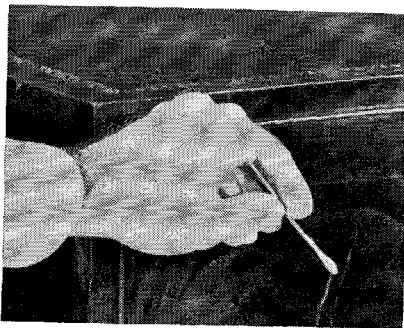
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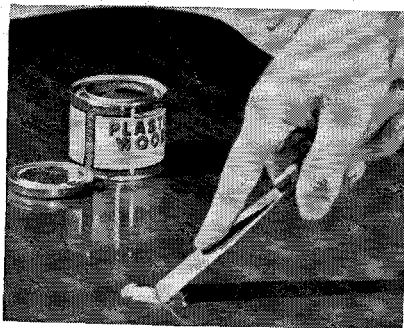
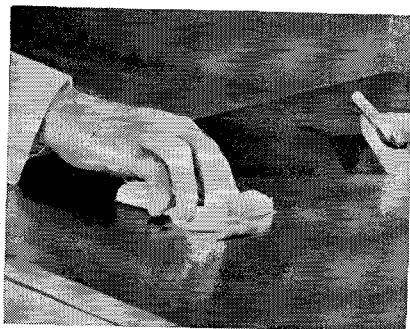
First Aid for Furniture

DENTS: Remove polish or wax with turpentine. Wipe with damp cloth to soften wood, then press cloth to wood with a hot steam iron. If dent fails to rise, remove finish with fine sandpaper, apply the damp cloth and iron again. Refinish repaired area, rub smooth with rottenstone and wax finish.



SCRATCHES: Mahogany scratches can be concealed with iodine, applied with a tuft of cotton on a toothpick. For other dark woods, select a polish or dye a shade lighter than the wood. For light wood, use matching colored wax. After 24 hours, polish with rubbing wax, filling in scratch with a fine brush.

HOLES: Scrape hole clean with knife; fill with wood putty or plastic, leaving indentation. Rub edges smooth. Fill hollow with shellac stick in matching color. Level with knife, and sandpaper. Use varnish in color matching finish on patch. Cover with lubricating oil, rub, clean with carbon tetrachloride.



BURNS: Apply small amount of creamy silver polish only to the burn. Rub firmly, being careful not to get polish on finish. Wipe dry and, using regular furniture polish, rub down entire area. Light burns may be repaired by rubbing a paste of rottenstone and linseed oil over area with a soft cloth.

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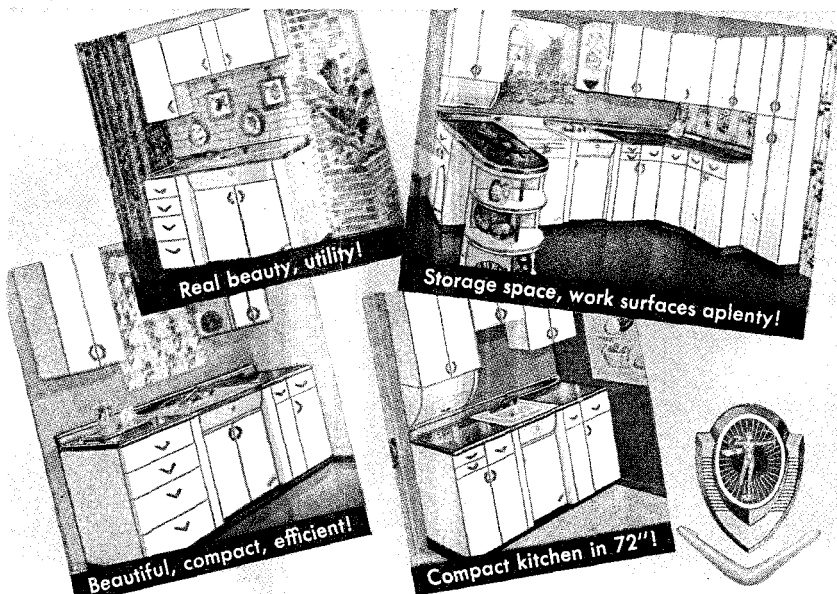
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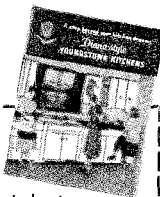
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What's Wrong With English?

by MARTIN PANZER

AS WE ALL KNOW, English is the native tongue of the American people. But the way it is neglected in some quarters would lead you to believe that many of us have become ashamed of it.

Take a look at your restaurant menu. What is it all about, anyway? "Suprême of Turbot, vin blanc; Pomodoro; Ris de Veau braisé; Pointes d'Asperges; Pommes Persillées; Oeufs à la Coque; Profiterole au Chocolat."

I got one like that myself not long ago and was embarrassed before the waiter, for I did not understand a word of it. Yet I wasn't half as embarrassed as a young fellow at a nearby table who was accompanied by a pretty girl.

Obviously, he was trying to make a good impression on his companion, but his ignorance of French was not helping. Instead of appearing in full control of the situation, he was floundering to find dishes that he could order for both of them without getting something ridiculous. Finally he had to admit to the

girl that he could not read the menu. She laughed it off, but I could tell that the evening would no longer be as pleasant for him as it might have been.

Now what is the sense of printing menus in French in a land where comparatively few can read French, and where practically everybody can read English? If it is done out of snobbishness, there is no excuse for it; and if it is done that higher prices can be charged, there is even less excuse.

Practically every food we eat has a good English name, so let's stop putting on false airs and call asparagus tips asparagus tips.

The language evil is not restricted to French titles for American foods. We go in for foreign words at the slightest excuse. Take music, for instance.

Certainly the Italians have a wonderful history of musical creativeness, but when an American youngster begins to take piano or violin or flute lessons, he runs squarely into an unnecessary dif-

ficulty; the musical directions are almost always in Italian.

If the composer wants his music played very softly, the score reads "pianissimo" instead of simply "very softly." If it should be played loudly, the direction is "forte" instead of just "loud." Before the poor youngster knows the difference between a major and a minor scale, he has to learn Italian: *allegro molto*; *allegro vivo*; *andantino*; *moderato*; *vivace*; and all the rest.

This use in music of Italian (and often German) extends into the opera house. The lovers of art and culture wonder why Americans haven't taken to grand opera on a grand scale. It never occurs to them that some of us may find it tantalizing, frustrating and even boring to sit through three hours of singing in Italian or German, when we don't understand a word of it. Is it likely that Italians or Germans would flock to opera houses in which the singing was all in English?

Lately, some operas have been translated into English and the new versions are finding far larger audiences among Americans. Indeed, I have one friend who was not ashamed to confess that he fell asleep during one performance of *La Bohème*. But when the same *La Bohème* was recently presented in English over a TV network, he sat enthralled throughout.

ANOTHER FIELD in which English could be used is that of medicine. It does not help a patient's peace of mind to be told that he has an edema instead of merely a swelling, or that he has dermatitis or conjunctivitis when his ailment is inflammation of the skin or eye. I

saw one patient greatly relieved when his doctor translated the diagnosis of "angina pectoris" as a pain in the chest, although the translation in no way made his illness less or more serious.

Nor does the legal profession go far enough in making everything clear to the average American by telling him in simple English what he wants to know. A businessman I know recently received an item which illustrates this.

It was a contract for signature. At the bottom was a ruled line preceded by the initials *L.S.* He phoned his lawyer and asked what the initials meant. "They mean 'locus sigilli,' was the reply.

"What does 'locus sigilli' mean?" he asked.

"It means 'the place of the seal,'" explained the lawyer.

"And what does *that* mean?" persisted the businessman.

"In plain English, it means 'sign here,'" he was told.

"Then why doesn't it *say* just that?" he demanded.

And so it goes, wherever you turn. If you want forget-me-nots for your garden, some seed catalogs still list them as "*myosotis palustris*," while primroses are called "*primula*" and columbines are called "*aquilegia*." As you leaf through these catalogs, you begin to imagine you are in a far-off land whose language is completely new.

So, don't try to woo your sweetheart or wife with a *helianthemum* without telling her it's a rockrose, and don't send her *gypsophila* unless you make it clear it's just another name for baby's-breath.

Oliver Wendell Holmes once said that every language is a temple

in which the soul of those who speak it is enshrined. The English language is our temple, but some of us are beginning to wish that our temple were treated with the respect it deserves. It is annoying, for example, to become engrossed in a book and then, just at the most fascinating point, find the author going off into Spanish or Russian or Dutch without so much as a "pardon me."

When we pay good money for a book that is apparently written in English and sold to the public as an English-language work, we are entitled to receive a book that is written in English. Anything less is a minor fraud. The author has no right to assume superior airs, or even to presume that all his readers understand any language he may choose to throw at them.

The use of foreign words and phrases in this country is one outgrowth of a snobbery adopted by American visitors to other lands in the early days of our history, when only a few of our people had the opportunity for global travel. On their return, they would flaunt the foreign phrases they had picked up. After a while, many people began to consider the use of these foreign phrases a mark of distinction.

We have come a long way in the centuries that have elapsed since the landing of the Pilgrims. Isn't it about time, in 1954, to drop these affectations? We've got a perfectly good language, with a perfectly adequate vocabulary to satisfy our everyday thirst for communication, knowledge, entertainment and spiritual development. So why don't we use it?

The Children's Corner

PEOPLE WHO SAY they "sleep like a baby" usually don't have one.

—*Louisville Courier-Journal Magazine*

AN AUTHORITY SAYS no two children are exactly alike, especially if one is yours and the other isn't.

—*Pipe Dreams*

WHO SAYS KIDS don't wipe their feet when they enter the house? They sure do—on the living-room rug.

—*PAUL STEINER*

ANOTHER THING that is "untouched" by human hands is a small boy's towel.

—*ANTHONY J. PETTITO*

ONE OF THE MOST endearing things about babies is the fact that they never repeat all those cute things that their parents say.

IT IS THE HOPE of all good parents that their children will learn to solve their own problems—particularly in arithmetic!

—*ADRIAN ANDERSON*

GOOD OLD DAYS: When a teen-ager went into the garage and came out with the lawn mower.

—*Changing Times, Kiplinger Magazine*

Millions of Americans are paying for "benefits" they will never receive

Are You Cheated by Social Security?

by CONGRESSMAN JOHN BELL WILLIAMS, *Democrat of Mississippi*

I WARN YOU that you are due for a shock when you read this article.

When your social-security taxes are deducted from your paycheck, you probably heave a resigned sigh, wryly noting that what's left after other deductions seems smaller than ever in the face of today's high prices. But, you are likely to console yourself, those social-security taxes you pay, supplemented by an equal contribution by your employer, will provide you with a nice nest egg during old age.

I hope you never discover, as have nearly half the total number now eligible to retire under our social-security law, that this happy dream is only a dream and that, after paying into the security fund for decades, you will never collect a single cent in benefits from it!

The unpleasant fact is that our present social-security law is working many cruel injustices on millions of oldsters today. If you are one of the 48,000,000 people covered by the act, or a dependent of one of them (and just about everybody falls into one or another of these classes), read this article care-

fully, for you have a sizable financial stake in the matters discussed.

Under our present law, millions of people who are eligible to retire *can't afford to quit work* and are unjustly penalized by the loss of all the social-security benefits for which they have paid. The joker is a provision which says you are not permitted to *earn* more than \$75 a month from outside employment without forfeiting your rights to all benefits until you reach 75, at which time Uncle Sam magnanimously allows you to collect.

The provision doesn't apply to anything except *earnings*. You can collect dividends from stocks, have an income from an annuity, or get your money from any of a thousand and one other ways—and still collect social security. It's only if you are really hard up, cannot live on the small sum you get from social security, and must work after age 65 that you forfeit your rights. Unfortunately for them, more than 2,000,000 Americans over 65 today fall into this class.

What many people who resist reform of the social-security law fail

to realize is that the issue is not simply one of actuarial tables; it is a matter of human beings. Many old people are in financial trouble through no fault of their own—inflation and high prices being what they are. They need help in their struggle to stay self-supporting and self-respecting.

After I introduced a bill into Congress to remove the \$75 monthly earning limit from the law, thousands of old people wrote to me about it. These letters tell eloquently why we must revise our social-security system.

One letter came from Wilmington, Ohio. "I am a man 69 and have been drawing a pension of \$20 a month since the first of 1951. As we all know, a man and wife can't exist on such an amount. I leased a little filling station. At the end of the year I showed a profit of \$874 and was living nicely until this January, when I had a notice from the social-security people in Chicago saying that I had showed too much profit and would have to return five months of my pension money, plus \$20, which totaled \$120. I had to borrow the money from friends to pay it back. They stopped my pension and have not reinstated it as yet."

Another letter came from a 74-year-old Baltimore man: "A few weeks ago I was offered a job at \$83 a month for working five hours a day, five days a week. But if I take

the position—and it's the only thing I can do at 74—I must give up my social security. The \$83 is only \$16.50 more than my benefit from social security. In other words, I would be working a full month for \$16.50."

A 65-year-old Ohioan wrote that since he broke his hip in a fall 12 years ago, he has "hobbled around on crutches" and makes about \$100 a month repairing sweepers in his home. He can't see why he should not be allowed to continue this and still collect his social security. Must this man give up the work his self-reliance has brought him? Must he exist on a substandard of living just to collect his social security?

There are many other cases I could cite, but they would only repeat the same point: the benefits paid by social security are inadequate to live on today. To force old people to give up the extra money they earn on the side in order to collect their social-security benefits is literally to sentence them to a life-term of peonage.

The most ironic part of our social-security system is that the income limitation most hurts those who can least afford to do without the financial benefits for which they have paid. And the crowning blow to the oldsters, covered by social security, who are now working after 65, is that the money they earn is all taxable under state and federal income tax laws, while the money they forfeit as social-security benefits is *never* subject to federal income taxes, and is subject to the taxes of only a few states.

The income limitation provisions of the law are the result of a principle being continued long after the

reason for its enactment ceased to exist. When social security was adopted back in 1935, we were in the middle of a depression. Ten million wage-earners were out of work. We had relief, bread lines, men and women looking frantically for a job—any job. Often, the jobs didn't exist.

Then came the social-security law. Planned strictly as a retirement act, one of the conditions imposed on receiving benefits was that people who got them really quit work and retired. This made sense, because other people were desperate for jobs, and the positions left by retirees were quickly filled.

Today, however, the situation is drastically changed. The depression is gone. Many part-time jobs, the kind most retirees would be interested in taking, are going begging. In some cases, this limitation is working against the national welfare. Take the case of retired engineers, technicians and other highly-skilled persons needed in the national defense.

America has a chronic shortage of such persons. By taking part-time work, many retirees could help in our technological race with the Iron Curtain countries. The present social-security law, however, lays too great a penalty upon them for accepting this work. If they take it, they lose social-security—so most of them don't.

People now covered by the act pay a substantial amount in contributions. As of last January, the amount withheld from your wages went up from one and one-half per cent to two per cent. Your employer is required to contribute an equal amount. That means a total of four

percent of your wages, up to the first \$3,600 (the maximum sum taxable for social-security purposes) goes into the fund every year.

It is outrageous that a person should be forced to contribute so much year after year and not get anything back, no matter what the reason. Why, then, is there opposition to removing the income limitation? Because it will cost money.

There are two ways to get around this objection. The first is to increase the payments slightly to cover this cost. The second is to reduce benefits slightly to see that everybody gets what he paid for—a retirement income.

If we increase payments, by how much must we increase them? The answer is little, perhaps not at all.

The Social Security Administration estimates that it would take about $\frac{3}{4}$ of one per cent to one per cent of taxable income up to the \$3,600 maximum to remove the income limitation. This would require only one-half per cent extra payroll deduction, matched by a corresponding contribution from the employer.

But since the social-security fund is bulging at the seams, it having taken in so much more than it has paid out, this is strictly a maximum estimate. By trimming benefits slightly, the increase would be negligible or non-existent. President Eisenhower has pointed out that the fund is in splendid financial shape, and has called the present increase "unnecessary."

Since the American people are now paying at least 80 to 85 per cent of all they would have to pay to have this unfair limitation removed, it would seem that most

thinking people would be in favor of removing it.

There are several other changes I would like to see made in our social-security law. One of these is to include more people under its coverage—if they want to be covered. At present, many important groups—doctors, lawyers, professional engineers, dentists, farm workers and others—are barred.

I am against forcing these persons to be covered by social security. But polls show that a substantial proportion of professional people want to be included in the program, although a majority do not. Why does social-security have to be run on an all or nothing basis? Why

not let those who want to have its benefits come in, while those who do not can stay out? Freedom of choice is part of the American way of doing things.

There are other changes in the law which could profitably be made, but they are technical and it would take too much space here to go into them. Let's sum up by saying that right now, to millions of people, the program provides not security but a limitation of security. Run properly, the program can mean much to the American people. Social-security can protect them from one of the most frightening nightmares which faces human beings—poverty in old age.

New Orange Juice for Babies

ABOUT A YEAR AGO, a worker in a Florida orange juice canner noticed a rash on his hands. He was annoyed; but his employers, the Bib Corporation, were fascinated for the worker's skin irritation resembled the rash that bothers many babies who drink orange juice.

The allergies which infants get from orange juice had been puzzling the medical world for years. Rich in Vitamin C, the juice is an essential food for children, second in importance only to milk.

Yet experts like Dr. Frances Ilg of Yale, authority on child development, have estimated that 60 per cent of all babies under four months old are allergic to it. Some pediatricians had even precluded orange juice from the diets of *all* infants under their care.

Even after manufacturers began filtering out the peel oil, some of the allergies continued. So when the Bib-worker—who handled pulp as it came from the juicing ma-

chine—turned up with a rash, researchers went to work looking for the cause.

They found the answer—after exhaustive tests. His rash was caused by a protein in the orange seeds which cracked when the orange was “juiced.” Then technologists were called in; months later, they had perfected a method of preventing contact between seed and juice in the canning process, thus filtering out seed protein as well as peel oil.

The result, as reported recently in the authoritative *Annals of Allergy* by Dr. Bret Ratner, allergist at the New York Medical College, is an orange juice that will not cause rashes, allergies or upset stomachs in infants. Sold all over the country under the trade name “Bib,” it has been accepted for infant feeding by the AMA Council on Foods and Nutrition, and undoubtedly will prove a boon to the four million babies who will be born this year.

—JAMES BORAN



What does a modern woman need, and what does she have to know, in order to insure that she can win and hold love?

10 Secrets of Sex Appeal

by LEE GRAHAM

THE CURIOUS THING about feminine sex appeal is that it has one definition for all men collectively, but a different meaning for each individually. To all men it represents the combination of qualities in a woman which arouses their physical desire. But what these qualities are and in which combination they are most exciting depend upon each man's particular taste.

That many women—whether married or single—are concerned about their sex appeal is evident from the tremendous amount of money they spend on paraphernalia calculated to increase their allure. This paraphernalia is dreamed up by merchants who spend huge sums of money just to bring all this to women's attention. (Contrary to popular belief, advertisers do not instill fear in women in order to make them buy. They simply recognize its existence and do their best to profit by it.)

They tell her how she can keep kissable if she gargles with the right rinse; how she can have a skin he loves to touch if she lathers with the right soap; how she can go to the Stork Club every night if she ap-

plies the right deodorant; how she can even wangle a proposal by moistening her ear lobes with the right perfume.

Nor does getting married rescue her from the necessity of having to practice this form of witchcraft. According to the ads, she has to continue weaving a seductive spell—if she wants to hold the man whom she finally won.

Are the purveyors of aids-to-glamour exaggerating the prevalence of women's fears? Or are most women obsessed with worry about the potency of their charms? It has been my experience that they are—even the more beautiful ones. One of their vital concerns is about their ability to win and to hold love.

There is a widely accepted explanation for the fact that so many of today's women are concerned about their looks. It is their belief that the age in which we live is fraught with neurotic insecurity. Women are thought to be especially insecure because, in gaining social and political rights, they have supposedly lost some of their inherent sexual and emotional status.

No one will argue with the posi-

tion that women's status has changed. But I don't agree that our reaction reflects insecurity. I think it reflects a normal apprehension which grows out of our primordial desire to keep the family unit intact. We are aware of new attitudes in our environment which endanger our role as a wife, and it's only natural that we should fight this with our customary intuition and stamina.

In our civilization, a woman's capacity to bear many children and her skill in handling household chores no longer add much to her value. In fact, few men can even afford large families nowadays, and furthermore, the invention of numerous labor-saving devices has reduced housework to a minimum.

In what other way, then, can a woman make herself indispensable to a man? By resorting to the oldest and most basic strategy of inflaming his sexual hunger . . . and expertly satisfying it.

This was formerly thought to be the sole province of women whose *profession* it is to allure men. At least, that was the concept which thrived here and in England during the Victorian era. Then World War I hit us, and undermined many of our social mores, including our attitude towards sex. The physical side of love was accepted as a fit topic of conversation.

Through more exposure to education, the average woman revised her thinking about what she had been taught was "wicked." She began to see that being an adept mistress was part of being a good wife, that both giving and receiving sexual satisfaction in her marriage was a means of preserving it. She seemed

to realize that being a fine cook and an attentive mother were now insufficient to hold a husband.

In her efforts to accent her sexual charms, she borrowed heavily from the dress and manner of the courtesan. The frank use of cosmetics, the tinted hair and all the other devices associated with yesterday's woman of the streets are now employed by women in the home.

The result of all this, however, is tinged with irony. Today's woman, through her own actions, has enlarged the battleground. The professional temptress is no longer her sole competition. Now she has to compete with women in general, women who are as unembarrassed about displaying their wiles as she is. And not only are they openly seductive but, what is really dangerous, they are positively predatory.

Even if these "other women" didn't exist in such large numbers, the wife who wants to maintain her marriage would still have cause to worry about her appearance. She would have to contend with the Glamour Girl to whose flawless face and figure American men have become accustomed in their dreams, if not in their actions. The movies, magazines, television and billboards have made this Creature an ubiquitous symbol to the extent where men think She is real although somewhat unattainable. And even if they never meet Her, She remains the ideal to which they unconsciously compare the women they *do* meet.

Sex Appeal Versus Beauty

The odd but blessed thing about sex appeal is the fact that physical beauty is not always a prerequisite. For, in spite of the French proverb

which says it is the duty of every woman to be beautiful, only a few can meet the obligation. But there is no woman who cannot acquire sex appeal or who cannot increase whatever amount she already possesses.

If a woman is beautiful, let's not deny that she has a tremendous advantage in the projection of sex appeal. Nevertheless, it's entirely possible that she might possess very little such appeal. For sex appeal is basically sensuous appeal. *It is the ability of a woman to please a man's five senses—sight, smell, touch, hearing and taste.*

To attract his eyes is not enough if one or more of his other senses are offended. A symmetrically lovely face, for example, might not compensate for a badly blemished complexion, nor might an excellent figure make up for a shrill, cackling laugh. Often the woman who is not strikingly handsome but whose *total* impression is captivating stands the best chance of exuding that magnetic force known by, and publicized under, a variety of names, including "personality," "it," "oomph" and "glamour."

The most exquisite beauty will project very little sex appeal if she doesn't understand the art of being completely feminine. I am reminded of an actress who was so famous five years ago that you would remember her instantly if I told you her name. Her face was unforgettable in the perfection of its proportions and in the impeccable sweep of its bone structure.

Other women copied her hairdo, imitated her speech,

aped her mannerisms. They practically made a cult of her, which was a waste of time if, by doing so, they thought they were becoming more desirable. For what many women understandably failed to see was that behind her faultless facade, no sex appeal shone. The photogenic face, chic lean body and exotic hairstyle left men cold. She looked too much like an unattainable mannequin—and not enough like a potential mate.

Her perfection was frightening—not inviting. She was not enough of a woman to arouse more than the superficial interest of a really virile male. But the only difference between her and too many other women in this country is the fact that she has been gifted with a prettier face than most.

American wives constantly complain about lack of companionship from their husbands, who seem to prefer being with each other at ball games, prize fights, club meetings and bars—or any place where females are scarce. This is bound to happen if women think they can substitute fashion for passion. Quite a few of them act as if wearing a black chiffon nightgown is *the* answer to a man's prayers. They don't seem to understand that no inanimate object can automatically make them irresistible.

I hope I haven't given you the idea, however, that physical attractiveness plays a minor role in keeping your husband's interest stimulated. As a matter of fact, since men are supposed to fall in love with their eyes, their sight is probably the last sense a



woman should risk offending by not *looking* desirable. What I've been trying to do is to stress the point that *beauty without womanliness* is as flat as a prairie and just as monotonous.

Aside from normal variations in masculine preference, the things about a woman which most thrill a normal man are those physical traits which emphasize the difference between the sexes. A man may like a woman with whom he can share mutual interests and tastes. But that's as far as he wants to go in their being similar to each other. When it comes to her appearance, he wants that to be definitely unlike his. *Since it is a woman's secondary sex characteristics which form the keystone of her physical allure, they are the assets to which I refer.*

Without them, no woman can arouse a normal man's desire, no matter how talented, brilliant, witty or cooperative she may be. Would an effeminate, rouged, perfumed, long-haired male appeal to you as a mate? Well, that's exactly how a masculine-looking woman affects a man. Yet, no woman, if she is reasonably healthy, need look anything but feminine.

1. *Sight.* There are certain features about a woman which a man is especially stirred by. To begin with, such a girl will generally have long hair. I know that some fads induce women to cut their hair quite short at times. But I believe that any woman who does this is making a mistake. She is sacrificing one of her major sex characteristics to fashion.

Again and again, you'll hear a woman say, "My husband loves me to keep my hair long, but I think it

looks better cut short. I can manage it better." Perhaps she can manage her hair better that way—but she could manage her husband better the other way.

Body hair also has an affinity to sex, but in reverse. A hairy woman is male-like and therefore unattractive. A woman who is troubled with excessive body hair should remove it or keep it under control by using a depilatory or by shaving.

The most celebrated focus of the male's visual attention is probably the female bosom. Through his experience from infancy on, he has been conditioned to think of a woman's breasts as *the* symbol of her femininity and therefore of her sex appeal. Although the contour and shape of the breasts vary with individual heredity, men generally like a prominent, uplifted bustline. This public demonstration may seem like a breach of decorum to some people, but it is a much healthier attitude than the one which reigned after World War I and induced women to flatten their breasts into virtual non-existence.

The post-World War I attitude also induced women to modify the size of their hips by lowering the waistline and leaving it undefined. This may have been fashionable to the female but it must have been frustrating to the male. For the naturally curved pelvic contours of a woman delight a man's eyes. Her hips shouldn't burgeon beyond graceful limits, but they should be pronounced enough to give confirmation of her sex.

And that, incidentally, is the reason why a woman shouldn't wear slacks. Whether she likes it or not, she simply doesn't look well in them

if she has the kind of hips men prefer. It's when slacks *do* become her that she has something to worry about.

2. *Hearing.* Your voice has a great potential for emitting an incredible amount of sex appeal. As you know, there are many radio singers and actresses admired by a host of men who have never seen them, but who are thrilled just by the timbre of their voices. It is entirely possible for a woman to *sound* so inviting and caressing that men are smitten whenever she opens her mouth.

In order to do this, however, her voice must be pitched low. For men seem to have a poorer tolerance of high sounds than we do, so that hearing a shrill, treble voice annoys them far more than it does us. They may, for example, admire the dulcet tones of a well-trained soprano, but it's the voice of the "torchy" blues singer that quickens their pulse and really "sends" them.

3. *Smell.* Fragrance and femininity are so intertwined in the masculine mind that, should you ask a man what he means by a well-groomed woman, he's most apt to say, "One that smells good." You might think it superfluous to bring up the subject of body cleanliness, since American women take innumerable baths and buy innumerable deodorant products. But I mention it because some women still imagine that smelling good is achieved by a liberal use of perfume.

Although odors are nerve stimulants and certain scents have an aphrodisiac effect, no bottled fragrance can supersede frequent bathing and fresh clothing. The best olfactory approach is through a

combination of fastidiousness and *elusive* fragrance. And I emphasize the word *elusive* because perfume should hint—not overpower.

4. *Touch.* Human hands, whatever else they may be, are erotic instruments. In a sexual relationship between a man and woman, touch is the gateway to stimulation: petting, stroking, fondling and hugging play a vital part. No woman can be fully desirable without the kind of skin described by the ads as "the skin he loves to touch."

5. *Taste.* It is mostly in the oral kiss that this sense comes into play. With the taste buds located on the surface of the tongue, a man cannot avoid noticing a woman's breath during those moments when her lips are pressed against his. Again the ads are right in their admonition to brush our teeth carefully and gargle with a flavorsome rinse.

The Inner Substance

Provided that each of two women has an equally tempting endowment of external assets, why is one able to project a longer-lasting sex appeal than the other? Because sexual seductiveness, in order to endure, has to have elements which fire a man's imagination as well as possess qualities which arouse his five senses. Without these elements, a woman can satisfy a man's need but she cannot continue to stimulate his ardent desire.

This happens, unfortunately, in too many marriages. The sexual love between husband and wife dies, and the relationship drops to a plane of mere physical necessity. At this point, the man's tenderness towards the woman fades, and bickering begins. Or he becomes indifferent to

her because intercourse leaves him relieved but not deeply satisfied.

Of course, cynics will tell you that once the honeymoon is over the familiarity which sets in breeds dullness if not contempt. They apparently fail to understand that the middle and later years of marriage can be far more gratifying than the reportedly rapturous first months. If a woman has managed physical communion with her husband wisely, they will both find more thoroughly satisfying delight during the second part of their marriage.

But what are the inner qualities that a wife must have in order to sustain such sexual play? Here is a list of some of those qualities which are the most important but the least discussed:

1. *A Woman Should Be All Things to One Man.* A man seeks a composite in a woman, one aspect of which is strongly concerned with sex. The more successful wife always has a touch of the *demi-mondaine* in her, according to many experts who have philosophized on this subject.

There aren't, however, enough wives who understand what this means. And there are even fewer who would know what to do about it in spite of the clothes and cosmetics which make them look like a *demi-mondaine*. They generally make the mistake of throwing the composite off balance by overdoing their role as housewife or mother, or both.

Running through their inept sexual behavior is a strong current of spurious modesty. Mrs. Wilma H. is a typical example of this. Although very much of this genera-

tion—she is 28—she is racked by a modesty which is closely related to the prudery of her grandmother's day. In her own opinion, she is "good." In her husband's opinion, she is annoyingly "holier-than-thou."

Her theory of modesty consists of never undressing in her husband's presence, although she wears the scantiest bathing suit on a crowded beach. Her explanation: "I don't think it's nice to let one's husband see one in the altogether. But my bathing suit is the only kind they're showing this season. How would I look in last year's suit?"



Of course, her prudery-called-modesty goes deeper than that. She would never, for example, make sexual advances to her husband. Like any other normal man, he would be flattered and intrigued if she ever did. But, naturally, she just wouldn't. Her explanation:

"Why, what *would* my husband think of me? He'd wonder if I had gone out of my mind. After all, no decent man wants a woman to act like that."

Needless to say, her husband's physical desire for her has deteriorated. She was clumsy and frigid on her wedding night, and now after five years, she is less clumsy—but still frigid. Her modesty prevents her from giving rein to her natural instincts when he attempts to arouse her, although she will glibly discuss sex when it's a topic of social conversation. In fact, she does this with such an assured manner that you would swear she was a woman of wide experience.

She bores and infuriates her husband with her shallowness and hy-

pocrisy, but he resists telling her because he would rather be bored and infuriated than exposed to her tears and wounded surprise. He has decided not to leave her because of their two children, but he is obviously a willing victim for the first "other woman" to come along.

2. *A Husband Is a Man.* That statement isn't a feeble attempt at humor on my part. When I caution you to remember that your husband is a *man*, I do so because so many wives treat their husband as if he were a child or a wayward adolescent.

A woman who adopts these attitudes inevitably robs herself of sex appeal. At varying intervals in his marriage, a man may want to be babied, protected or morally strengthened. But such treatment is for special occasions, such as when he is ill or discouraged. Basically, he wants to be regarded as a mature, capable, superior male by a woman who would unquestionably be lost without him.

His sexual love for her is in direct ratio to the amount of virility she makes him feel that he possesses. If she acts like his mother, sister, nurse or former schoolteacher, she will unfortunately elicit from him the same responses as they did. And with taboos being what they are, his past conditioning would interfere with his enjoyment of her as a sexual love object.

3. *Competition on the Masculine Level.* Unless a woman is married to an exceptionally secure—and therefore tolerant—man, she should avoid competing with him on his own level. A man generally does not like to see any demonstration of his wife's superiority if it conflicts with

his achievements in the same field.

Jacqueline M. handles a situation like this in her marriage better than anyone I know. When she first married Norman, he was earning less money than she. She gave up her job, and took one that paid less because she knew how important it was for her husband to feel he was unquestionably supporting her.

She knows also that he relishes being handy about the house, so, although she could take care of many of the more complicated chores herself, she refrains. It may take longer this way for things to be fixed, but it's worth it when the glow of conquest suffuses his face after he has finished a tough job.

It also happens that Jacqueline is a more proficient tennis player than Norman. But to this day, he has never discovered it. She always engages him in a challenging set—yet never quite manages to win.

Now you may disagree with Jacqueline's method of retaining her husband's love and desire. You may even be saying, "Why should a woman keep pretending all the time? It doesn't seem right."

My answer is: "Being right can be lonely. Which would you rather have—recognition of your talents or the love of the man you love?"

How to Increase Sex Appeal

Since physical desirability does not depend on perfection of face and body, any woman can acquire it. And since sex is the force which raises married love from the mundane to the marvellous, every woman should give it the prominence in her life which it deserves.

The exact elements of which sex appeal is composed are beyond ac-

curate definition. But we know that reminding you of the following will help you release the potential for allure that is within you:

1. Intelligence is an admirable quality, but no woman can possess a high degree of sex appeal because of her intellectual accomplishments alone. Men have the capacity to enjoy a woman's mind but that is not the basis for their falling in love.

2. Modesty, in connection with sex appeal, should be specified as a woman's innate sense of the appropriate in her behavior around her husband. You should avoid any action which destroys the idealized portrait of you that his desire and love have painted.

3. Rebuff or indifference on your part, when your husband makes love to you, may wound him permanently. If you criticize or reject him on the sexual level, he may never forgive you.

4. The familiar need not be dull. Nevertheless, you should cooperate with your husband in adding variety to the sex act.

5. Demonstrate your passion for your husband as frankly as you can. If you desire him, don't hesitate to let him know. A man is flattered and pleased by such advances.

6. Never have relations with your husband as if you were doing him a favor. Even if it is very subtly done, a man resents having his wife hold sex over his head like a club.

7. If you are not sexually grati-

fied during intercourse, discuss it with a physician who can then have a talk with your husband. Lack of sexual satisfaction is generally due to faulty technique and can be overcome by re-education.

8. Mature love doesn't decline because of easy domesticity. Wearing hair curlers to the breakfast table is not as disastrous to your sex appeal as the women's-page columnist would lead you to think. The irreparable harm to your physical relations is done by nagging, fault-finding and prudery.

9. Develop a common goal which is stronger than your husband's and your preoccupation with each other. If you are suitably prepared for the day when your physical pleasure loses its first flush of glory, you will scarcely notice it. Sexual communion should continue to be an integral part of your marriage, but you should be equipped to cope with whatever changes occur.

10. For a well-rounded definition of the kind of sex appeal which lasts indefinitely, here is one written by Philip Wylie: "A modicum of especial and highly personalized attractiveness, coupled with qualities like intelligence, humor, sportsmanship, sensitivity and, above all, a variegated skill at the actual business of love-making, are far more to be desired for a night, a week or a lifetime, than the possession of lavish looks, which in themselves are without any meaning."

Modernity

A MODERN CHILD doesn't even believe the stork brings baby storks.

—*Changing Times*





Your Corner DRUGSTORE

by LAWRENCE ELLIOTT

It's the town bureau of first aid,
social welfare and public relations



THE DRUGSTORE is wholly and purely an American phenomenon, its proprietor as native to our folklore as the stage-coach driver, the cowboy and the Indian. There is nothing like it in any other part of the world.

For an American drugstore is no more just a store than Tiffany's is just a watch-repair shop. It is—besides being a pharmacy—a library, a meeting place, a gift shop, an emergency ward, a social center, a post office, a restaurant, and, in dusty ledgers that may date back half a century and more, a repository of town secrets and vital statistics.

The man who supervises these multitudinous activities is a unique blend of scientist, businessman, host, and confidant. His day, unvarying in its broad outlines, is never the same in detail. It begins so early that in the winter his hurrying figure striding down the main street of the town is still obscured by dawn darkness. Hunched against the cold, he turns in at the corner, unlocks the door and steps inside to survey his little empire.

Hardly does he have his coat off

when a woman rushes in: she has thrown an overcoat over her night-dress; her hair is in disarray. "Thank heaven you're open, Doc!" she says breathlessly. "Johnny just broke the baby's bottle and she's due for a feeding at seven."

The man smiles and reaches for a baby bottle.

"Better give me two," the woman adds. "I never know when Johnny will go on another rampage."

Wrapping the bottles, the man says softly: "This may come as a surprise to you, but science has proven that nothing will happen to a baby if she's not fed until 7:15."

The woman smiles, half-turns to go, and says ruefully, "Thanks, Doc. I suppose you're right—again."

And so, having dealt with a minor emergency and dispensed the bit of advice that most people feel is their due with every drugstore purchase, the day began for one druggist in much the same way that every day begins for America's 95,000 other retail pharmacists. Before it ended, he would have rung up sales for items as varied as toothpaste, aspirin, lipstick, magazines, and chocolate sodas; he would have com-

WHY WE NEED A NAVY IN THE AIR AGE

by REAR ADMIRAL APOLLO SOUCEK,
Chief, Bureau of Aeronautics, USN

THE EARTHQUAKES WHICH rendered thousands homeless on the Ionian Sea islands off Greece last summer hold a special significance for all of us Americans. Before relief agencies could reach the scene of the disaster, naval forces of the North Atlantic Treaty Organization, largely American, were on hand giving medical aid and distributing food.

The humanitarian aspect of this action was as much appreciated by the Greek people as it was gratifying to us, but the political and military implications were also of real importance. The very presence of NATO naval forces in that area was evidence of our ability to operate efficiently in the eastern Mediterranean in support of the Truman Doctrine.

The Navy is not apart from, but a part of, the air age. All our strategic plans for U. S. defense are based on the idea that we must control the sea. Even before our present system of alliances was established, control of the sea was vital because America is not and cannot be a self-sufficient nation.

Many minerals essential to our industry must be imported. Large as our petroleum resources are, we could not carry on a war in this air age without adding to them from



foreign sources. That means we must have not only cargo ships and tankers, but also naval craft to convey them, including carrier-based aircraft to protect both.

Unfortunately, control of the sea cannot be taken for granted. It must be determined on the basis of facts about the naval forces of a potential enemy. So far as surface craft are concerned, the Russian Navy cannot now be considered a threat to sea control by NATO forces, although in cruiser strength Russia is second only to the U. S.

Meanwhile, the greatest Red strength lies in their large fleet of submarines, which can be used as an offensive weapon. Their sub-fleet has been estimated at 300 to 500, most of them modern and able to operate far from home. The strength of Soviet naval air we know less about, but we do know it is an arm, separate from the land forces. This air arm operates from naval

bases, not from carriers—and naval bases dot the perimeter of Russia.

The shooting down of an American B-50 bomber on a training mission off Siberia last August gives an idea of the preparedness of the Soviet naval air arm.

The Red fighter planes came in on exactly the proper compass bearing and at exactly the right altitude for interception.

Now that our own defense perimeter has been extended from the Western Hemisphere to include Western Europe, all these facts assume greater importance. The day of push-button warfare has not yet dawned. World War III would not be a conflict lasting a few devastating hours, settled by A-bombs or H-bombs, but a long struggle in which the economic and productive strength of the opposing nations would be the deciding factor.

For such a struggle, our NATO allies are far less self-sufficient than the U.S. Some of them depend on foreign sources even for food. However, the stretches of water that seem so vast on the map do not separate us from our Allies so much as they connect us with them. These oceans and seas are actually a huge asset, because water transportation is the most flexible and economical form there is. A practical application of this principle was offered by operations in Korea.

When the North Korean army invaded South Korea in 1950, it was only 200 miles from Pusan, principal seaport on the southeast coast. At that time, we had few men or supplies in Korea. Yet, before



the North Koreans were able to cover that 200 miles, we had brought in enough men and supplies to stop them.

True, some of our men and supplies had to come only from Japan, but more of them came from the West Coast of the U. S., 6,000 miles away. And while our communication lines thereafter were measured in thousands of miles, and those of the North Korean-Chinese Reds in hundreds, we continued to hold superiority at the fighting front until the truce.

What this example means to Western Europe is easily shown. The Russians now have about 30 divisions in East Germany and the satellite countries, and another 70 divisions of satellite troops, some good, some not so good. We have about 25 NATO divisions ready for action, and another 25 would be ready soon after an outbreak of war. Until we can build up our strength to balance the Russian forces, the chance of their overrunning Western Europe cannot be disregarded.

Once a rough balance of forces has been achieved, however, we will be able at least to match, and probably excel, whatever buildup the Russians undertake, man for man, shell for shell, ton for ton of supplies, anywhere from Norway to Turkey. Thus, our whole system of alliances depends on control of the sea and the lines of communication it furnishes.

Of course, Western Europe is not the world. It is merely one of the most populous parts of it, and the

most vulnerable because it borders the Red nations. But outside of Western Europe lies a vast area which is virtually undefended.

In the NATO countries, we now have more than 100 air bases and defense installations. But from the eastern Mediterranean to Formosa and Okinawa, we have nothing. Furthermore, political considerations may prevent our getting any.

Not long ago, India advised France and Portugal that in the event of a war in which they are involved, their tiny colonial possessions in India will not be used as bases. Both Burma and Indonesia have refused to make any military commitments with us. Even Denmark and Norway, both NATO members, have declined permission to base foreign troops or planes.

At the same time, many areas in these vast undefended parts of the world are potential danger spots. If Burma or Indonesia, both of which are "neutral," should be called upon to cope with internal uprisings, how could we aid them except by an amphibious naval force?

And how could this landing force be given the close air support essential for effective action? Not by

land-based planes from Saudi Arabia or Okinawa. Obviously, only by carrier-based planes—bombers as well as fighters—which can accompany such an expedition.

The question of whether land-based or carrier-based air power is the more effective depends upon circumstances. The heart of the problem is which can better gain air superiority. In Western Europe, it might require five, ten or even twenty thousand planes, far beyond the capacity of our carriers. But there are areas in the world where a comparatively small number of planes could do the job. In short, where we have no air bases, carrier-based aircraft are our only resort.

So much for the Navy's defensive role. The Navy has an offensive role, too—a vital one in this air age. The carrier task force—from three to a dozen or more carriers with a protective screen of escorts—is a powerful offensive weapon.

Time was when only land-based planes were large enough to deliver the A-bomb. As a result of advances in ship and aircraft design, however, it can now be delivered by planes that operate from a carrier.

Now there has been much talk about a carrier being a "sitting duck" for enemy aircraft or submarines. If anything is a sitting duck, it is an airfield, plotted to the exact spot on enemy maps. Actually, the carrier is a "moving duck," capable of ranging for months over most of the water surface of the globe, its position known only to itself and its friends.

Even without delivering a single attack, it constitutes a major threat which an enemy must guard against. And when an attack is de-

Rear Admiral Apollo Soucek has served in the U. S. Navy since 1917. Equally at home in air and on sea, he has distinguished himself as a pilot and as a commander of aircraft carriers. In 1929-30, Admiral Soucek established world altitude records for both land and sea planes. As Executive Officer on the U.S.S. *Hornet*, he launched General Doolittle's bombers against Tokyo in April, 1942. Last year, he was appointed Chief of the Navy's Bureau of Aeronautics for a four-year term. At Admiral Soucek's request, CORONET has sent a check to the Naval Relief Society in lieu of payment for this article.

livered, the carrier task force can show a concentration of strength capable of gaining air superiority, temporarily and in a limited area perhaps, but long enough to deal a crushing blow at a strategic target.

To illustrate this, take a sheet of paper and draw a line across the middle, roughly representing our Atlantic coast. Above the line mark four "X's" about equidistant, representing four cities: Boston, New York, Washington and Savannah. Below the line, mark one "X," representing a carrier task force. And let's say each side has 1,000 planes.

The carrier force, knowing where the attack is to be delivered, can concentrate all its planes against one city, while the defending force must divide its planes to defend each of the four. Hence, the attacker is able to concentrate enough air power to overcome any one of the defending forces at a given time.

Perhaps this is an oversimplification of a complex operation. In practice, defenders have other weapons—radar and reconnaissance planes—to spot and oppose an attacking naval force. But the vastness of the ocean is a big obstacle.

Spotting a carrier task force at sea, and keeping it spotted long enough to attack it, is not a simple matter. If the carriers are 500 miles offshore, a distance not too great for night attack, the area that de-

fensive forces must cover by reconnaissance is tremendous.

Now turn the sheet of paper around so that the line represents some part of the Russian defense circumference. Our land bases in Alaska, and those of our allies in Canada, Greenland, Western Europe, Saudi Arabia, Formosa and Japan, offer many opportunities for retaliation by air if we are attacked. But the location of all these bases is known to the enemy and fixed.

On the other hand, the location of our carrier task forces is not known to an enemy and may change from hour to hour. Are they in the Atlantic, the Pacific or the Mediterranean? Or is one in each of those areas? The position of these forces is a large question mark on an enemy map, and disturbs all his tactical and strategic plans. Capable of launching strikes with up to 1,000 planes, including planes carrying A-bombs, they can deal lethal blows where they are expected least.

Yes, the Navy has a variety of jobs which only it can perform in time of war. Some of these jobs are as old as sea warfare; others date from only yesterday; still others may be shaped by the events of tomorrow. But whatever the future may hold, I can assure the people of America that their Navy is a part of, not apart from, the air age in which we live.

Tough Talk

OUR GRANDMOTHERS had it pretty tough, to be sure; but at least they didn't have to thaw out the food before they could cook it.

THERE ARE MANY COMPLAINTS about the weather, but not so many as there would be if the government regulated it instead of predicting it.

—Grit



The American Housewife

Photographs by Rae Russel

THE CENSUS TAKER asked the customary question—"Occupation?" Silently he pondered the woman's familiar answer: "Oh, I'm *just* a housewife." With a smile, he replied: "Madam, you're not *just* a housewife. You're the most important person in America!" This is the story of that woman, and of some 40,000,000 like her, whose duties and place in our way of life are all lumped under the single word: Housewife.



Outside the pages of fiction, this woman is not concerned with “formula” problems and their romantic solutions. Instead, her life is realistically complex. The affairs of the world reach into her home and affect her everyday decisions, from dinner menus to budget figures.



As a labor and economic force, she has no parallel. Her unpaid tasks would be worth \$10,000 a year, and her countless purchases—98 cents for frozen vegetables, \$4.49 for slip covers, \$2.50 for an entrance-hall throw rug—all add up to the greater part of her husband's income.



The kitchen is still part of her domain. But, because she owns a washing machine (76 per cent do), a pressure cooker (62 per cent do) and a food freezer (12 per cent do), she spends less time there than her mother did and so can spend more time just relaxing and enjoying herself.



Apart from the universal tasks of all housewives—140 beds to make each month, 700 pounds of food to prepare—each woman plays a variety of additional roles: vegetable gardener, suburban chauffeur, comparison shopper, civic representative, teacher, seamstress, nurse.



But the modern housewife rises above the sum total of all her jobs, endowing each with that special warmth peculiar only to wives and mothers. A paint job to beat the cost of living becomes a family project, enriching each participant with a feeling of unity, contribution.



To her children, she is a source of compassion, protection and love. Although most women feel that motherhood, with its succession of minor tragedies and problems, is nothing like their girlhood dreams, almost all agree that its rewards—achievement, fulfillment—are unmatched.



With all her daily chores, she finds time, somehow, to touch the world around her with tenderness. In the nearly half the American families that own pets, it is usually to mother that the main job of feeding and caring falls, mother whose example demonstrates a living golden rule.



Although she doesn't read the newspapers as regularly or as carefully as does her husband—"I can't find the time"—she manages to keep far better informed than did her mother or grandmother. When events across the world can affect her way of life, that, too, is part of her job.



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Even the happiest women know little moments of doubt, frustration. "Should I have continued my studies?" "What happened to those music lessons?" But somehow, in a strange and subtle way, even her aspirations strengthen her family; and her music is played by her children.



Is her life, then, one of drudgery and detail, with none but vicarious rewards and stolen moments of freedom? The most eloquent answers are unspoken and come, perhaps, in that fleeting intimacy with her child when each woman suddenly feels the magnitude of motherhood.



For she, more than any other, is the creator of her children's environment, the authority for their inevitable questions: "Does God hear my prayers?" It is because her answer is sound, her example true—eight out of ten women go to church—that the nation's faith rests with God.



"Where does the week go?" she asks, but behind her lie 150 minutes of shopping, 630 minutes of meal preparation, and 100 other untallied but productive hours. Nor is the week over. In the most vital American economic unit, husband and wife work together on budget-balancing.



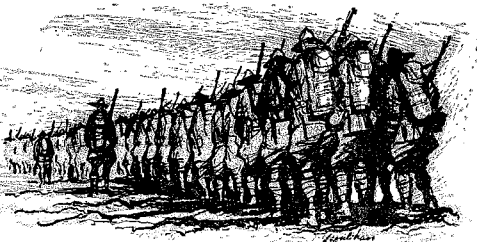
In the day's final hours, the housewife plays still another significant role. To her husband, grateful for her hours of cooking and dish-washing, she remains, nevertheless, the girl he married, and no wife begrudges the minutes she spends each day recreating that glamour.



Now the house is quiet, warm with love and companionship. Upstairs, the children are asleep. Some friends have dropped in to spend the evening and the talk is quiet, light. Because their lives and problems are so like her own, the housewife feels a bond of kinship, and she extends her circle of intimacy to include them, too. In a conversational lull, her mind races back over the day past—"I meant to hem those curtains; I'm glad I got that ironing done; I wonder where I put that meat loaf recipe"—and the days ahead—"I must order a turkey for next Sunday; Johnny is due at the dentist's this week; I wonder how a bright green bedspread would look in the children's room"—swiftly taking inventory of things done and things to do. And then, across the room, in the firelight, she catches her husband's eye and he smiles. To the others, it is just a smile, but between these two, it means a great deal. It means, "Thank you for the steak at dinner tonight, and for all those other dinners." It means, "It was sweet of you to let me read the paper while you dried the dishes." It means, finally, and most importantly, "You're still the girl I married." And, to a woman, any woman, that's the best way for a husband to say thanks, darling, for a lot of jobs well done.

Only a Bugle Call

by KATE SMITH



SOON AFTER THE UNITED STATES entered World War I, a happy vaudeville entertainer hurried to Fort Myers, Virginia. For weeks he had moped in his beautiful home in Great Neck, New York, because he was too old to join the Army. But now he felt gay and confident once more. He *could* do something for the war effort. At last he had won permission to entertain the boys at Fort Myers.

He was certain that he could put on a good show. Didn't *everybody* say he had talent? He could act, sing, dance, tell jokes, and even write songs. Only a little while before, he had written a marching song, and he was sure the boys would like it.

When all the GI's had gathered in the recreation hall, he walked briskly on the stage. "Would you like to hear a new song?" he asked. "I just finished it, and no one's ever heard it yet."

He sang with all his heart and soul, and when he finished, he waited expectantly for applause. But there was hardly a sound in the big room. The entertainer asked the pianist to play the melody again, while he danced to it. He capered all over the stage with fast, light steps. But once again he was greeted

with nothing but a few feeble claps.

The enthusiastic entertainer was not easily discouraged. He decided to give it just one more try. "By this time," he said to the GI's, "you must all know the song. So how about singing with me? Ready, everybody? Let's go!"

The pianist played loyally and the writer sang at the top of his lungs. But the soldiers' voices were so unenthusiastic that he finally gave up.

"I guess you're right," he said. "That song is just a bugle call. So long, now, and God bless you!"

The entertainer went home to New York, feeling sad and miserable. He had no way of knowing that, within a few weeks, his song would sweep the country. For George M. Cohan did not find out until months afterward that on the night he sang and danced at Fort Myers, the camp had just returned from a day of rigorous maneuvers. The boys were so exhausted they couldn't keep their eyes open, much less show enthusiasm.

The song that received one of the coldest receptions in history was the immortal favorite for which Cohan was later awarded a Congressional medal—the military anthem of World War I—"Over There!"

Lively, lusty and spectacular . . .

THERE'S NO PLACE LIKE SEATTLE

by STEWART HOLBROOK

THE SEATTLE METROPOLIS of the Pacific Northwest rises from the shore of Puget Sound and rambles up and over what anywhere else would be called a young mountain range. These hills and their many cleated sidewalks are ignored by all good citizens, at least in conversation. Go look at our scenery, they will tell you instead, and add that this place is the Gateway to God's Country.

Seattle's setting, true enough, is spectacular. In front is the blue sparkle of the Sound. At the city's back is Lake Washington, complete with sandy beaches, an island and wooded shoreline. Spanning it is the celebrated Floating Bridge.

West across the Sound, and seeming much nearer than they actually are, rise the jagged glittering peaks of the Olympics. To the city's north, east and south loom cloud-hung stretches of the Cascades. Commanding all, when there is no mist, is the tremendous mass of Rainier—The Mountain—alone, aloof, majestic. It is no accident that many of the West Coast's best-known painters live in Seattle.

Seen from the harbor, the town presents an imposing panorama. From the crescent-shaped shoreline, with its rim of docks, piers and wharves, Seattle mounts its rolling

hills, tier upon tier, displaying a score of modest skyscrapers topped by the 42-story Smith Tower.

Beyond the business blocks, the continuing hills are covered with apartment buildings and residences. Then Seattle disappears from sight over the height of land, runs down another steep grade to Lake Washington, and spreads many miles around its shores to form community centers.

Seattle's character is simple and crystal-clear. It is the perennial boom town—gay and grim by turns, but always loud and lively, brassy and friendly—a backslapping town given to roaring, boasting, and Vision. There is perhaps no more hospitable place in the United States.

It did not become the Northwest's largest city simply because of a favorable location. Despite the theories of economists, Seattle outdistanced its many rivals because of the single-mindedness and united efforts of a large majority of its citizens.

Recently, for instance, Dr. Bror Grondal, of the University of Washington, took a visiting reporter for a walk around Pioneer Square, in the center of which stands what Seattle officially claims is the tallest totem pole in existence. When the

reporter sought to check this, he was cut short.

"If it *wasn't* the tallest totem pole in the world," demanded Dr. Grondal, "do you think Seattle would permit it to stand within the city limits?"

This is the good old Seattle spirit, a sort of metaphysics which has operated for almost a century.

When the Northern Pacific Railway ignored the hamlet, to make Tacoma its terminus, the enraged men of Seattle took off their coats, grabbed pick and shovel, and started to lay their own tracks over the mountains, heading—they shouted—for the Atlantic coast.

Impressed by such spirit, the Northern Pacific put Seattle on its main line and later moved its terminal offices there.

The same spirit assaulted the worst of Seattle's hills and, in an effort so heroic that local orators still speak of it with emotion, sluiced the tops of them down to make fine industrial sites.

The devoted citizens also kept the Territorial Legislature in an uproar until the town was chosen as site for the University of Washington. For 30 years, too, they fought the people of Tacoma, who insisted that the state's highest peak be named Mount Tacoma.

One result of the battle was this classic local story. In 1900,

when Adlai Ewing Stevenson, grandfather of the recent candidate for President, was stumping the Northwest for William J. Bryan, he was warned by political advisors that the hottest subject in the Puget Sound area was the disputed name of Washington's highest peak.

Speaking to Seattle from the rear of the campaign train, Stevenson said at the end of his talk: "And finally, my fellow Americans, if we are elected, our first duty will be to take action on the matter of your glorious mountain, and see that it is officially named . . ."

Just then a buzzer sounded in the locomotive cab, and the engineer let go with a blast on his whistle. The train pulled out, leaving citizens to argue whether Stevenson had said "Tacoma" or "Rainier."

The same routine was used at Tacoma, Olympia, and other towns in the region, and the alert engineer never failed to pull the whistle cord at the proper moment.

Seattle did not, however, let the matter drop. Its citizens badgered the U. S. Board on Geographic Names until it agreed to designate the eminence Mount Rainier.

Seattle also had one piece of good luck, or perhaps of Providence, when in 1897 a ship from the North docked in the harbor with nearly a million dollars of Klondike gold dust in her strong



room. This event started the biggest rush since the days of '49. Seattle's name went out across the country, then around the world. On came the rushers by the thousands, to be outfitted by the merchants of Seattle. Industries sprang up to meet new demands. Gaudy hotels were built. The shipyards worked around the clock, and Seattle went into the Alaska trade, which it has dominated ever since.

Between 1890 and 1900, Seattle's population doubled. In the next decade it almost tripled again, and passed sober, long-established Portland. Today it stands 19th among American cities, with a population of 550,000.

It is one of the great seaports of the world. It manufactures and ships all manner of things, though lumber has always been and remains its first product. Sawmills ring the waterfront, and thousands of loggers from the woods still migrate to Seattle to blow their rolls on the *original* Skidroad.

"We've got to put those Eastern and Hollywood slickers right about *skidroad*," Jim Stevens said recently. One of Seattle's best-known citizens, he is the author who made Paul Bunyan a national character. Almost nobody outside the lumber business had heard of Paul until Stevens' book about the mighty logger appeared in 1925.

Though his book is a work of wild imagination, Stevens is carefully factual about his city. "This town got its start," he says, "from Henry Yesler's sawmill. The logs were moved from the hills by bull-teams dragging them over a road crossed with skids. The loggers and millhands lived handy to the skid-

road. Our first saloon keepers naturally established themselves where the potential customers were to be found. The entire district came to be known as The Skidroad."

Then, says Stevens, about ten years ago an Eastern writer blew into town to do a piece on Seattle. He was in quite a hurry, it turned out. In his article he referred to Seattle's incomparable "skidrow," which was picked up by other Eastern writers; and Hollywood made a movie about a "skidrow." The word has since been used in print to describe districts in a number of other cities.

Murray Morgan, whose recent history of Seattle is significantly entitled *Skid Road*, believes that the town has never given The Skidroad its due. Seattle's amazing growth, says Morgan, stems in no little part from the fact that it has been, more often than not, a wide open town, committed to the proposition that footloose men with money to spend ought to spend it in Seattle.

Now, just beginning its second century, Seattle is as cosmopolitan as New York. Named for a friendly Indian chief, the city contains a strong Scandinavian element from which have come political leaders like Ole Hanson, Warren Magnuson and Arthur Langlie, Washington's long-time governor.

Seattle is also the home of Vic Meyers, five times lieutenant-governor. During the Depression, when his night club was failing, Meyers, a born clown, became a candidate for mayor of Seattle.

His campaign was a circus that delighted the citizens, and though he was not elected, he decided to run for governor. Driving to Olym-

pia to file for the office, he was dismayed to learn the filing fee was \$60, which he did not possess.

"What you got for twenty?" he asked the clerk.

"Well," said the clerk, "you could file for lieutenant-governor for twelve dollars."

Vic hesitated only a moment. "I can't spell it," he said, "but I'll take it."

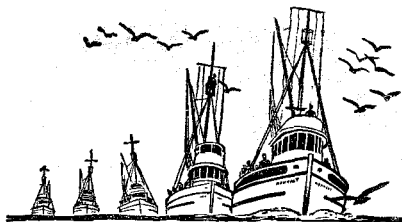
He not only won but was elected four times.

Seattle's big Oriental quarter tends to dissolve, save for its commercial aspects, as second-generation Chinese and Japanese move into other neighborhoods. There is a Filipino colony, the men of which migrate to and from the fishing grounds of Alaska; and a surprising number of White Russians who have been here since right after the 1917 Revolution.

Uptown are the big hotels and stores, the smart shops and business blocks that compose an area of true metropolitan appearance and attitude. Here, too, is one of the town's glories, the Pike Place Street Market, where virtually everything to eat can be bought in sixteen languages.

Northeast of the business center is the University district, a domain inhabited by 13,000 students, not all of whom are trying to make the rowing crews that have brought athletic fame to the school.

In the matter of culture, Seattle sneered right back when Sir Thomas Beecham, the conductor, remarked of the city that it was an "aesthetic dustbin." The town supports its symphony orchestra by the same herculean efforts which New York City finds necessary to keep



grand opera going. Its art museum attracts more visitors per citizen-capita than does the Museum of Modern Art in Manhattan, in which, incidentally, hang paintings by Seattle's Mark Tobey and Morris Graves.

Yet basically Seattle is an outdoors town. It holds the 1949 record for attendance at minor league baseball. Business tycoons and wage-earners cruise the waters of Puget Sound in their own boats. The many mountain-climbing groups have only to make up their minds as to which of a score of peaks to explore.

One of the city's big civic events is the annual Salmon Derby sponsored by the *Seattle Times*, in which an average of 10,000 citizens take part. Prizes for the biggest fish are automobiles. The qualifying rounds begin in February, with the main payoff in September when only about 1,000 of the host of contestants remain as finalists.

One year an angler won a car with a salmon weighing a mere 12 pounds, but the average prize fish is a whopper of 25 pounds or better, and one leviathan tipped the scales at 39 pounds.

All fish must be taken in Elliott Bay, which is Seattle's harbor, or off the Ballard section of the city. Ivar Haglund, Seattle's singer of folksongs, who also operates two fine seafood restaurants, says that on

Derby Day, when the finalists go out in a last effort to catch a really big one, almost nobody in town bothers with anything else.

"It is the biggest fishing contest in the world," he swears, "and it is held right in our own front yard."

Haglund is probably right, for the old Seattle spirit is still alive. Three years ago, as the Christmas holidays approached, the newspapers reported that Los Angeles had just erected a municipal Christmas tree which was 160 feet tall, "said to be the tallest such tree in all Christendom."

Back in the timber near Seattle, a logger read the news, then leaped into his car and drove like mad to town. "Boys," he told the Chamber of Commerce, "that ain't no tree." He invited them to follow him into the hills.

Within 48 hours, the lumberjacks had felled and limbed something in the way of a tree—a Douglas fir that was big and tall when Columbus sailed. Though it weighed 25 tons without the limbs, the boys rolled it aboard a truck and several trailers. Five more trucks carried the limbs.

Outriders went ahead to clear the highways of traffic. Cops

swarmed at every crossroads. Here and there bridges had to be bolstered. Curves in the road were taken at snail's pace; and a small barn at one bend had to be removed lest the rear end of the gigantic stick should demolish it where it stood.

At last, and to the bedlam of thousands of welcoming automobile horns, the impressive caravan arrived at Seattle's Northgate district. And thousands of citizens cheered as riggers unreeled hundreds of feet of steel rope, set the monster erect, and guyed it in place. It stood a few inches more than 212 feet.

Agile high-climbers from logging camps shinnied up the immense trunk, bored it full of holes, and in them inserted no less than 1,849 big sweeping limbs. The tree was then draped with "miles of decorations" and hung with 5,000 electric lights.

The whole thing, in its own way, was merely another proof of the single-minded devotion of Seattle's dedicated citizenry. They wanted a big, lively, lusty, whooping town, fit to be the gateway for a vast and spectacular land. And they built it right here.



Apt Observations

THE THING which, in a subway, is called congestion, is highly esteemed in nightclubs as intimacy.

—SIMEON STRUNSKY, *No Mean City*
(E. P. Dutton & Co., Inc.)

MIDDLE AGE is when you don't care where you go, just so you're home by 9 P.M. —*Automotive Dealer News*

EVERY TIME you graduate in the school of experience, someone thinks up a new course.

—HERBERT V. PROCHNOW

NO DOUBT ABOUT IT, horsepower was much safer when only the horses had it.

—ROGER PRICE

FILL THOSE SQUARES!

Mike Wallace, moderator of the auction-quiz show, "I'll Buy That" (CBS-TV, Fridays, 11 A.M., EST), asks for bids on a mental word-mesher, a gadget that would come in handy for work on the quiz below. The object is to fill in

the COLORED squares with synonyms of the words in the left-hand column and the WHITE squares with synonyms for words in the right-hand column. This should give you a third word, defined beneath the squares. (Answers on page 164)

COLORED	ALTERNATES	WHITE
Crazy	 Inducting	Marriage symbol
Prices	 Largest	Acquire
Salad green	 Negligent	Fermented liquor
Devout	 Roomy	Pouch
Straw hat	 Unobstructed view	Otherwise
Small arrow	 Bird	Repose
Foot digit	 Rising high	Twist
Finished	 Insured risks	Canary holder
Pad	 Heaven	Elevate
Roofing material	 Itemized	Lifeless
Lease	 Fragrant	Alms
Roman patriot	 Place	Part of the body
Bamboolike grass	 Told again	Top of the head
Malice	 Fighter plane	Evergreen

"Daddy" made Mary Martin famous, but . . .

Her Heart Belongs to Broadway

by CHARLOTTE and DENIS PLIMMER

LONDON'S COVENT GARDEN was still. It was past midnight. Only a steady patter of rain whispered across the empty streets.

The stage door of the Drury Lane Theatre swung open. Mary Martin, bone-tired, was heading home after the last dress rehearsal for the London production of "South Pacific."

As she turned to walk under the marquee—accompanied by her husband-manager, Richard Halliday, and the show's director, Joshua Logan—shadows, massed against the wall, shaped themselves into human figures. A teenager recognized her.

"Coo! It's Mary herself!"

The half-asleep gallery queue, on all-night vigil to buy opening night seats, was instantly alert. "Give us a song, Mary. What do you say? How about a song?"

She smiled, ran her hand through her close-cropped blonde curls. And there, in the echoing street, Londoners for the first time heard her sing the "South Pacific" tunes that



all America was whistling. Not until her two escorts insisted, did Mary stop.

Walking off into the London night, she voiced what many who know her would call the Mary Martin credo: "If they're not too tired to sit out there all night for tickets to see me, I'm not too tired to sing for them."

"South Pacific" was as brilliant a hit in London as it was in the U. S. And the chief reason, of course, was this slim woman with the Peter Pan face and the coaxing voice who, in slightly over a decade, has charmed presidents and kings and become American musical comedy's top box-office draw.

Stage productions are costly; these days it is not always easy for an impresario to find the cash. But when Miss Martin is included in the package, the theater's "angels"—the money-men who furnish the investment capital of show business—eagerly reach for their checkbooks.

Mary's spectacular career has its puzzling side in a profession where

physical beauty is the accepted prerequisite to success. For she is not a beautiful woman. Once, when she was cast to play Venus, Goddess of Beauty, her husband found her staring disconsolately into a mirror.

"I can't play Venus," she wailed. "There isn't enough of me."

Mary's figure, for all its grace, is more boyish than curvaceous. In Hollywood's lexicon, she's no "sex-boat." Her favorite role, that of Navy Nurse Nellie Forbush in "South Pacific," delighted her because it demanded no siren gowns, no plunging necklines.

Audiences rocked at the sight of Mary in an oversize sailor suit, bell-bottomed trousers flapping around her feet. "Knucklehead Nellie" singing *I'm as Corny as Kansas in August* went straight to the hearts of Main Street folks who make up the vast majority of audiences everywhere.

Her voice, certain as a tuning fork, can run an extraordinary gamut from a calliope on the loose to the softest of whispers. There are those who believe that, with continued training, Mary can sing grand opera.

One old showman, seeking to define her special quality, said: "Once in a while, show business produces an original—I mean, an actress with more than looks. Maude Adams was one—no beauty, but one of the most bewitching performers of this century. Then there's Gracie Fields with her big jaw and her motherly figure—but people love her more than they do all the whistlebait from Istanbul to San Diego.

"Mary Martin is like that—she's blessed with personality. And she'll still be packing them in when the

professional beauties are forgotten."

Mary herself, trying to explain how it all happened, puts it this way: "A little luck—and a little talent, I guess. And I've tried to do my best with both."

THERE WAS MUSIC in Mary Martin's life right from the start. Her mother gave violin lessons, and one of the first things Mary remembers is the sound of the violin strings tightening as her mother tuned them. Among her mother's friends was Mrs. Helen Cahoon, a concert singer.

Helen Cahoon was the instrument of destiny for Mary. When Mary was 12, Mrs. Cahoon had a concert date not far from the Martin home in Weatherford, Texas. The Martin family attended, and afterwards young Mary was strangely silent.

Mrs. Cahoon studied the tow-headed child. She knew from Mary's mother that the youngster liked to stage plays with her schoolmates. She asked, "What do you want to be when you grow up?"

Mary turned her large eyes on the older woman. "I want to sing," she said. "I want to grow up and sing—in opera."

Soon after, Mrs. Cahoon gave Mary her first voice lesson and, until "South Pacific" went to London in 1951, she remained Mary's teacher. "That first lesson," Mrs. Cahoon says now, "was a revelation. Mary had an absolutely pure ear. And I soon realized she had stick-to-it-iveness. She wouldn't give up."

But in the beginning, Mary's horizon was dark enough. Her first marriage, an elopement with a Fort

Worth boy, ended in divorce. She ran a dancing school, and the establishment burned to the ground.

Mary surveyed the ruins. She had hit bottom; there was no way to go but up. Broadway seemed fantastically remote from Texas, but Hollywood was within geographical reach. She looked again at the ashes of her school and said to herself, "It's a sign. I'm going to Hollywood."

Storming the film citadel was anything but easy. Mary auditioned so often and failed so often that she won the nickname of "Audition Mary." She screen-tested at Paramount with results both disastrous and ironic. A jury of four experts viewed the test, and unanimously recorded a flat veto. One of the four, Richard Halliday, has never quite gotten over his error in judgment.

His early resistance to the Martin appeal is now a family joke. One incident concerns Mary, Richard and a bear. It seems that Mary fell afoul of a press agent who knew where he could lay his hands on a live, trained bear, and decided that girl-plus-bear might add up to a picture the newspapers would print.

He introduced the two to each other and the bear promptly seized Mary in a warm embrace. She was wrestling with the animal when Paramount's Mr. Halliday came strolling by. He glanced at the struggle, raised his eyebrows scornfully and, remarking, "Some people will do anything for publicity," strolled on, unaware that he had just abandoned his future wife to nature in the raw.

Mary will never forget the night the tide turned. An audition had

paid off at long last, and she found herself with the chance to sing at a nightclub called the Trocadero. But there was a hitch: standard equipment for the nightclub entertainer is an elegant evening gown—and Mary, who was worrying about bread and butter, had not been able to squeeze sweeping satins out of her budget.

At first she wavered. "Maybe I'd better call the whole thing off." But then she stuck out her under-size chin.

"I was trying to sell myself as a performer, not as a clothes-horse. And if my voice couldn't carry me, it was a cinch that the fanciest gown in the world wouldn't help."

She turned up in sweater, skirt and saddle shoes. But when she faced those blasé nightclubbers, she had something up her knitted sleeve they didn't suspect.

She started deceptively. Her song—*Il Bacio* or *The Kiss*—was a hardy perennial, loved by sopranos for the vocal pyrotechnics it provides. Mary sang it through conscientiously, playing it straight and reaping a rich harvest of indifference.

Then she gave an almost imperceptible signal to her accompanist, and the beat changed. The rhythm suddenly turned blue and mean, and *Il Bacio* became a torchy hunk of sizzling swing.

Patrons sat up and took notice as the little girl with the big brown eyes and the long neck gave them their first glimpse of an explosive talent. When "Audition Mary" wound up, the place was jumping.

Before the spotlight was off her, Broadway producer Lawrence Schwab had already left his table and was bustling backstage. On the

spot, he signed her for a Broadway show. The show cancelled out, but Schwab loaned her to a fellow producer, Vinton Freedley, who had a singing role open in his new musical, "Leave It To Me."

The part called for a sultry femme fatale in ermine. It was a promising spot and the song that went with it looked good. But neither seemed to offer an immediate springboard to fame.

When Mary checked in at the theater opening night, she was just one more talented Broadway aspirant, unknown and virtually unheralded. Then the curtain rose on her scene. She took a deep breath and launched the lyric that was to become a national rage: "While tearin' off a game of golf, I may make a play for the caddie . . ."

The rhythm was insinuating, the sly voice fresh and expressive. When *My Heart Belongs to Daddy* came to an end, those theaterwise first-nighters knew a star had arrived.

The impact of Mary Martin in that season of 1938 was Broadway's biggest news since Anna Held took her famous milk bath. And then Broadway learned something odd about Mary Martin. She had no enemies.

This might not seem especially striking in the case of an average citizen, peaceably inclined and reasonably honest. But with stars it's different. Your name never goes up in lights without considerable infighting.

Charles Atkin, stage manager for "South Pacific" in New York, has this to say about it: "Mary? No, she's not perfect. She works everybody too hard. Each scene must be flawless or she's not satisfied. No,



she's no little angel. But she comes closer to it than any one else I've ever known in show business."

EVEN BEFORE her own success, she was collecting theatrical protégées. And this almost led to domestic trouble. Her husband says that, when they were married 13 years ago, Mary had 16 young would-be actresses on her personal worry list.

She listened to their sob stories, helped them rehearse, lengthened their dresses when they were too short and shortened them when they were too long. She taught them to walk, to talk, to sing and to dance. Halliday, after some fretful domestic months, pleaded with his wife. "Mary, let the girls make their own way in the world, just as you had to."

Mary agreed to a compromise; the number of protégées at any one time was not to exceed three.

Today, the Hallidays shuttle between their simple, comfortable house in Norwalk, Connecticut and a Manhattan apartment.

Wherever the Hallidays live—and Mary, despite her preoccupation with her profession, is as houseproud as the next woman—small gadgets are apt to start piling up: a piece of old silver, some antique china, an early American chair.

Like all mothers' thoughts, Mary's are never far from her children. Among her reasons for staying on in London, after "South Pacific" closed there, is that both her

children were at work in England. Twenty-two-year-old Larry Hageman, Mary's son by her first marriage, had joined the U. S. Air Force and was stationed at Ruislip, just outside the British Capital. Her 12-year-old daughter, Heller Halliday, a promising student, was at the famed Sadler's Wells ballet school.

"Heller," says Mary, "is a better dancer at 12 than I ever was in my life. And I want her to have the best possible training for the career she's set her heart on."

When she has the time, Mary Martin likes a busman's holiday. She goes to the theater. Her personal hierarchy of theatrical greats includes the late Gertrude Lawrence, whose performance in "Lady in the Dark" she considers a model.

Her warmest theatrical memory, however, was provided not by a fellow artist, but by an audience.

Just a few days before King George VI's death, the entire Royal Family visited Drury Lane. After the show, the King delighted Mary with a barrage of technical theater questions. He asked her for the stage dimensions of New York's Majestic Theater vs. London's large-

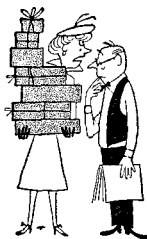
er Drury Lane. He wanted to know the seating capacity and how the size of the auditorium affected Mary's projection. And he cast a Royal vote for *I'm in Love with a Wonderful Guy* as one of the six greatest musical comedy numbers of all time.

Newspapers and magazines clamored for interviews with Mary Martin immediately after the King's death. She was the last American known to have spoken with him. But she declined interviews on the grounds that they would be out of place. "I'm not important, and I'm not a public figure," she explained.

It was not false modesty. Mary Martin believes that the theater is bigger than she is. Her preoccupation is with artistic growth in her medium, rather than with self-advertisement.

This season, therefore, American audiences are seeing a new Mary Martin; for the first time she stars in a straight play, without any singing: "Kind Sir," opposite Charles Boyer. It's a huge step forward, but she believes that a stage career is like a love affair—it can only go forward or backward. It can never stand still.

Budgetwise

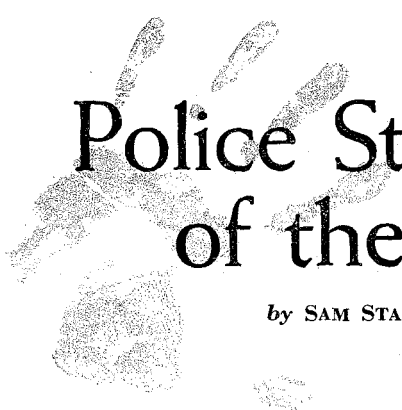


HOUSEWIFE, irately to husband, as she puts down an arm-load of bundles: "For some reason your income isn't keeping up with my budget."

IF A HOUSEWIFE SUCCEEDS in keeping within her budget these days, she deserves a lot of credit. In fact, that's the only way it can be done.

AN EFFECTIVE WAY to deflate father's ego is to let him handle the family budget.

—Wall Street Journal



Police Students of the FBI

by SAM STAVISKY

Scientific methods in solving crimes have helped more than one officer get his man

THE MURDER OF GEORGE BRUNDAGE in Buffalo County, Nebraska, was a vicious slaying. Brundage, a gas station attendant, was found unconscious early one morning, the cash register rifled. He died a few hours later without recovering consciousness.

Sheriff Lloyd L. Frank rushed to the scene of the crime. A careful examination of the station and the surrounding area produced but a single clue—a claw hammer stained with traces of human blood.

Balked in this line of investigation, the sheriff shifted tactics and, with the assistance of several deputies, undertook the interrogation of some 500 persons living or working in the county in an effort to uncover a lead. The painstaking questioning, conducted for 33 days, seemed to the impatient citizenry to be getting nowhere at all. Nonetheless, Sheriff Frank carefully checked out every bit of information picked up in the endless interviews.

Finally he learned that a man named Joseph Mrkvicka had been seen at Grand Island, about 30 miles from the scene of the robbery-murder, exhibiting what appeared—for him—to be a lot of money. In due course, Mrkvicka himself was brought in for questioning but denied having anything to do with the crime.

Methodically, the sheriff had Mrkvicka's clothing given a thorough inspection. Faint stains were discovered on the left shoulder of his overcoat. The coat was sent to the Federal Bureau of Investigation laboratories in Washington for testing. The stains proved to be human blood.

Confronted with this evidence, Mrkvicka confessed to having beaten the gas station attendant over the head with the hammer in order to rob the till. Mrkvicka was sentenced to life imprisonment for his crime.

Shortly afterward, Sheriff Frank wrote a letter to FBI Director J. Edgar Hoover to express his appreciation for having been accepted as

a student five years before in the National Academy, the FBI's unique college for policemen. The sheriff stated that he had stuck relentlessly to the robbery-murder investigation through the long, fruitless days of inquiry because he never forgot what the FBI instructors had stressed in every class: "Keep going on a case until you get it!"

THE FBI'S NATIONAL ACADEMY is a remarkable college. It enrolls police—and graduates crime-busters. The policeman who completes its 12 gruelling weeks of training comes away with an invaluable background of the most modern and scientific techniques and methods in solving crime, tracking down culprits, and presenting iron-clad evidence to the courts.

More than 2,600 state and local law enforcement officers have been graduated. They, in turn, have imparted their training to well over 100,000 fellow officers in hundreds of cities and towns throughout the country.

The Academy, set up by FBI Director Hoover in 1935, holds two sessions a year, spring and fall, with approximately 75 in each class. Students must be physically fit, because the sessions are concentrated and tough; not more than 50 years old; full-time law enforcement officers with at least two years' experience; and of unimpeachable character. Tuition is free, but students must pay their own transportation and living expenses while attend-

ing Academy classes at FBI headquarters in Washington and at the FBI's firing range at the Marine Corps base at Quantico, Virginia.

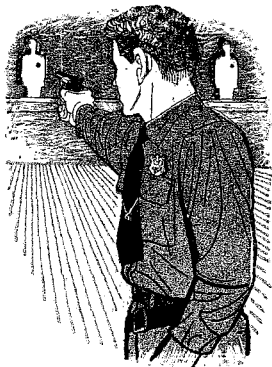
Classes are patterned after the basic training given the FBI's own special agents, with emphasis placed on problems peculiar to local law enforcement agencies. Classes start early in the morning and wind up late at night, five days a week. At night, students have plenty of "homework" to do.

The curriculum covers a wide range of subjects aimed at helping make the student—and indirectly, his community fellow policemen, when he will go back to teach or direct—a better officer.

Part of every class day is devoted to defensive tactics and disarming methods, given at the gymnasium in the nether region of FBI headquarters—a simple but highly effective system of defensive tactics, pieced together from judo, jiu-jitsu, savate, boxing, wrestling, football, soccer and fencing.

The instructor warns students that a gun in the hands of an unwary policeman can be taken from him and used as a lethal weapon against him. He drives home the point by demonstrating to skeptical students how easily it can be done.

One of the most popular—and important—courses deals with obtaining, preserving, identifying and classifying fingerprints. Students learn not only the potentialities of this investigative technique but also how best to make use



of the FBI file of 128,000,000 fingerprints in solving local crimes.

In Tulsa, an officer solved a murder because of his training, not only in fingerprinting, but in perseverance as well. A 22-year-old mother was found by blackberry pickers, strangled to death. Investigating police noted that the lower part of the venetian blind in the bedroom from which she had been dragged had been cut loose. The missing part was found in the bushes nearby.

The Academy alumnus developed latent fingerprints on the blind and undertook a methodical search in the fingerprint files of the Tulsa police department to try to find the killer. After comparing 25,000 fingerprints, he found the matching prints—those of a paroled convict. The suspect was apprehended and, faced with the evidence, confessed his guilt.

In Richmond, Virginia, Chief of Police O. D. Garton applied his Academy training to come up with a lone fingerprint in a safecracking case. The police were particularly anxious to catch up with the robber because the *modus operandi* indicated that the culprit was responsible for several similar crimes.

Garton began what turned out to be a two-months' check of the one fingerprint with the fingerprints of all known housebreakers in the Richmond area. Through the FBI fingerprint records, the suspect was located, arrested in Washington, returned to Richmond and—though he denied guilt—was convicted solely on the evidence of the single fingerprint.

As part of their Academy training, students spend a week on the FBI shooting range. Here they

learn not only how to handle weapons but also how best to deal with an armed criminal in a pursuit.

A West Virginia alumnus recently took after a fugitive down a dimly lit alley. The officer fired twice while on the run—in violation of Academy teaching—and missed. The fugitive darted around a corner. This time, however, the policeman remembered what he had learned. Instead of following the fugitive around the corner or poking his head around the corner to peer, the officer dashed half a dozen paces beyond the building line, stopped short into a crouch . . . and fired as the fugitive swung his gun from the spot he expected his pursuer to emerge. The fugitive, wanted for bank robbery in Ohio and murder in Indiana, fell dead.

A Southern sheriff owes his life to the wisdom—and caution—he acquired while attending the FBI Academy. He and his deputies had surrounded the boarding-house room of a notorious desperado. Warned that tear gas would be used if he failed to surrender peacefully, the criminal appeared at the door of his room, attired only in shorts, his hands raised.

“Okay,” the hoodlum said, “you got me. Let me put on some duds and we can get it over with.”

First, though, the sheriff handcuffed the bandit and placed him in the custody of two deputies. Then, before permitting him to dress, the sheriff methodically searched the room—and found a loaded revolver in the desperado's shoes, another under his hat, a third beneath his pillow.

“In the old days, I would have let the thug put on his clothes, fig-

uring it was safe enough because I had him covered," the sheriff later explained. "But if there's one thing I learned at the Academy, it is never to take anything for granted."

One officer made a practical application of an Academy lesson while still a student. Howard O. Young, chief of the New Haven police department, got a tip that a fugitive wanted for burglary in his state was hiding out in Washington. Though up to his ears in studies, Young took to heart the FBI's precept that perseverance pays off. Every spare moment he walked the Capital's downtown streets, hoping to spot the wanted man. Before he was graduated, Young caught up with the fugitive.

In a Southern county, an Academy-trained officer trapped two brothers, suspected of rustling cattle, by making innocuous markings on the tires of their truck. Plaster cast impressions taken at the next rustling scene proved to be ironclad evidence in the conviction of the thieves.

The ingenuity and persistence of another graduate solved a hit-run case in Rhode Island. Although the incident occurred during the morning rush on a main highway leading into the city, no witnesses could be found, and the police had not a single clue to the car or driver.

At the insistence of the Academy alumnus—ridiculed as "Sherlock Holmes" by some of his associates because of the plan he suggested—a detail of detectives was quietly assigned to take down the license numbers of all autos entering the city over the same highway during the rush hours. After several days of this, it was announced through

the press that, in a move to find the hit-run driver, police would check every car using the highway over a three-day period.

Again a detective detail began to copy down license tags—but this time of the cars using the alternate route into the city. One of several autos found to have switched their morning route was proved to be the hit-run car. Not a glamorous way to catch up with a law violator, but excellent sleuthing.

THE FBI OPERATES a system of laboratories in Washington staffed by agents who are scientists and specialists in such fields as serology, petrology and chemistry. Academy students are required to become familiar with the possibilities of the laboratories in solving crime.

Lieut. Fred Foster, of Jackson, Michigan, combined several facets of his Academy training to break a difficult case. The cashbox of a combination drug and food store had been looted during the night. In forcing entry, the burglar, among other things, had cut through a screen door.

Foster, in methodically collecting clues, discovered woolen fibers caught on the ragged edge of the cut screen. Under the microscope, he determined the fibers to be of two distinct types—dark forest green and light pea green. Placement of the fibers on the screen indicated that they came from a two-toned garment. A checkup showed that the fibers were from yarn commonly used in sweaters.

Because the cash box had been looted in a secret hiding place, Foster checked every employee and former employee of the store. He

learned that one employee owned a green sweater, and arranged to get a few fibers from it. But examination of these fibers showed only forest green, no pea green.

Later, however, when the suspect was being interrogated for another violation, the sergeant requested the ex-employee to remove his leather jacket so that he could look at the green sweater underneath. Foster discovered that the elbows of the sweater had worn out and been replaced with light pea green patches—the fibers of which matched those taken from the screen door. Confronted with the evidence, the suspect confessed.

The National Academy teaches the latest techniques of scientific detection, but it also drives home this point: it is the rare case that can be solved by science alone. At some point, the ingenuity, perseverance and training of the investigating officers must be called up to bring the case to a successful end.

An outstanding example is the manner in which City Marshal Joseph V. McDonough and Lt. Inspector Lawrence J. Moynihan of Salem, Massachusetts, police solved the murder of Beatrice Blanchard,

a baby sitter. Before he began to investigate the murder scene, the lieutenant dispatched the sergeant with a police detail to question the girl's family and friends, and another team of detectives to make inquiries of all the homes in the vicinity of the murder scene.

One neighbor reported a stranger knocking on the door and asking the way to the house in which the baby sitter was slain. This description fitted the description of a former boy-friend of Beatrice, given by the family. Within two hours after the murder alarm went out, the suspect was brought to headquarters. After three hours of questioning, he confessed. As he wrote his confession, detectives went out to corroborate each item. By the following morning the case was complete. The suspect pleaded guilty to second degree murder and was sentenced to life imprisonment.

"The best-prepared case to come to my attention in 20 years," commented the district attorney.

The record of Academy alumni is such that an old slogan can well be revised to read: "Crime does not pay—especially if there is an FBI Academy graduate around."



A. L. BELL, head of the linen department at Marshall Field & Company in the early days, imported an expensive table cloth from Italy. When he told Marshall Field he was asking \$800 for it, the head of the store declared the price was too high. "You'll never sell it," he said gloomily.

A week later Field sent for Bell. "I was wrong," he said. "Your judgment was better than mine. I dined on that tablecloth at a friend's house last night."

The blushing Bell replied, "Sorry, Mr. Field. She took it on approval yesterday morning and returned it today."

—Egan Echoes

How to Write Letters of Condolence

by JENNIFER COLTON

You need not have difficulty expressing your sympathy for someone's personal loss

YOU HAVE PROBABLY NOTICED that any conversation dealing with letters of condolence usually begins or ends with the phrase, "I'd rather be shot than . . ." And the agonized authors of such efforts are the first to agree that the average letter of condolence (and theirs in particular) is famous for not being any good, and for rarely expressing what the writer wanted to say.

There isn't a man or woman who, in such letters, hasn't resorted to phrases like, "I just can't tell you how I feel," or "I wish I could express my sympathy," and meant it literally. Often you wish you could run into the bereaved on the street, and stammer out your sympathy, or express it with an enfolding hug, a clasp of hands. But most often, you must write.

Letters of condolence aren't easy; either you are touched by real emotion, which is always hard to articulate, or you feel you must simulate real emotion. Perhaps what bothers most of us is that, unconsciously, every time we are summoned to take notice of death, we try to find an answer to it.

But a letter of condolence isn't meant to offer an explanation of

death. It is meant to condole—to offer sympathy. Still, the subject is so enormous that we are apt to lose our sense of proportion and the tendency is to slop over into sentimentality; to offer clichés; or, out of nervous frustration, to express more or less than we actually intended to.

But for all the difficulties of expression, a letter of condolence shouldn't be as excruciating as we make it. A quiet "breakdown" of the problem can iron out most difficulties. Ask yourself first: Is the person who died the tragedy, or is your pity and compassion for the person or people who are "left behind?"

Just how sorrowful are you? Answer slowly. We all like to think of ourselves as tender, sympathetic, emotional people, but sometimes we forget that there are many degrees of sympathy, all honest, all warm and deephearted. We have no moral obligation to be shaken or wrung by every death. Actually, in our letter, we are obliged to express only what we *do* feel.

In writing any letter of condolence, either the formal or the most intimate, decide between one of two approaches: (1) either you want to

pour out your sense of loss and then offer sympathy to the family; or (2) your chief feeling is a wish to console the person to whom you are writing.

If you knew the person who died very well and are deeply upset by the death, let yourself go a little. Real emotion, as even cynics admit, always rings true. And remember, you are writing to a person in an emotional state.

If you didn't know the person too well, say something about him all the same—some recollection, some remark that shows the person had a real identity for you.

DO, IF YOU KNOW the family well enough, finish your letter with the wish to see them soon. They will be lonely and the thought that you are eager to see them will be warming, even if they don't take advantage of it just then.

Do say how you heard of the death—from a friend, or the doctor, or that you saw it in the paper. "Mary dear, Ted just telephoned me and told me of John's death." "Dear Henry, the nurse told me the tragic news when I phoned the hospital last night."

Do always include your husband or wife and children in your sympathy, if you legitimately can. It can be comforting to know that a whole family has been thinking lovingly of the dead.

Don't mention the illness specifically; it always has a callous sound and, anyhow, you are trying to condole with someone for the loss that death created, not the method of dying.

When you must write to a husband or wife, remember that they

feel their loss to be unique. To them, of course, it is. Even if you have lost a husband, they cannot quite believe that your loss was either equal to or like theirs. So don't try to tell them that you know "exactly what they are suffering."

Rather, dwell on the specialness of their loss—the uniqueness of that particular person. "There will never be anybody with John's ability to . . ." or "Jenny was the only woman any of us knew who could . . ."

Nor do their "abilities" or "gifts" have to be solemn ones. They could be for growing tulips, or making people laugh, or doing *petit point*. But it adds to their identity and their specialness.

Another thing: It's safe to assume that every husband or wife could stand a little reassurance on the score that they were a good husband or wife. Tell them with a quiet, easy assurance how happy they made their partner. For example:

"Later, you will be able to comfort yourself with the knowledge that you made Lawrence the happiest man in the world . . ."

After all, one is not attempting to lessen a sorrow—for sorrow is a decent thing and must live out its own life—but one is attempting to warm a chilled heart, to reassure one that what he or she had with his or her spouse was such a fine and remarkable thing that others noticed it.

If you knew the husband or wife well, revive the picnic at the lake, or remember the dress with her grandmother's lace at the neck, a Sunday-night supper in the kitchen.

If your memories, no matter how trivial, are warm and glowing, the recipients will feel that you have

“understood” a little. There is no necessity to be gloomy or solemn. You won’t rob death of its dignity if you revive tender little scenes.

Even if you don’t know the person to whom you are writing very well (for instance, your employer has died and you want to write his wife), still, even from a comparative stranger, warm memories will be welcome. When you think of him, what is it you remember? His speech at the Christmas staff party? His concern over the illness of an employee’s child?

Whatever it is, say it. It shows that he was real and alive to you—and that you are going to miss him as a human being, not just as an employer or business acquaintance.

Death at the end of man’s time allotment is difficult to write about, oddly embarrassing, always an effort to express—but the death of a child seems to stun people into real muteness. A letter about the death of a child is probably the hardest letter in the world to write. One can’t rationalize about the death of a child.

In setting down to write to the child’s parents, you might as well start off with the realization that no consolation is possible. There can be no loving reminiscence about a long and generous past. You can

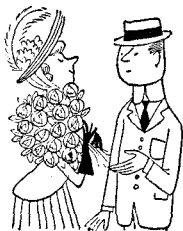
offer only sympathy—and such small recollections as you had of the child. Consequently, in this kind of letter, your chief concern is with the parents.

If the child was very young, the parents are the tragedy and not the child, who had formed few attachments in or to life. So your objective is to offer sympathy and love chiefly, perhaps, to the mother, because, in a sense, she had known the baby longer than the father.

You can reassure her on a point that she herself is very unsure about: how well she is going to take it. You can praise a quality she feels shaky about. You can (if you know her well) give her good advice. Tell her to lean heavily on her husband, to draw strength from him. Too often, the father is left out in the cold and all sympathy goes to the mother, often because it is easier to commiserate, to be emotional, with a woman.

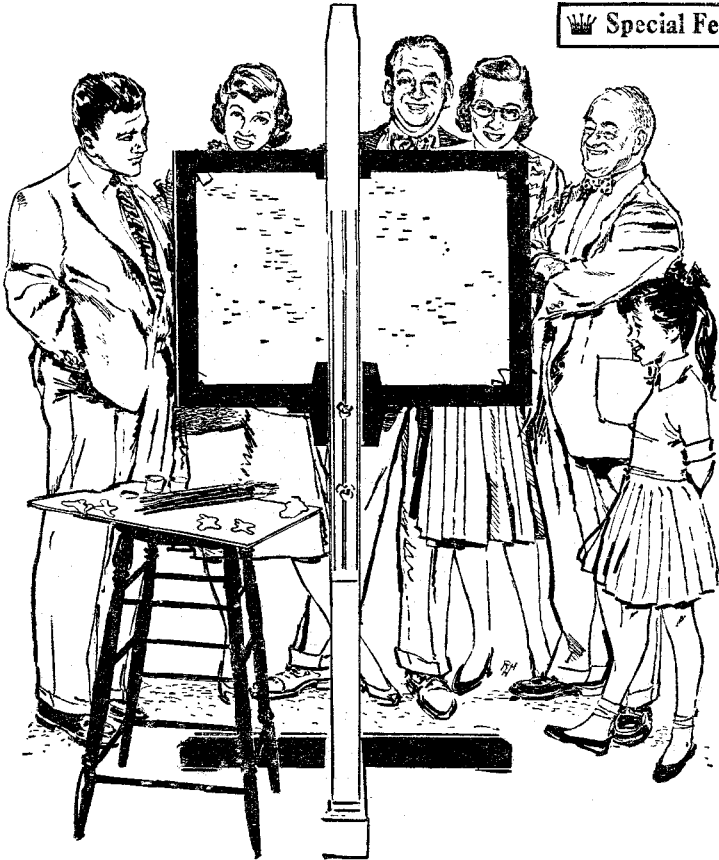
Mercifully, one rarely has to write letters of condolence about the death of a child. But when the pen pauses, starts, stiffens under inept fingers; when all your efforts at heartfelt formulation turn to wisps—then comfort yourself that when all’s said and done, the most important thing in a letter of this kind is something that you can write quite easily: your signature.

Subtle Psychology



MRS. THEODORE ROOSEVELT wanted to avoid the ordeal of shaking hands with a large crowd of persons, so instead of wearing a corsage at the first public reception, she carried in her hand a large bouquet of flowers. Naturally, no one would think of asking her to lay down the flowers to shake hands, and thus she avoided the trying ordeal.

—IRVING HOFFMAN



You Can Be an Amateur Painter

NOWADAYS, PEOPLE EVERYWHERE ARE TURNING to painting as a relaxing pastime. Why has the hobby become so popular with so many people? What worthwhile rewards does it offer to men and women—young and old, active and retired, famous and unknown? This special CORONET feature will give you the answers, as well as lessons on how to paint your own pictures and how to achieve fascinating color combinations.

—The Editors

The illustrations in this feature are from the textbooks of the Famous Artists Painting Course of Westport, Connecticut.

You Can Be an Amateur Painter

by MARIE BEYNON RAY

ONE SUNDAY AFTERNOON a British statesman, weighted with the cares of Empire, wandered into the nursery of his country house, idly picked up a child's paintbox and began daubing at a canvas. Late that afternoon, he found he had not given a single thought to the cares of Empire.

Thus did Winston Churchill, at a very trying period of his life (it was 1915 and he was out of the Admiralty but still in the Cabinet), become an amateur painter. He was over 40.

With his usual impetuosity, next morning he purchased a painting outfit and, never one to doubt his own abilities, seated himself confidently before his easel. Churchill has been painting ever since. By retiring to his country place for a day or two of painting, he has been able to return refreshed to London to face any world crisis. He wrote:

"Painting is complete as a distraction. I know of nothing which, without exhausting the body, more entirely absorbs the mind. Whatever the worries of the hour or the threats of the future, once the picture has begun to flow along, there is no room for them in the mental screen. They pass out into shadow and darkness. All one's mental light, such as it is, becomes concentrated on the task."

Let us assume that you, too, have always had a sneaking desire to paint. For many reasons, you have never attempted it—chiefly because you have been intimidated by the

belief that in order to paint, one must: Have talent. Start young. Spend years of intensive training. Have a better than an average intelligence, education and culture.

None of this is true. On the contrary: No talent is necessary. One can start at any age. Intensive training is not needed. Average intelligence suffices; education and culture may even be handicaps.

We see the proof of all this in the caves of Lascaux. For 40,000 years, these caverns in France had not been entered by man. Then about a decade ago, some schoolboys dropped into a brush-covered pit and found a series of caves, the walls and ceilings of which were covered with paintings.

When the agents of the Beaux Arts saw these paintings, they realized that the boys had made one of the great discoveries in art. For the pictures were the work of prehistoric men, men with clubs, clad in the skins of beasts, yet so struck with the beauty of the world that they were determined to express it. They painted the wild horse, the bull, the bison, rhinoceros—hunted and fleeing, fighting and dying.

Were these primitive creatures geniuses? No—they possessed only what all of us possess—a sense of the wonder and beauty of the world. The ways men have found to express this are called the arts. Even today, in a mechanized world, we still possess it and long to express it.

But the *desire* to express beauty and the *ability* to do so, you will

say, are poles apart. No artist would agree with you. "Have you ever tried?" he would most likely ask. And if he were to tell what painting can do for us, he would probably say something like this:

It will open your eyes to the beauty of the world—bring a greater appreciation of works of art—give an understanding of the problems of the artist and the means he employs to solve them—fill every leisure hour with a consuming interest—provide a pastime as suitable to age as to youth—be an inexpensive relaxation that will pack conveniently into a box and go everywhere with you.

Thus encouraged, a great many people do try, and still others discover by accident that, unsuspected by themselves or anyone else, they have all their lives harbored a secret talent.

Bjarne Klaussen, executive vice-president of the Hooker Electrochemical Co., Niagara Falls, was convalescing in a hospital and became so bored that he had taken to doing five-figure multiplications in his head. One day, in desperation, he picked up a cotton swab, dipped it in Mercurochrome and began doodling on a tablecloth. Growing interested, he dipped other swabs into milk of magnesia, gentian violet, iodine, and in half an hour produced a still life of hospital supplies that had the staff agog.

Out of the hospital, he bought paints and went seriously to work. Today, he not only devotes his leisure time to art but his family's leisure time. He also wins prizes.

If we discover a talent in ourselves—good. If we don't—good; we can still learn to paint well

enough to satisfy ourselves and others. The remaining question is, are we ever too old to learn?

In Eagle Bridge, New York, lives a little old lady who started life as a hired girl, married a farmer and spent her life scrubbing, baking and mending. At 70, she was retired to an easy chair. She embroidered for eight years, by which time her fingers had grown so stiff with arthritis she could no longer handle the needles.

At this point she should, of course, have passed in her chips. But she seemed not to realize she was through. At 78, she bought a cheap box of colors and began to paint. The neighbors pointed to their foreheads.

Two years later, at 80, she was given her first exhibition, entitled "What a Farm Wife Paints," in which 35 of her paintings were shown. People—and critics—became children again as they stood entranced before these pictures of a world in which only a child could believe—such sugarings-off, such shearings, such sleigh rides and such springs that one seemed to hear the bird calls and the sleigh bell tinkle.

At 91, this five-foot, 90-pound charge of dynamite was turning out 100 paintings a year when artists standing six feet are satisfied with a mere dozen.

"Anyone can paint if they want to," says Grandma Moses. "All they have to do is to get a brush and start right in, same as I did."

AS FOR INTELLIGENCE, education and culture, it is debatable if these may not actually do harm. The artist speaks from the heart rather than from the head, and too much thinking about it may get in

the way of his feelings. Most artists are in art schools when other people are in college. Education and culture are for them secondary considerations, to be picked up by the way or even ignored. Most artists get along very well without them.

Take Henri Rousseau, for example. Most of his life he was a poor little customs collector. Retired on a microscopic pension, he spent the rest of his life painting. He painted as a child paints—or a caveman—or anyone else who has never painted before, doesn't know how to paint, and never will know. He knew none of the rules and broke them all. Like Grandma Moses, he started at the top of the canvas and painted down, not knowing that this was not the way.

He had become acquainted with outdoor life as a soldier in Mexico. So he painted what struck his imagination—wild animals in the jungle. The animals had no proper anatomy—in fact, no anatomy at all—and no such jungles existed anywhere. It was all, every bit of it, as wrong as wrong could be. And it was all unadulterated genius.

The talent for painting spares almost no one. For example, a New York mounted policeman builds an easel from bed slats, parts of a sewing machine and the two arms of a baby carriage, sets up a canvas made from an old bed sheet, mixes his paints, and starts slapping the pigment around. In a short time he is producing excellent portraits of horses, his family, and even brigantines under full sail.

In a little woods near Apeldoorn, The Netherlands, a horse-drawn caravan is parked beneath a tree. Smoke curls from the stack, an odor

of coffee floats on the air. Inside, a woman—elderly, stout and plain as only the Dutch can be—is fixing breakfast.

Breakfast over, the woman sets up an easel and proceeds to paint. It matters little that critics pronounce her painting “talented but not inspired.” She knows she will improve. At 70, Princess Wilhelmina feels that being royalty should have its compensations.

THE DESIRE TO CREATE beauty is born in most of us. In some, like Grandma Moses, it is not discovered until near the end of life. In some, never. But we will never know what we might have done if we never try.

Let Winston Churchill have the last word:

“Painting holds her canvas as a screen between us and the envious eyes of Time or the surly advance of Decrepitude. Armed with a paint-box, one cannot be bored, one cannot be at a loose end. Good gracious! what there is to admire and how little time there is to see it in! Try it before it is too late.”

On the next six pages you will find a demonstration of how to make a painting in oil—how to decide on what details are to be included in a painting, the steps by which a scene is transferred to canvas and the proper brush and stroke techniques to be used. Since one of the most important things the amateur painter must learn is the proper relationship of light, dark and middle values, colors have been omitted to point up these relationships and the methods by which they are achieved. When painting with color, the same principles apply.

MAKING A PAINTING

IN PREPARING TO PAINT a landscape scene, you must decide what elements you want to include in your painting and how you are going to arrange them. The quality of your finished painting will depend on your skill in planning, much as the quality of a movie scene depends on the director's choice of close-up and angle in filming the scene.

Before beginning to paint, you should make a few rough sketches of the scene, such as those reproduced on this page. In the first sketch the view is too far from the scene, with the result that interest is divided among barn, tree and background. By moving in much closer for his second sketch, the artist has eliminated competition from the background, but now the barn and tree crowd the picture unnecessarily and the result is confusing to the eye.



The third sketch is the best—the artist has compromised between the other two and combined the best features of both. We will use this third view of the scene for the painting. By working out his problems of composition and distributing roughly the values of light and dark by means of such preliminary sketches, the artist lays a solid foundation for his painting and avoids much trouble in later stages. Now we are ready to begin transferring this third sketch to canvas.





THE FIRST STEP IN MAKING an oil painting is to draw the sketch on canvas with charcoal. The charcoal should then be sprayed with fixative (a thin, quick-drying, transparent shellac) to keep it from smudging when paint is applied.

In painting with oil, you first paint in the dark shapes of the scene. This establishes a range of values from the white of the canvas to the darkest area of the scene, thus making it easier to choose correct values for the middle tones which will be painted later. In roughing in, use your brush to describe the basic characteristics of each object. Here the artist has used his brush as if it were moving *around* the tree trunk, *down* the end of the barn, *up* and *down* over the

ruts of the road. In this manner, he not only paints these objects, he gets into his painting some of the intangible quality of what he feels about them.

The paint at this stage should be applied very thinly and laid broadly with a large bristle brush. Don't try to "fill in" the areas between the charcoal guide lines with precision. You will not be able to tell whether your value relationships are correct until all your canvas is covered.

For example, the darkest values are now viewed against the *white* of the canvas; they will appear less dark when contrasted with tones later applied. Therefore, any details that you put in now might well have to be repainted later on.

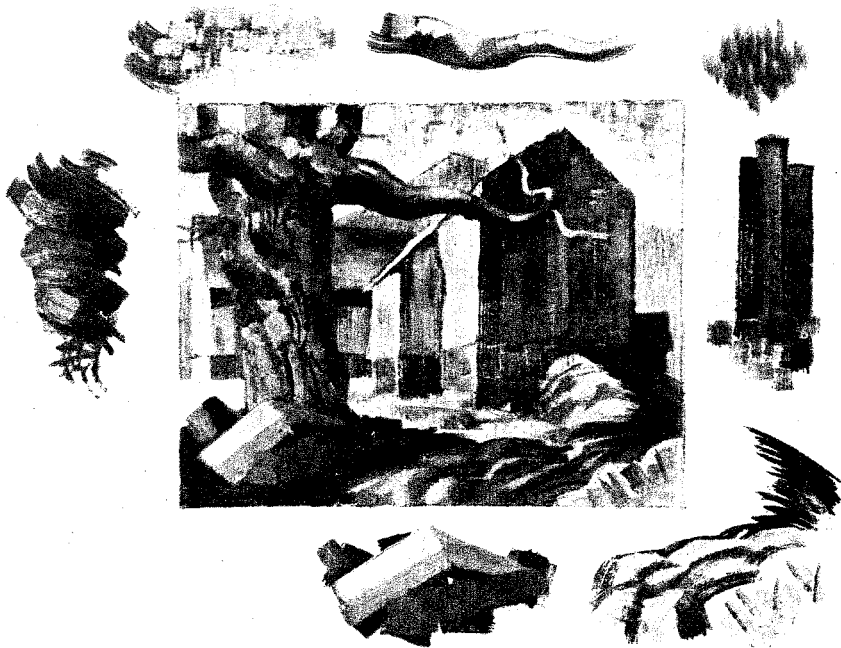


THE NEXT LOGICAL STEP is to paint in the middle tones. Now the value of painting the darks first becomes obvious. As soon as you lay in these middle tones, the clouds and light areas in the barn and grass fall approximately into place, even though they are still untouched canvas.

We refer to all the tones we are adding in this step as "middle tones," but actually they are not exactly the same in value. The middle tones in the foreground are darker than those in the background. The road, tree, barn, clouds and hill become progressively lighter in that order. These differences in value should be considered as you paint each of these areas. Don't waste time and effort, however,

trying to match the exact values you see in your subject. Approximate these relationships; you can make finer adjustments later on.

Even now, at this preliminary stage, you can sense the difference in form and material in each object. This is the result of laying in each tone with the type of stroke that is appropriate for the object being painted. Brush in these tones with the sympathy and sensitivity to different materials that you used in painting in the shadows. Remember—the tree grows, the road winds, the clouds drift or float and the distant hills project. Imagine how lifeless and uninspiring these shapes would be if we had carelessly painted in every area with flat values.



NOW WE WILL PAINT in the lightest tones, and the whole canvas will be completely covered. With this step you can compare all the values in your picture accurately for the first time.

It is almost always necessary to make some changes. For example, the shadow on the end of the barn facing us was too dark. That tone should be lighter because the bank of light grass directly in front of it reflects a fairly strong light. The smaller shadow plane on the wing of the barn in the center of the picture is lightened by reflection from the light-struck wall next to it.

We made three fairly important changes now, after seeing what the picture looked like with the whole canvas covered.

First, we straightened the tree to improve its shape and get rid of the S-curve movement that weakened this part of the composition.

Second, we varied the size of the rocks. They were monotonous. By adding one large rock, we made this corner more interesting.

The third change is in the sky. At first we were awed by those cloud forms, but as they moved, it became clear that this area would be better simplified and lightened.

These changes are typical of the changes you will want to make in developing any painting. Keep your whole approach flexible enough to make such changes in stride—and this will be easy if you avoid adding detail until the value relationships are properly adjusted.



NOW WE CAN GET down to careful refinement of the shapes, values and edges. The painting may be considered finished when this has been done, except for the final personal touches shown and described on the next page.

For example, look at the barn. You know there are dozens of boards in the end wall, but your eye doesn't see each one; it sees only the end of the barn and the texture and local color which suggest the boards. Similarly, in painting, don't try to paint on canvas what you *know* is there; paint only what you see.

In the previous stages we tried to suggest the undulation of the earth and the rhythm of the long grass in the light-struck middle

ground. We followed these contours and changes of direction with simple brush strokes. Now we stir up the surface still more with the sharp handle of the brush to emphasize the grassy growth, in contrast with the ground. This is one way of achieving the quality of such a field without falsely and laboriously painting in every blade of grass.

This is a sketch, an impression. You must be careful not to paint in everything that you know occurs in the background, just as you avoid painting in each board in the barn. The hills, for example, have certain characteristics of their own. After you have indicated the texture and related the value properly to the sky above, you have done just about enough with that area.



HERE is the finished painting. It differs from the last stage only slightly. There are no radical changes; if any *were* needed, the previous careful preliminary steps must have been handled incorrectly at some point.

This stage simply shows a series of refinements reflecting personal taste. It is a process of altering values slightly here and there, softening up or accenting edges, adding a few crisp touches to pull certain areas into focus and painting in such minor details as the small branches and the like, which are best left until last.

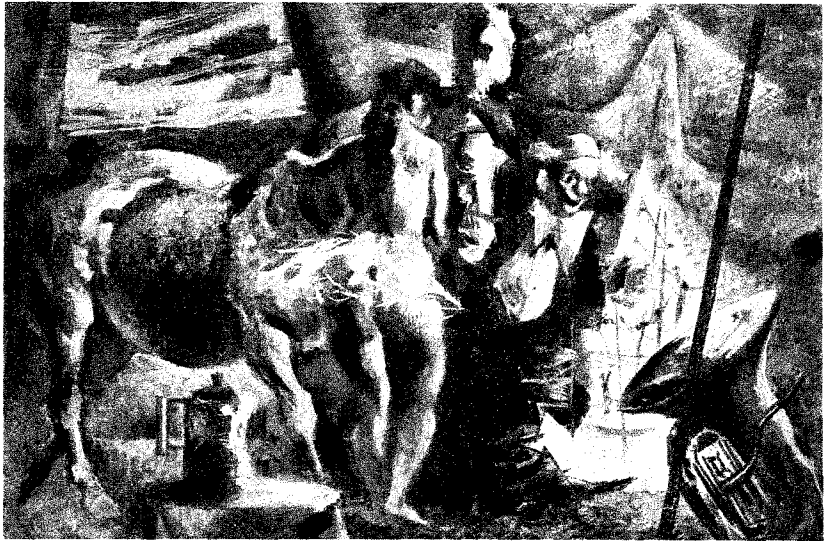
The biggest change, of course, is the complete simplification of the sky. The rest of the picture con-

tains so much busy texture that we felt this quiet area was needed for relief. We repainted the sky with a large flat brush, working with horizontal strokes from the top down.

Looking back over the experience of making this painting, it is clear that the most important factor in the whole process is control—control of values, textures and pigment itself. The more you paint, the better your control will become.

Remember the principles we have shown you, and remember the approach. Work from dark to light, and leave details and minor adjustments till last. If you follow this method of painting oils, you will soon be making pictures of which you can be proud.

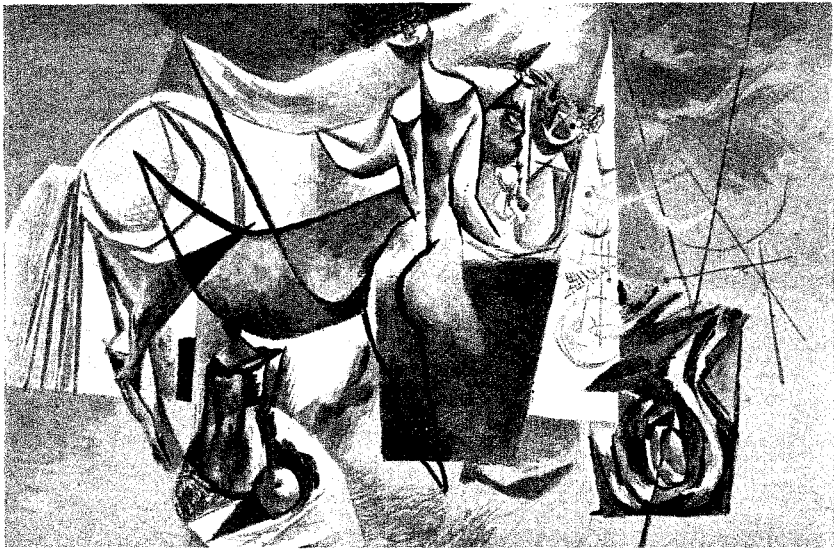
ONE ARTIST PAINTS FOUR VARIATIONS OF THE SAME SCENE



Michael Mitchell set out to paint this scene realistically. With slight changes, he represents a *particular* circus scene at a specific moment.



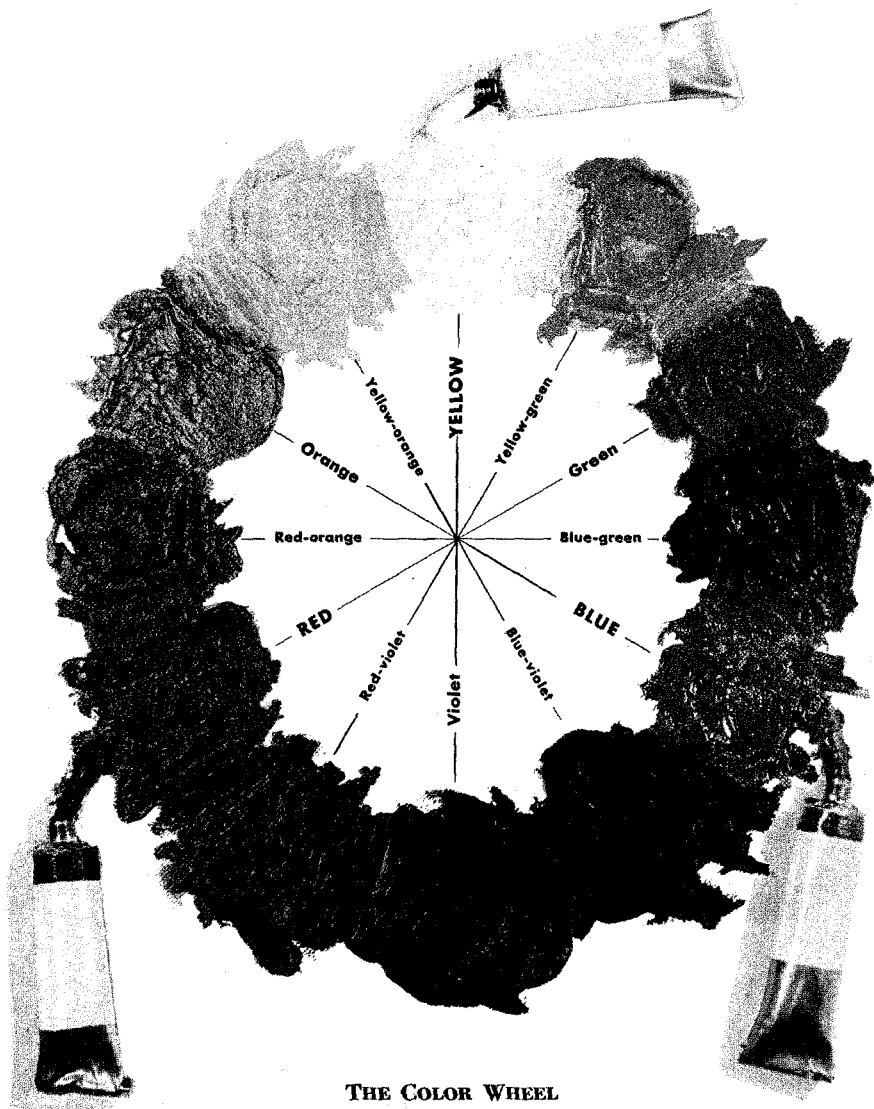
Here, the same artist shifted his interest from realism to creating a more decorative design. The simplified basic elements symbolize *all* circuses.



Here, Mitchell's memory of a particular scene has given rise to subjective fantasy of a kind that is best interpreted in a less orthodox and representational style.



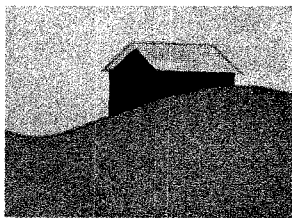
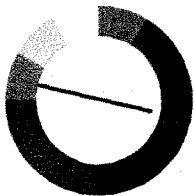
"In the circus, everything is movement and excitement; nothing is still!" This inspired in Mitchell an expression based on sensation rather than vision.



THE COLOR WHEEL

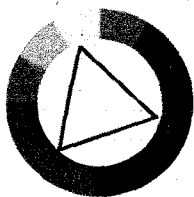
ALL COLORS in this wheel were made from the red, yellow and blue paint. These three colors are called the primary pigment hues. Mixing yellow and blue makes green. Blue and red make violet. Red and yellow make orange. These

three—green, violet, and orange—are the secondary hues. If we mix the primaries and secondaries, we make six more colors called the tertiary hues: yellow-green, blue-green, blue-violet, red-violet, red-orange and yellow-orange.



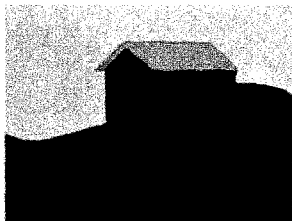
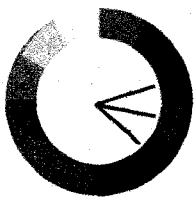
COMPLEMENTARY

The color scheme shown in this small picture is called "complementary." It contains two colors directly opposite each other on the color wheel.



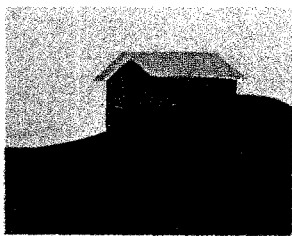
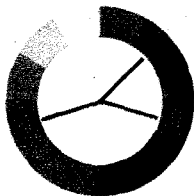
TRIADIC

This scheme uses three colors equidistant from each other on the color wheel, thus forming an equilateral triangle. The arrangement is "triadic."



ANALOGOUS

When colors lie beside each other on the color wheel, they are "analogous." Any group of three neighboring colors can form an analogous scheme.



SPLIT COMPLEMENTARY

In this scheme, two colors from one side of the wheel balance one opposite. These two colors, mixed, make the complement of the third.

WHEN YOU FIRST LOOK at the "illusions" diagrammed on this page, you may find it hard to believe that the appearance of colors can be changed so radically by their surroundings. You must understand how colors affect one another, because every time you change the hue, value or intensity of a single color in your picture, you establish new relationships among all the colors you have used. You must learn to make constant adjustments of hue, value, and intensity throughout the entire painting process.

Say that you wish to make a realistic painting of a red barn in front of a green hill. You paint in the barn on the white canvas first. It seems to be exactly right—just like the color of the real barn in front of you. Then you paint in the green hill behind it. Now the barn appears too light and intense because the red of the barn looks entirely different against the neutral white than it does against the darker, complementary green. You must, therefore, adjust the red so that it seems right in relation to the color which surrounds it.

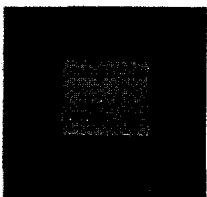
These illusions will crop up constantly in your work with color. If used wisely, they can heighten the effectiveness of your picture. If you fail to recognize them, they will destroy the color relationships you are trying to establish. Remember to compare the colors you use after you have placed them in the painting, and then make any adjustments.



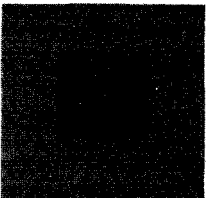
Here, two small squares of exactly the same blue-green have been set against backgrounds of blue-violet and yellow-green. Notice how much lighter and greener the small square appears against the blue-violet, how much darker and bluer against the yellow-green.



Here squares of exactly the same orange have been set against yellow and blue-green. Notice how much darker and less intense the orange appears against yellow, and how much lighter and more intense against blue-green.



Neutral gray against blue seems slightly yellow and light in value; against grayish-orange, it seems darker, slightly bluish in tone.

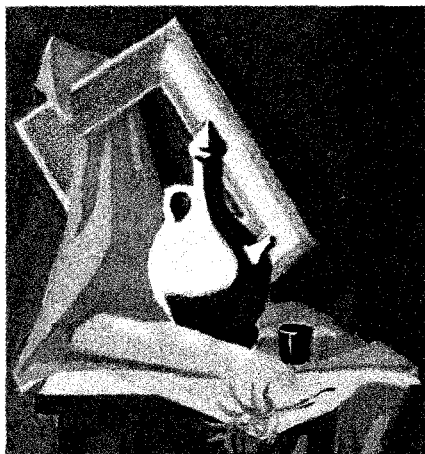


Grayish-orange seems more intense against neutral gray, and less intense against red.

DON'T MAKE THESE ERRORS.



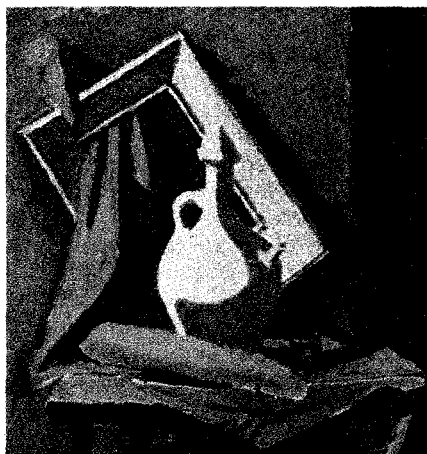
This picture contains several obvious errors in hue. The background is too blue, the drape red instead of orange, the shadow planes of frame too orange.



The values are mixed here. Most shadows are too light, except the shadow side of the jug, which is too dark. The light side of the jug is much too light.

TWO IMPORTANT FUNCTIONS of color are to set a mood and to establish emphasis. In its first function, color creates emotional overtones which psychologically condition the observer to accept the message of the painting. In its second function it directs the observer's eye as the artist wishes, attracting attention to important objects and away from areas of less significance. If you are to use color effectively, you must understand how to control it to achieve both objectives.

An artist can use color in very subtle ways when he is making a painting to be hung on the wall of a home or a museum. He expects his picture to be viewed time and time again over the years. If he has used color too obviously, his work will lose interest for us. We have seen everything the painting has to say once we have given it a glance, and we soon tire of it.



Intensity of colors is wrong. The wall and shadow sides of the frame are dull. Light and shadow planes of jug, shadow on drapery and table top are too strong.

Once you have learned to recognize the three dimensions of color—hue, value and intensity—it is a simple matter to match the colors that you see in a landscape, portrait or still life.

The picture below shows that colors which may appear strong in a painting are actually quite dull in comparison to the pure colors from the tube. Colors appear bright or intense when they are placed next to colors which are complementary (opposite position on color wheel).

1. What appears to be bright orange drapery is quite dull com-

pared to pure cadmium orange.

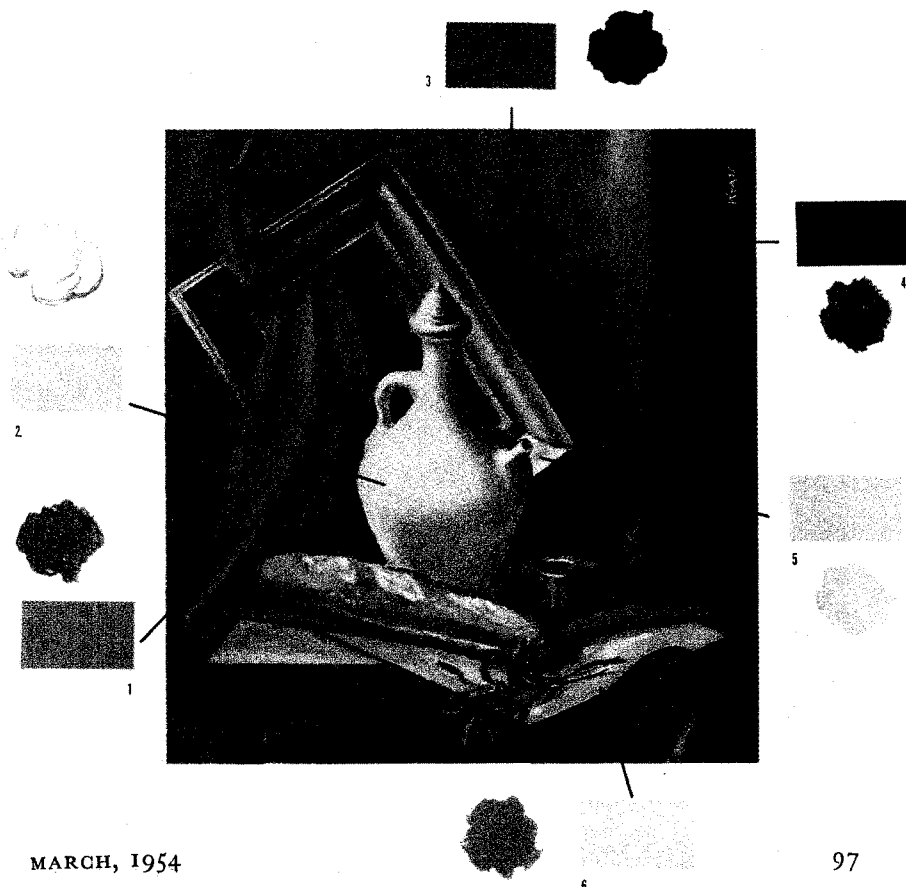
2. Highlight on the jug is surprisingly dark compared with pure white.

3. Background blue, which contains considerable gray and green, contrasts sharply with prussian blue from tube.

4. Dark shadow on background wall is not pure black.

5. Yellow on frame appears dull by comparison with pure cadmium yellow from tube.

6. Palette on table appears quite green when placed next to pure gray (mixture of black and white).





Ben Stahl, noted artist, begins painting a portrait by laying in the dark areas of his sketch with a stiff brush. Note how major elements are merely indicated.



Next he begins on the background tones and the shadow side of the face, carefully keeping background and face tones halfway between lightest and darkest.



Now Stahl works softer tones into the head and paints over the harsh guide marks of the eyes. He is now trying for more of the middle tones throughout.



Now everything is softened, pulling the darks together, then the lights. A few more tones of dark placed in the eyes make this part of the head almost complete.

MARCH, 1954

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The right eyebrow is now placed, for only now is Stahl sure where it should go. He starts to finish areas, softening edges and painting in the more subtle tones.



The drapery which detracted from the girl's head is softened. Bracelets add interest and break up the area atop the right arm. The portrait is now complete.

THE STORY OF AN ARTISTS' SCHOOL

PAINTING, DUE TO the prestige of Churchill and Grandma Moses, has recently moved up as an avocation, and art schools are appearing all over. The amateur is better off in a school which offers courses specially designed for him than in one of the big art schools, which cater almost exclusively to those studying for professional careers.

However, no one is surer that the layman can paint than the professional artist. Not that he bandies the words "talent" and "genius" about: these he reserves for the great of his profession. But he does insist that everyone can paint and should paint. In proof of this, 12 famous artists are operating a school in Westport, Connecticut, which guarantees to make an artist of anyone in three years flat. This is how it came about:

One afternoon a few years ago, an artist named Norman Rockwell was talking shop with an artist named Albert Dorne in Manhattan. "Remember that boy at the Veterans' Hospital?" he asked. "Both legs off at the hip? Well, today when I showed him the portrait I'd done of him, he was transformed before my eyes from a number into a man. It made him realize he was an individual with a face, not a cipher!"

"Happened all the time during the war," said Dorne, "especially when we could get the boys to do a little painting themselves. It started me thinking. People need art, all kinds of people. And I'm ready to do something about it. What you and I have, Rockwell, is 'know-how.' And that is something that can be communicated to others. I'm

planning to bring together a dozen fellows like you and Ben Stahl and Al Parker . . ."

That's how the Famous Artists School, the biggest correspondence school in art in the world, was started. The institution is unique. Its staff of instructors is headed by 12 of the most successful professional artists in the country, including Dorne, president; Rockwell, Jon Whitcomb and Stevan Dohanos. The average income of these men from their professional work is \$50,000—a staff no ordinary school could afford.

They believe that art can be taught and that they can teach it. They believe that the men who teach in most art schools are primarily interested in turning out little Rembrandts and Picassos who are prepared to starve but totally unprepared to earn a living.

They offer the three-year "Famous Artists Course" with a guarantee to teach anyone, with or without ability, to draw well in that time. They are interested in two kinds of artists: first, young people who have gone to art schools and come out knowing a good deal about "fine art" but nothing about "commercial art" (that for which advertisers and editors pay more money than Rembrandt earned in his life); second, the amateur painter—the man or woman who doesn't care about making money but wants to satisfy some deep inner urge.

Their more than 10,000 students are pretty equally divided between the two categories. The amateurs are of all ages, of all economic and social classes. One subscriber is a

waitress who made her first payment in 140 quarters, her tips for a month; another is a man who sends his chauffeur every month for his corrected lesson, unable to wait for the mails.

One is a nun who wants to paint a Madonna for her chapel; another is a man who wants to learn to copy the Old Masters; others are film and stage celebrities.

"In three years, we can make an artist of anyone," says Dorne. "By that, I mean a successful practitioner of commercial art or a satisfied amateur."

The school offers two courses. One, the Famous Artists Course, is designed for professional careers, covers three years, and consists of 24 lessons (comprising about 200,000 words of text) and more than 5,000 original drawings made by the teachers themselves to illustrate each phase of the text. The course, planned to lead the student from rudimentary marks on paper to the creation of editorial pictures, is under direction of a staff composed of successful professional artists.

The second course is offered specifically for amateurs. With emphasis on fine arts, it is designed to give the amateur in three years all the knowledge and skill necessary for freedom of creative expression. A special fine-arts faculty conducts this course.

In both courses, the student finishes his drawing and painting assignments on each lesson and mails them to Westport. Here the instructors, after studying a personal-

ity and information record on the student, make corrective drawings on transparent paper, laid over the student's assignment. After finishing these drawings, the teacher dictates a detailed letter of criticism.

Success stories from the professional half of the students pour in from all over the world, but it is the letters from amateur painters that really affect the instructors. No one is quite so touchingly grateful as the man whom you have proved to be a creative artist.

AS PSYCHOLOGISTS have pointed out, clever people usually have not one but a galaxy of abilities. So it is no surprise to find many famous people taking up art as an avocation.

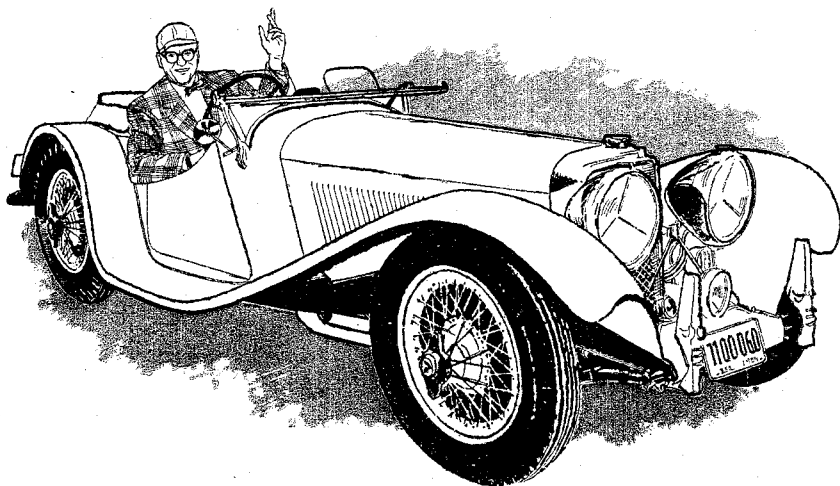
President Eisenhower takes his painting seriously, carrying his paraphernalia everywhere with him. Admittedly not in the class with Britain's Prime Minister (having been at it only a few years), he can nevertheless turn out good portraits or still-lives.

In Hollywood, practically everyone paints, and some are good enough to be professionals. Henry Fonda turns out still-lives of fruit and flowers; Claudette Colbert can dash off a first-rate portrait. Among others good enough to be professionals are Beatrice Lillie, Frank Sinatra, Clifton Webb, Van Johnson and Linda Darnell.

Every day, painting wins new converts. Once they start daubing colors, they are not likely to quit. Nor will you, if you join them.



Today With GARROWAY



by RICHARD GEHMAN

There are various reasons to explain his phenomenal success on radio and TV

ONE DAY IN A NEW YORK restaurant patronized by radio and television performers, a former burlesque comic and master of slapstick was holding forth in outraged tones.

"I just caught that Garroway," he cried, slapping the table. "I don't understand it. I don't understand *him*. There he's got an audience-rating so high you gotta go to Mount Palomar to see it, and what does he do? I'll tell you what he does. Nothing. He don't tell jokes, he don't sing. He don't take falls. All he does is, he talks. He don't even talk *loud*!"

The comic was speaking of one of television's major phenomena—

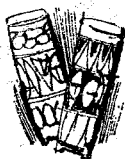
Dave Garroway. Five times a week, Garroway conducts the first network TV show ever to be sent out at 7 A.M.—NBC's two-hour news-and-foolishness roundup called "Today." And Friday evenings he has been conducting a variety program, "The Dave Garroway Show," on the NBC-TV network. His charm completely baffles old hands in show business.

As his critic stated, Garroway neither tells jokes (of the standard variety, anyhow), sings, stands on his head nor resorts to phony tricks. He is a tall, husky man of 40, with steel gray hair and heavy tortoiseshell glasses. His face, shaped like an inverted isosceles triangle, wears an

expression of intense seriousness, except for his eyes. They are usually brimming with good humor which comes out in the form of quiet, off-the-track anecdotes, practical jokes and funny sayings.

When Garroway faces the TV cameras, his manner is that of a professor. One can easily imagine him being voted a favorite class advisor and being elected Dean when he gets older. He seems to have infinite patience with other human beings and, besides that, infinite interest in their activities.

A former associate has said of him: "Many performers get where they are because everybody likes them. One reason that Dave got to where he is, is this: *he seems to like everybody.*"



Other reasons for his appeal are his gentle manner, his completely relaxed delivery, his sincerity and his seeming inability to be surprised. He is perhaps the most nonchalant entertainer ever to make a living in show business. The living he makes is a good one, too. This year NBC will pay him close to \$200,000—not bad for a man who does little except project his own personality.

It is money well-invested, for Garroway is, in his own quiet way, a super-salesman. His hold on his fans is like a bulldog's bite, with this difference—he does not bite. Once in Chicago, when he was a late-at-night disc jockey, he mentioned that a friend was having a "house cooling."

"They're going to tear old Bill's house down," he said, "and he's moving out. He's having a little party. If any of you want to say

goodbye to the house, bring your own glass and come around."

Ten thousand people showed up, according to conservative estimates. The police were called. Sheer force of numbers nearly trampled the house before the wreckers arrived.

Another time, on "Today," Garroway casually asked if anybody wanted a free copy of a magazine he was giving away. Twenty thousand people did.

Associates of Garroway's have noticed that his enthusiasm in selling is in direct ratio to his enthusiasm for the product. He loves orange juice; when he speaks of an orange-juice product, his eyes glow and an expression of contentment crosses his face.

One day Mike Zeamer, one of his TV directors, burst into Garroway's office on a startling scene. A man was rubbing shoe polish into the rug and Garroway was busy cleaning it off with a patented solution.

"Hello, Mike," said Garroway, calmly (he is always calm). "Look at this dandy new rug cleaner that's going to sponsor us. It's keen."

IT IS NOT TOO HARD for Garroway to work up enthusiasm, however controlled it may be, for the simple truth is that he is interested in almost everything as well as everybody.

As a boy, his chemical experiments used to keep neighborhoods in which his family lived in a constant uproar. "There was always a strange smell coming out of our house," he says happily.

When his interest in chemistry waned, he turned to taking apart

and putting together—not alarm clocks, as one might expect, but upright and baby grand pianos. “Interesting,” he says.

Garroway’s bedroom, in a penthouse on Park Avenue in New York, is a mirror of his broad and expansive avocations. A set of drums, including a bongo, is against the foot of his bed. Scattered around the room are odd tools, a mechanical draftsman’s table, stacks of stereopticon slides and a viewer, and golf clubs (he shoots a near-professional game).

“Dave is a good guy to call on if you ever want a telescope lens ground down,” says his writer and associate, Charlie Andrews.

Occasionally a fender, bumper or some other odd auto-part will clutter up the quarters, for Garroway is a sports-and-antique car fiend. At one time in Chicago, he owned eight unconventional automobiles, including three Jaguars, one with leopard-skin upholstery. He sometimes drives one or another of his cars in road races with other madmen. Today he owns only two, and chafes because he has no place to set up a repair shop.

He is an inventor, too, of no mean ingenuity. One of his most successful devices was The Garroway No Cover Charge Floor Show Viewer. This was a hole drilled in the floor when he and a few other NBC page boys lived above Leon and Eddie’s, a New York night club. “We used to lie on our stomachs and see every night’s show free,” he explains.

Garroway sometimes invents new forms of amusement. During last season’s World Series, Jac Hein, another of his directors, visited him

in his apartment. Garroway was watching the day’s game on television, but he had the TV sound turned off and was listening to a description on a short-wave radio. The broadcast was in French. “Sounds funny, this way,” Garroway said, apologetically.

HIS SHOW “TODAY,” which requires him to be in the studio shortly after 4 A.M. in order to begin telecasting at 7, is appropriately unconventional. Not only does “Today” go on at curious hours (it is heard from 7 to 9 in the East and Midwest, which means Garroway must telecast for three hours because of the time differential), it is also a curious show.

It is a news show, primarily, but it is also a reflection of Garroway’s multitudinous fascinations. In addition to general news reported by Frank Blair, Jack Lescoulie, Garroway himself and NBC’s world wide staff of correspondents, the show features book, play and movie reviews, new gadgets and toys; guest stars, features, press-agent stunts and even audience participation.

“Today” is sent out from the RCA Exhibition Hall, located in a show-window on 49th Street in Radio City. Crowds of curious passers-by gather outside and the cameras often are trained upon them. Many wave to home viewers; some hold up signs. Occasionally Garroway invites someone in from the crowd and stages an interview which changes the whole course of the show.

Little of “Today” is rehearsed, which pleases Garroway. Frequently he and the show’s directors, Mike Zeamer and Bob Merriman,

play tricks on each other; sometimes, when the cameras cut to him, he will be studiously reading a book, oblivious of the director's frantic calls to get up and flash the Garroway personality.

Garroway is assisted in his zaniness by a brush-haired, sad-looking former Wisconsinite named Charlie Andrews, the originator of the popular Chicago TV program, "Studs Place," whose interests and mental processes are just as odd as his. Andrews is as close to being a writer as Garroway will ever employ, and their association has persisted for seven years. In truth, he does not write much; he scribbles notes and hands them to Garroway, often in the middle of either the TV or radio programs. Mainly, his function is to help Garroway keep amused.

One day Andrews mentioned that he was tired of taking girls to lunch and having them chatter inconsequentially. "Wouldn't it be great," he said, "to take a girl to lunch and not have her say one word during the entire meal?"

"Let's do it," said Garroway, and promptly telephoned a model agency of excellent repute. "We want to hire two girls—on one condition," he said.

Two stunning models arrived, and the partners took them to a hotel dining room, after first securing their promises not to utter a syllable. As they were ordering their food, Garroway relented and let them tell their orders to the waiter.

During lunch, Andrews and Garroway carried on a conversation ranging from racing cars to life in the Service, from tropical fish to headhunting. They addressed only such remarks to the girls as, "Have

some salt?" or "Pass the sugar." Both girls simply sat and looked beautiful. At the close of the lunch, Garroway and Andrews paid the agency fee, shook hands, and went back to work considerably refreshed.

IT SHOULD BE CLEAR by now that most of Garroway's interests, antics and whimsical behaviorisms are those of a brilliant, appealing adolescent, the kind whose mischief only makes people fonder of him. His fan mail is astonishingly high. It surprises him, because, as he says, he has been behaving this way most of his life.

He was born in Schenectady, son of an electrical engineer. The family contributed to Dave's education by moving about while he was a boy. They finally settled in St. Louis, where young David Cunningham Garroway, when he was not taking apart pianos, automobiles and other devices, went to public schools, then to Washington University.

After leaving the University, Garroway went to Boston to sell piston rings and then to New York where he became a book salesman.

One night at a party he met the girl in charge of hiring pages at NBC. She urged him to apply, and he was hired. His salary was \$15.65 a week. As a page, he entered the NBC Student Announcers' Class, but couldn't seem to keep his mind on his work. He finished 23rd in a class of 24.

Nevertheless, he landed a job with an NBC affiliate, KDKA of Pittsburgh. There he became a special events announcer, and the Garroway personality began to develop. His boss gave him free rein and he took his microphone into

coal mines, up in balloons and onto the golf course. Once he played a round with the Pennsylvania amateur champion, meanwhile describing it stroke by stroke on a portable microphone hook-up. The champ was so unnerved that Garroway took the match.

This was in the late 1930's. At that time a zany named Ransom Sherman was making radio history of his own peculiar kind with a program called "Club Matinee" in Chicago. Sherman's half-sane, half-insane comedy appealed to Garroway, who heard him during a vacation trip to Chicago.

Garroway says that there is no question that Sherman's casual, off-hand delivery, his mildness and his quiet way of delivering his strange thoughts greatly impressed him.

In World War II, Garroway became a Naval officer. They sent him to Hawaii, where time weighed heavily. He asked his commanding officer if he might start a disc-jockey program for Service personnel.

Garroway went on the air and played his favorite records—mostly old jazz selections. He talked, as he always does, of things that had caught his attention. Sometimes he would mention towns he had been in. He was deluged with telephone calls and became one of the most popular men in the Islands.

"This convinced me," he recalls, "that I had some sort of salable commodity. I didn't know what it was, exactly, but it was there."

Back in Chicago after leaving the Navy as a lieutenant, Garroway persuaded NBC to allow him to try to sell whatever it was he had. When he went on as a disc jockey, the response was even more phenomenal



Charlie Andrews

in the Windy City than it had been in the Pacific.

Garroway's popularity in Chicago rose to such heights as to be almost unbelievable. His only rival in the U.S. for frequency of appearance was Arthur Godfrey. Just as Godfrey was on CBS more than any other, so was Garroway on NBC. At one time he was doing six different shows a week, three of them five-times-weekly programs, on radio and television.

Finally NBC put him on a Sunday night TV spot which was called "Garroway at Large." There he and Andrews were able to do just about as they pleased. Their rating was the despair of their competitors.

The taxing pace in Chicago proved to be too much. Garroway gave up all his activities and went to Europe for a couple of months. When he came back, he heard about NBC's plans for a radical new morning show. He auditioned for the job and was signed almost immediately. Recently, he revived the spirit of "Garroway at Large," employing the same informal style on "The Dave Garroway Show."

He is happier now than he has ever been. Despite the strange hours

—he goes to bed around 9 in order to get up at 4—he feels that he is performing a real service by keeping people abreast of the developments in the world. His fans have a slightly different attitude. They feel he is performing a real service by keeping them abreast of the developments in Garroway.

He leads a life completely to his liking. A bachelor, he squires a variety of pretty and glamorous girls around town, never going long with any one. Some of Garroway's girls are as imaginatively funny as he. Once, on his birthday, he found a red ribbon under his front door. He picked it up, followed it down three flights, through the hall and out the door and finally came to an old horse, nearly ready for the glue works, hitched to a fire hydrant. The horse was hung with a sign that said, "Happy Birthday to Garroway." It was a present from his

current girl-friend.

Periodically, Garroway declares that he is going to give up radio and TV and teach engineering in a small college. When he came back from Hawaii, he said he would do it in three years. Later he said, well, possibly five years. Now he makes no estimates. He says simply that he will quit when he is ready, and devote himself to puttering around, fixing things and thinking up inventions as ingenious as The Garroway No Cover Charge Floor Show Viewer but, perhaps, of a more widely applicable nature.

Recently, Charlie Andrews was asked what Garroway really wants. "That's easy," Andrews said. "Look at his sign-off."

When Garroway signs off, he raises one hand in an Indian salute and gazes steadily at his audience. He says, simply and with utter sincerity, "Peace."



Explanation-Wise

"SORRY," remarked the man behind the payroll window, "but with the deductions for the Sunshine Fund, social security, withholding tax, hospitalization, savings bonds, union dues, life insurance and gift fund, it seems you owe us \$6.80."

—General Features Corp.

GRANTLAND RICE asked Jack Quinn, the veteran pitcher, what made him able to pitch for 24 years. Quinn explained: "A wife and six young kids." —LEONARD LYONS

A MAN WAS explaining to his bookie that he couldn't place any more

bets, although he had been paid the previous day. "My wife," he said sadly, "blew all the money on the rent."

—ARTHUR GODFREY

JACK PAAR asked Frank Scully, father of five, why he had so many children. "Because," said Frank, "we never wanted the youngest one to be spoiled!" —EARL WILSON

GEORGE ROBSON, who won the Indianapolis Speedway auto races one year, was very modest about it. "Really," he explained, "all I had to do was keep turning left."

EARL WILSON *Let 'Em Eat Cheesecake*, Doubleday & Co.

BEHIND THAT FACE!

from the new book, "Doctor Pygmalion"

by MAXWELL MALTZ, M. D.

Drawn from the author's more than 25 years' experience in re-making faces and bodies—the young and the old, the ugly and the almost beautiful, the rich and the poor, the famous and the unknown—this autobiographical narrative has an Arabian Nights fascination in the sheer variety and strangeness of the tales it tells. Many doctors have told their stories, but here, for the first time, a plastic surgeon takes the reader behind the scenes into his life and the lives of his patients. —The Editors



From *Dr. Pygmalion*, by Maxwell Maltz, M.D. Published at \$3.50 by Thomas Y. Crowell Company, 462 Fourth Avenue, New York, N.Y. Copyright, 1953, by the author.

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MY FIRST DELIVERY case as an interne decided the issue: I was going to become a plastic surgeon. This was in 1923, in the old San Juan Hill section of New York, early on a raw winter morning.

My patient had been in labor for hours. She was a pretty girl, pretty in spite of the sweat and pain. Eighteen, she looked as if she still belonged in grammar school. Her husband was only two years older, a giant of a boy, a burly day laborer.

I saw him first, for he had been stationed at the window watching for me. He came bounding down the five flights of tenement stairs and practically carried me to the top floor—the rest of the time, the three hours that followed, he spent on his knees by the side of the bed.

His suffering seemed as real as hers; seldom was a child more dearly earned. The baby was delivered at 5:30 in the morning, the windows still black with night and the wind wailing outside. I slapped the red little creature on its bottom and it gave its first sound on earth, and its father cried, "Thank you, God!"

I thanked God, too, a moment later—that the mother was asleep—when I turned the baby over and we saw its face.

"What—" the father whispered. "*What is it?*" The tiny mouth was a twisted, riven little thing.

It is quite a shock to see a harelip for the first time. What is a harelip? A split in the upper lip, that may extend into the roof of the mouth; and the reason for it (God alone



knows the cause) is improper development of the lip buds in the embryo.

Well, we stared at the face of his son and that big, strong young man keeled over on the floor, and it was impossible to blame him.

I had been feeling proud of myself. I had walked forth into the storm and the night and with my two hands brought new life into the world. Now I felt sore and beaten and ashamed. Heaven knows I had seen harelips before, but this one seemed to be mine, I seemed to be responsible for it. It was wicked and unjust that all the suffering should have been spent on this poor child.

How wonderful it would be to cure him, to give the mother the normal baby her agony had earned for her, to save the little boy the shame and humiliation that would be waiting.

The young man had got up from the floor and was sitting on a stool beside the bed, his face in hands. I washed the baby, wrapped it in the clothes that lay waiting and put it in the fold of its mother's arms.

When the girl stirred, I put my hand on her cheek and turned her head toward mine. She smiled and then her face went taut with the question of every new mother.

"A boy," I said. "Promises to be as big as his daddy. But he's got a cut in his lip that we'll have to have fixed up."

"A cut in his lip?"

"It's called a harelip. You know, he's a very fortunate little boy, be-

ing born now, when doctors know how to fix these things. When he grows up, he'll never even know he had it."

"Can you fix it?"

"I'm not a plastic surgeon—that's the kind of doctor it takes. We'll find one for you."

She took her son closer in her arms and went to sleep again. I had been feeling tired and wretched, but now I was on top of the world. I had seen the girl's eyes change from panic to drowsy peace—and I knew what I was going to become.

First, I was going to find a plastic surgeon for the baby, *my* baby, and then I was going to learn how one went about the study of this special and compassionate form of medicine.

Three months later I was permitted to attend an operation which seemed to me the most dramatic I had ever watched. The patient was my San Juan Hill baby, the doctor a young plastic surgeon newly arrived from studies in Europe.

Ten days afterward I saw the result of that operation—the bandages removed, and the normal, chubby, charming face of a healthy little boy. The surgeon who had accomplished this miracle sketched for me the courses I must take, the knowledge I must acquire, the cost and the time; and I heard the names that later on were to sound like the names of gods—Joseph, von Eicken, Gillies.

AT THAT TIME, though huge strides had been made in reparative surgery, there were few Americans at work in the field. The big names were in Berlin. My family had man-

aged with much scraping and saving to get me through Physicians and Surgeons at Columbia and to provide for my appetite during the lean years of internship. But they had not reckoned on the further study required abroad by this very special, newfangled kind of medical specialty.

Yet somehow they got together the money for a year in Berlin, a year in which I would have to cram the learning of the two years that they could not afford. And somehow I carried it off.

Before that memorable year of 1924 was over, I had studied under the famous von Eicken. I had seen the great Jacques Joseph's stubby, nimble fingers cut, shape, graft and transplant skin and flesh and cartilage with an audacity and a delicacy that took the breath away—watched him erase great twisted scars on face and temple and neck as if his fingers spun a liquid ribbon of new skin.

Also, before the year in Germany was over, I had fallen deeply in love with Sylvia, a beautiful and talented young American concert pianist, only to have her marry Albert, her manager. And I had had the exhilarating experience of receiving an unexpected \$1,000 fee for an operation I performed on a girl who turned out to be the daughter of a German nobleman.

When I returned to New York, at last I was a plastic surgeon with an office of my own. I looked proudly at the sign: Maxwell Maltz, M.D. And then, before long, my first patient came.

He was brought to me, or rather prodded, by Sam Freden, a former fellow student at Columbia, now

in his second year of general practice. Sam explained that his patient, Mr. Whipple, had come to him for the relief of a nasal condition, and he thought plastic surgery would help. Could I see Mr. Whipple that afternoon?

At 4:15 the reluctant Whipple appeared, with Sam in attendance. Whipple looked as if he had caught his nose in a revolving door. A long frail nose to begin with, now it was twisted crazily into a bump in the middle. He explained that he owed this condition to an accident with a baseball bat when he was a child; he had thought nothing of it for years but lately he had begun to have trouble breathing. He looked at me nervously, twitching like a rabbit, the sad nose seeming to waggle nervously, too.

While he talked I had been making a sketch. "How does that look?" I asked.

"Say!" he said. "Is this—?"

"You," I said. "With a new nose."

Freden stared at the sketch. "Can you guarantee it will turn out like that?"

"No question about it."

"How long will it take?" inquired Whipple, peering fascinated at the picture.

"About an hour for the operation. Ten days later, we'll remove the bandages, and that's all there is to it."

"Does it hurt?"

"You won't feel a thing, Mr. Whipple."

"If you don't mind me asking one more question, will it leave a big scar?"

"Mr. Whipple," I said, "the miracle of modern rhinoplasty is that

it leaves no scars of any kind."

"Rhinoplasty?" Whipple repeated with a troubled frown.

"The medical word for nasal surgery. As developed by Herr Professor Jacques Joseph of Berlin, under whom I studied, modern rhinoplasty is performed entirely *inside* the nose. That requires extraordinarily delicate instruments and, of course, great technical skill, but it assures the patient a result that will never betray the fact that he has been operated on at all."

An impressive speech. It should have been; I had rehearsed it often enough.

"You mind telling me just what it is you'll do, Doctor?"

"My dear man," I said with a hearty laugh, "of course I don't mind. To start at the beginning, first we prepare the area, make it surgically clean with alcohol. Then we inject the anesthetic—"

"I'm watching you do all this?" quavered the patient with a sudden lurch back toward the open door.

"Good Lord, no! You've had a sleeping pill and a soft, restful bandage has been put over your eyes. You feel comfortable and drowsy and secure in the knowledge that in a short time you're going to have a brand-new nose. The anesthetic is swiftly injected, and in about the time it takes to count ten, the whole nasal section of your face is numb, deprived of the ability to feel any unpleasant sensation.

"Now, through an incision within the nostril, with a very fine instrument especially constructed for this purpose, we elevate the skin on the roof of the nose from its underlying attachment; we remove the hump, straighten the twisted carti-

lage and bone, make the necessary readjustment to the nasal tip"—I indicated this on his nose—"apply a brace and bandages—and there you are! The damage has been repaired almost without your knowing that we were touching you."

That seemed to be that. Whipple gave me the trusting, happy smile of a child.

"I guess the sooner the better, Doctor? When can you take me?"

I glanced at the virginal pages of my appointment book. "Say we make you first on the list for tomorrow morning? Eight o'clock sharp."

"Suits me," he said.

There he was, my prize, glistening and beautiful up over the mantelpiece—The First Case. Then one final thought struck Whipple.

"I guess," he said with a false chuckle, "I should ask how much it will be?"

"Why," I said, "the usual figure for an operation of this kind—five hundred dollars."

A tremendous silence fell.

I hadn't arrived at the sum lightly, which is a confession of, among other things, anxiety and my ignorance of how fees should, fairly, be determined. My only yardstick was the celebrated \$1,000 and the thumping prices charged by Jacques Joseph. It seemed to me that I was being very reasonable.

"Five hundred dollars?" whispered the awe-stricken Whipple.

Sam Freden cleared his throat. "Max," he said, "mind stepping out here a minute?"

I followed him into the side room. "You nuts?" he demanded. "Who do you think this guy is—

John D. Rockefeller or somebody?"

"What's wrong?"

"Wrong?" he echoed fiercely.

"This isn't Mrs. Astor's nose I brought you, it's a thirty-five-dollar-a-week shoe salesman's. He was expecting you to ask seventy-five-fifty or so and you say *five hundred*. To him, that's like half a million! Max, if you're so crowded with work, you just don't want him, say so, but—"

Did I want him! "Of course I want him, Sam. But isn't it going to seem pretty funny, coming down to seventy-five-fifty after starting at five hundred?"

"I'll tell him you just didn't realize his circumstances." Sam patted me on the shoulder. "Come on, we'll go and give Whipple the good news."

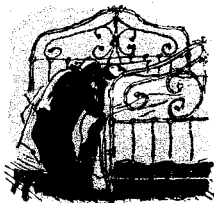
But when we opened the door we saw that Whipple had fled.

WHIPPLE LIVED on West 22nd Street in a rooming house. The landlady bellowed up the stairwell to find out if he was home. A door opened and he peered down. Even in the gloom it was possible to see the expression that agitated his features when he recognized me. I bolted up the stairs before he could run back into his room.

"Mr. Whipple," I said, "how old are you?"

He was too astonished to question what business this was of mine. "I'm twenty-five," he said un- easily.

"Then, according to the Bible, you've got another fifty years or so to live. Is five hundred dollars too much to pay to look like a normal human





being for *fifty years*.”

He stared at me.

“That’s all I wanted to say,” I said. “Good day.”

And I started back down the stairs. I

hadn’t reached the bottom when my potential patient called me back.

Whipple’s new nose created a stir and led to inquiries and to other patients. Which was fortunate, for I had proposed to Whipple that he should pay me my \$500 fee at the rate of \$10 a year.

DOROTHY WAS THE ONLY CHILD of Robert and Mary Callahan, a precocious and somewhat spoiled eight-year-old, made much of by her parents because she was the only child and because there would never be any more. Dorothy had been playing in the kitchen when her mother tripped over her doll and upset a pot of scalding water.

From the day Dorothy looked in the mirror at the big purple scar on her left cheek and the reddish hanging eyelid that would never close, she walled herself off in a self-imposed cell of silence. From that day she refused to utter a word. The spoiled little girl was taking the only revenge she knew on a world that for no reason at all had turned her life into a nightmare.

You couldn’t blame her, but her mother and father were going out of their minds. So Dorothy must be operated on right away.

Up to a point, the human body grows its own spare parts, but unfortunately not in the same place. There would be a large area of raw flesh left on Dorothy’s cheek after I had cut away the ugly scar tissue;

this area would be covered with new skin and stitched into place; the new skin—the graft—would be taken from the inner side of her upper left arm.

I went down to the cold-water flat on the lower East Side where the Callahans lived. Robert, the father, was away at work; his wife was in the kitchen. That fatal kitchen!—she had a compulsion to sit there hour after hour, day after day, rehearsing the horror over and over again. If only the doll hadn’t been on the floor; if only she had looked at the floor before going to the stove for the pot of boiling water; if only, if only—

Dorothy was in her bed in the front room, her face turned to the wall. Since the accident she had slept more and more, growing increasingly listless.

“It’s all arranged, Mrs. Callahan,” I said. “We’ll operate tomorrow morning. Bring Dorothy to the hospital this evening and the nurses will get her ready.”

I was conscious of a stir in the front room. No, the child hadn’t been asleep. I watched out of the corner of my eye and presently saw her peering around the door. Not her whole face, though; the side with the great purple scar and the hanging eyelid was kept concealed behind the edge of the door.

She didn’t think I was looking at her—if she had thought I was, or if I’d said anything to her, she’d have gone running back to bed. Even so, she hid her shame.

Then I knew how I must treat her. My answer came from the glimpse of the little thing peering secretly at me, drawn from her hiding hole by the sound of the magic

words "hospital" and "operate." She understood those words very well; I had said them again and again to her father and mother—"any day now we'll go to the hospital and operate, and Dorothy will be just the way she was before."

After telling the mother what to bring with her, I left; but I'd forgotten one thing and had to go back. Then I heard a sound that had been foreign to that apartment for a long time—the young mother singing. She opened the door and I whispered to her what it was I had come back for. She stared in astonishment.

"The doll?"

"Do you still have it?"

"I thought I'd never want to see it again, because if it hadn't been on the floor I wouldn't have tripped and nothing would have happened, but Rob said we ought to keep it, to remember by. So he put it away in the closet. You want to see it, Doctor?"

"I want to take it with me."

She got the doll, an unhappy creature called Emma, poorly constructed in the first place and since given a vigorous, trying life, including the boiling water that had been spilled on her. Then I left.

NEXT MORNING, after having put on the laundered white surgeon's suits and caps and masks, the three of us—the two internes who were to assist and I—spent ten minutes scrubbing our hands and arms, then went to the operating room. The anesthetist looked at me. Dorothy was ready.

She lay under bright lights on the operating table covered with sterile sheets. Breathing deeply and

regularly, the child was fast asleep.

"Knife!" I said . . .

She woke up an hour later. For another hour she was drowsy and sickish from the ether, but then her head and her eyes began to clear and she looked around and saw me sitting beside her bed. I could almost hear the questions and answers forming in her mind—*Who is he?* He is the doctor. *Where am I?* In the hospital. *What has happened?*

My face has been fixed!

It was like a light in her eyes. But before she could raise her hand to her face and feel that the scar and the dragging eyelid were still there, I showed her the small, pathetic object I had on my lap—the unfortunate doll Emma.

Dorothy's eyes widened as she beheld the extent of poor Emma's misfortunes. Lo and behold, Emma too had a depressed eyelid, and a big purple mark on her left cheek. (I'd cut Emma's eyelid and painted her left cheek with gentian violet.)

"When you were burned," I said, "Emma was too. So Emma has to stay in the hospital and be fixed up while we're fixing you."

I pointed to Emma's left arm, which was heavily bandaged.

"Just like your left arm, see?"

Dorothy regarded her left arm and nodded.

"Two weeks from now, Emma's left arm will feel better enough—and yours will, too—so I'll be able to take some skin from it and fix it into her face where it was burned. But I'll do *your* face first. First you, then Emma—two weeks from now. That's a promise."

I put Emma into bed beside her. "What was that I said?" I asked.

Would she say anything? Or

would the news that her face was still the same keep her from speaking as before?

Dorothy smiled up at me. She said in a wavery voice: "That's—a—promise."

I went downtown to report to Mr. and Mrs. Callahan in a very flourishing frame of mind.

IN THE NEXT TWO WEEKS Dorothy was fed extra-nourishing food to build her up for the major part of the reconstructive process, the big jump from arm to cheek and the tremendous drain on the system that would follow, when either the skin graft would "take" or turn blue and slowly die. The team assembled in the operating room again: surgeon, anesthetist, two assistants, operating nurse.

"*Knife!*" I said . . .

Soon, Dorothy's appearance was rather strange. The purple bloom of scar was gone, but in its place was an odd attachment between cheek and arm, a ribbon of skin that seemed to be growing out of the arm into the cheek. There must be no strain on that vital connecting ribbon. Her arm had to be supported in its upraised position next to Dorothy's head for another two weeks.

To keep the arm there, muslin was wrapped around arm, head and chest, and rolls of moist plaster-of-paris bandages wrapped around the muslin, binding the whole together. No matter how she might twist or turn, she would not be able to budge her arm.

For the next two weeks, she would in effect be living inside her own portable tent. She would be able to see the world and eat and

drink through a small window cut in the tent.

One hour had gone by since the operation started. I was running with sweat and I should have been feeling tired, but I wasn't; I felt I had done very well. I had a shower and got dressed and, much refreshed, performed my second operation of the day, on the doll Emma, whose suffering body was brought to me from Dorothy's bed by a nurse.

So Emma was ready for Dorothy when she woke up. And if Dorothy looked peculiar inside her tent, so did Emma, for Emma was elaborately tented, too. We had to hold Emma up in front of Dorothy so she could see her. I pointed out that Emma had just as much trouble seeing, and so they must just do their best and put up with it for a couple of weeks, when they would both be untented and reveal to the world their handsome, spotless new faces.

I was at Dorothy's bedside next morning. She had had a restless night, the nurse told me. Through the tent window, I lifted off the dressing gently in order to look at the skin beneath. You can cram just so much suspense into any passing sliver of time. This instant held all the suspense it could bear.

I guess the nurse saw I wasn't breathing. Then I said: "How's Emma this morning?"

"Fine!" Dorothy said.

"You know something?" I said, and I think I must have sung it. "*You're fine too!*"

The transplant had turned a healthy pink.

Two weeks later, Dorothy was put to sleep again and her special

tent sheared away. Then Emma. Dorothy and Emma now wore a solitary small bandage on the left cheek and another small bandage on the arm. Six days afterward they were relieved of these.

I don't know that Emma looked as good as new, but Dorothy—there she was, a girl with one pretty face. The girl with two faces was gone forever.

Later, an article I wrote describing the series of operations was published in the *American Journal of Surgery*—omitting, however, the case of Emma.

I needed a rest. They were working on my new penthouse office and it would be a month before it was ready. There was no reason why I shouldn't take the month off. Then, too, I had an invitation from the Polyclinico Hospital in Rome to lecture on plastic surgery. So Italy was indicated.

The Contessa was the most beautiful young woman on the ship, a New York girl with a delicate, fair-skinned, Botticellian face. Her husband, the Conte, could not be blamed for having married her for her beauty, but I took it for granted that he had married her for her equally impressive fortune. The Contessa was returning to Italy from a visit to her mother, she told me, smiling at me from the adjoining deck chair.

I felt very fine to be sitting next to the Contessa so long as she favored me with the warmth of her smile—as she had from almost the first day out. She had introduced herself, saying that in looking over

the passenger list, she had recognized my name as that of the doctor about whom one of her dearest friends positively babbled. I had really done miracles for Marjorie, hadn't I?

By the fourth day out from New York, occasionally she would let her hand rest on my arm as she emphasized something or other in her quick, restless, high-pitched talk. When we took our constitutional around the deck, she would put her arm through mine, and if I was lucky enough to say something that amused her, there would be a swift pressure of hand and body.

We shared the same table, danced a lot, spent hours in the moonlight aft of the great funnels; and I felt that as much as this beautiful, restless and obviously unhappy young woman could like anyone, she liked me.

I assumed that when we docked, her husband would be waiting for her; and I conjured up a rapier-thin Italian aristocrat, jealous, strict and demanding, even if he had married the girl not as a girl but as a dollar sign—and the Contessa would say goodbye and the Conte would cut me off with a fierce glance . . .

"Why are you coming to Italy?" the Contessa asked. "Vacation? Or do you have a patient waiting?"

This was the last night of the voyage, and we were in our favorite place on the boat deck. I explained about the invitation to lecture at the Polyclinico.

"How wonderful," she mur-



mured. "That's a tremendous honor, isn't it?"

"No, it's just that I happened to develop a special technique for a certain operation, and one of their doctors asked if I'd tell them about it and some of my other ideas."

"You're too modest," she said, looking at me enchantingly. "Those Italian doctors would never be asking you to lecture to them unless they knew you were something pretty special. And after everything Marjorie said—" She smiled. "You must be a magician!"

Why was the Contessa being so flattering? Why, of all the young men on board, had she picked me to be her companion for the trip? Did she really like to be with me so much? Or did she only pretend to—because there was something she wanted me to do for her?

What *could* I do for her? Plastic surgery? But if that was what she was getting around to, why the elaborate approach? She had only to come to me, as any patient comes to any physician, and I would make arrangements for the operation at the Polyclinico after we landed.

But wait a minute! What if she had asked other plastic surgeons to perform an operation and they had said no? What if that slim body of hers bore a blemish so deep in flesh and muscles that every specialist she had consulted had told her he wouldn't take the risk? What if she considered me to be her last chance, and was using all her wiles to make sure I'd say yes?

"Are you going straight to Rome for your lectures?" she asked.

"Yes—but I have a free week before the lectures start."

"What are you going to do with

your free week? I wish you would come and stay with us."

"With you?"

"At our place. It's near Florence, and it's really lovely." She leaned a little closer: surely there was no mistaking that inviting look.

"But," I said, "—of course, there's nothing I'd rather do, but—well, you've been away for some time, and I shouldn't think your husband would welcome a visitor."

"He won't be there." She laughed. "But there's nothing improper about it. There'll be two or three of his sisters or cousins or aunts to look after the family honor. You see, he's been away on a trip while I've been in New York. And I had a radiogram this morning saying he won't be able to get back for another ten days. Do say you'll come!"

Once again she gave me that appealing look and said, "Honestly, my husband won't mind. If you like, I'll get him to send you a radiogram, too. 'Dear Sir: Please believe me, I trust you with my wife.'"

That did it. "Wonderful," I said. "I accept."

She smiled. "We'll have a marvelous time."

I didn't see much of Florence, for once having been introduced to the Contessa's villa, I didn't want to leave it. I immediately fell victim to the wonders—and the mystery—of the Villa Schifanoia.

Schifanoia, the Contessa told me, means *without worry*, and at first I



thought the villa was perfectly named. The sudden change from the blaze of Italian noon to the shadow within the thick stone walls was like the casting of a spell, and you felt that you had been whisked into an enchanted world.

The Contessa came toward me with hands extended and took mine in hers. "I'm so glad you're here! You must be tired from your trip. You'll feel better after a bath and a drink."

It wasn't a room to which she led me, it was a series of luxurious rooms—an anteroom, sitting room, dressing room and bedroom. A king might have received his court in these stately chambers. After satisfying herself that nothing had been overlooked for my convenience, she left, arranging to meet me later on the garden terrace. She had barely stopped talking for a second. She was as wrought up as a young girl greeting her first beau.

I accepted it all with a *savoir faire* that would have been remarkable had it not been explained by the fact that my mind was occupied in wondering about my hostess. I even let a servant help me dress after my bath.

"Are many other members of the family here?" I asked him, remembering the Contessa's references to a retinue of sisters and cousins and aunts.

"No, sir. The Contessa is here by herself."

"But I suppose the Contessa is expecting other guests?"

"I don't know, sir," he said.

"Is this the usual apartment for guests?"

He hesitated. "Originally, these were the Conte's and the Contessa's

rooms. Then, solely the Contessa's. You are the first guest to occupy them. Will that be all?"

"Yes, thank you," I said. And I went down to the terrace, where my beautiful, my increasingly puzzling hostess was waiting.

This terrace was the highest of half a dozen that fell in steps down the hillside to the valley below. I had been conscious of the sound of a waterfall ever since we had driven to the villa, and now I saw that the terraces were alive with fountains and brooks, from which mist rose to be transmuted into a myriad of interlacing rainbows by the sunlight. The whole hillside was one great garden.

"It's an old Italian pleasure garden," the Contessa told me. "It's supposed to be quite famous; some people say it was designed by Michelangelo."

We went down the steps that led from terrace to terrace to the floor of the valley.

"I'm looking forward to meeting these shy relatives of yours," I said dryly. "So far, I haven't seen a sign of them."

She looked at me directly. "They're not here. There's no one else here except the servants. Do you mind?"

"No," I said. "If you don't."

BUT IT WASN'T TRUE that we were the only people at the Villa Schifanoia. The sisters and cousins and aunts weren't there—but someone else was.

I didn't discover this for several days. By that time, I had convinced myself that I was the Contessa's guest not because she was lonely and wanted someone to amuse her;

I had returned to the fantastic idea of the last night on board ship.

Everything seemed to point to a scar or brand that the Contessa thought I could remove. For invariably, she steered our conversations so as to lead me to talk about my cases and what I could do as a plastic surgeon.

WE WERE LYING on the grass beside the pool where Diana and her nymphs postured under the water spray. "Catherine," I said, "I think you asked me to tell you about plastic surgery because it concerns you somehow. When we were on the ship, I thought that was why you went out of your way to make friends with me. Isn't that why you asked me to come here? Tell me yes or no."

She looked away for a moment, then: "Yes," she said.

"Why didn't you tell me before?"

"I was afraid you'd say no."

"Is it something so terrible?"

"I don't think so," she said. "But you may." She sat up, facing me in a crosslegged position, and I thought of the Vizier's daughter in the Arabian Nights, about to tell her lord a tale of strange and fearful affairs.

"I wanted you to like me," Catherine said hesitantly. "I hoped you'd fall in love with me. I made up my mind that before you left here, you'd do anything I asked you to. I didn't want to tell you what it was until I felt sure of you." She made a wry little sound. "Yet here I am, giving it away."

"Giving what away?"

"Telling you the truth. I intended to make up some story and depend on your being enough in love

with me to believe it. Now at least I'll have a clear conscience. And perhaps—"

"Perhaps?"

"Perhaps you'll say yes."

Then the story I had been guessing at—and had missed by a mile—came pouring out.

"I have to start with my marriage," Catherine said. "Do you know why Andrea and I were married? Everyone thought it was for my money and his title. But we were married because almost as soon as we met, we knew we couldn't live without each other. You must believe this," she said earnestly, "because everything else depends on it.

"You mustn't think I was the naïve, rich American dazzled by the sophisticated foreigner. Andrea was only a year or two older. He wasn't glib or clever; in fact, he was shy.

"He'd come to New York to take a course in engineering. His father was dead, his mother was an invalid, and he had a younger brother who was an invalid too, infantile paralysis. He'd sold off the farm land that belonged to the villa; only the house and the gardens were left; and when he finished his engineering course, he hoped to get a job with an American company and bring his mother and brother to America.

"So, although he hated it, he kept on at college, because he had this sense of responsibility—and a feeling about fate. If he hadn't been meant to come to America, his father wouldn't have died when he was young and his brother wouldn't have been crippled and it wouldn't have been up to him, Andrea, to



carry the family on his shoulders, and—see? It was fate.”

“A very intense young man,” I commented.

“But after we met,” she continued, “Andrea thought he *really* knew why fate had brought him to America. To find me. We were *both* lucky, so very lucky! I was sure nothing could ever go wrong for us. My father and mother liked Andrea as soon as they saw him. How could they help it?”

“You said you were sure nothing could ever go wrong,” I said. “That means something did.”

“It was my fault. I didn’t stop to think how I’d seem to them. I took it for granted they’d like me.”

“Them?”

“Andrea’s mother and brother,” she said. “We were married in New York and then we came here and I rushed in like a bull in a china shop. I loved Andrea so much, I was so happy, I wanted to do everything I could for his family. I was going to be Lady Bountiful, transform their lives with a wave of my American wand. But of course, they hated me.”

“Why should they have hated you?” I asked.

“It was the way I did it,” she said. “I didn’t stop to think that I should be humble and respectful to Andrea’s mother; I didn’t ask her to tell me what she wanted done; I just went ahead with painters and electricians and gardeners. I might as well have told his mother

to her face that I was boss and didn’t care a hoot what she thought.

“After that, I hired a trained nurse to look after her and Andrea’s brother, and put them into the rooms which I’d had decorated, and gave them the new clothes and gifts—and then forgot all about them.

“It must have seemed to them that I had deliberately put them as far away from Andrea and me as I could. Before going to America, Andrea had always slept in a room between his mother’s and his brother’s rooms, and he told me it worried him to have them at the far side of the house, since they were cripples and couldn’t help themselves.

“His mother must have thought her son was completely lost to her. And he couldn’t see that it was my fault from beginning to end.”

“I can’t either,” I said. “It’s just what thousands of mothers have seen happen ever since sons started growing up and getting married.”

“But it was my fault that they died.”

I was silent for a minute or two. “I didn’t know.”

“If we’d been near them,” she went on, “it wouldn’t have happened; but no, we had the whole house between us, all those great rooms. The Fascisti were giving a celebration in Florence that night and all the servants had gone, and I found out later that the nurse had slipped off on a love affair she was having. There the two of them were,

the crippled old woman and Andrea's crippled brother, forgotten.

"I can remember the breathless sound of Andrea's voice as he lay quiet suddenly and said, 'What's that?' It was the most horrible shriek, going higher and higher and higher, until you thought it couldn't be human.

"Andrea went running out of our room, because from the sound of the scream he knew that if he wasn't there in the next second, it would be too late.

"If only the screaming had been coming from the room next to ours—but it wasn't. Andrea's brother had managed to crawl into their mother's room to try to help her, but the smoke must have suffocated him, because by the time Andrea got there, both of them were dead.

"Andrea dragged her and his brother to the door of the room and then fell on top of them. Beyond that, I don't remember anything very clearly."

"Andrea must have been badly burned," I said. "Where were the worst ones?"

"On his feet and his legs. And on his face."

"It left a bad scar?"

"Yes," the Contessa said, "it did. It left a—peculiar effect."

"What effect?"

"Andrea had been burned around his cheeks. When they took off the bandages in the hospital, they saw that the scar had pulled

his lips back and up. He grinned like a gargoyle."

I had seen such things. "When was this?"

"Three years ago."

"There was a fine man practicing plastic surgery in Rome then, Dr. Pasciutti. Or did you get someone from France or England?"

"We didn't get anyone."

I stared at her. "Why not?"

"Andrea refused to. He said it was the penalty he had to bear for the death of his mother and brother, that nothing must be done to interfere with the justice of God, that he, the saddest and guiltiest of men, must seem to laugh until the day he died."

I was silent for a while. "Then," I said, "his face is still the way the burns left it, three years ago?"

She nodded.

"Where is he?"

She indicated the house.

"How is it I haven't seen him?"

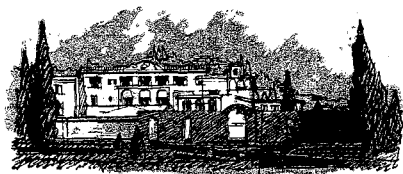
"He doesn't leave his room at all now, he hasn't for the last year. He turns his back to me when I go into his room and when they bring him food."

"There's only one thing that isn't clear," I said. "You could have told me all this on the ship and of course I'd have agreed to come here and do my best to persuade him to let me operate. Why did you have to hold it back until I'd—as you said, fallen in love with you? Did you honestly think that was necessary to get me to say yes?"

The Contessa shook her head. "I didn't ask you to come here to try to persuade Andrea. No, no. Not operate on him. On me!"

"On you?" I said. "What for?"

She was smiling. "Why, a man



who knows as much as you do about getting rid of scars should know how to *make* them. Isn't that true?"

As I imagined that beautiful face distorted with the scarified grin of a gargoyle, I shivered.

AFTER I LEFT THE CONTESSA I went to my room and waited half an hour. Then I searched through the shadowy quiet house until I found the door I thought was the right one. I knocked on it. I heard someone moving.

"*Chi c'è?*"

"I'd like to talk to you."

There was silence for a few minutes. Then he spoke in English.

"Are you the American doctor?"

"Yes," I said.

"There isn't any reason for you to see me," the flat voice said. "You can do nothing for me."

"I know," I agreed. "I just feel I should tell you what I am going to do for your wife."

The door opened and I went in. Most of the sunlight was screened out, and the room was cool and dim. I sat down on the nearest chair, not turning my head to look at the Conte Andrea. His voice came from behind me.

"What are you going to do for my wife?"

"First," I said, "I've got to tell you what Catherine said just after she explained why she invited me here. She realizes she has been failing you."

"Failing me?"

"She'd felt herself to be part of you, that you two were one person. Yet, after the night when your mother and brother died, she abandoned you."

"Abandoned me!" he cried. "She

would never have left me for a moment, if I hadn't *forced* her to leave me!"

"She *thinks* she abandoned you," I said. "If you suffered, so should she. If you, Andrea, were to be marked as a sinner, then she must be marked too."

"How can she be marked like me?"

"It's simple, providing she can persuade a surgeon to perform the operation."

"*Make a mouth like mine?*"

"That's it exactly. That is what I am going to do."

I felt Andrea's presence close behind me. It was hard to follow his words, they came in such a rush. "To have that done to *her* face? A grinning mouth? She'd be committing—blasphemy!"

"Well, no," I said. "I think you should say that she would be committing an act of love."

There was a long silence. The next sound I heard was the sound of weeping. I got up and saw that he was lying on the bed.

"Come on, Andrea," I said. "I promised to take Catherine to the hospital, but let's take you instead. Or—let's all three go together."

So ends the mystery of the Villa Schifanoia, though one mystery still remains—had she calculated each step, the effect her story was bound to have on me? I don't think so; but then, I knew her, and though I have tried to bring her to life, she can never be seen again as I saw her that day, like a young goddess in the sun, smiling invitingly as she asked me to perform that grotesque act of love.

Some years later, on a spring day in 1947, I had been shopping and

was late for an appointment at the office. Hurrying down the corridor, I glanced into the waiting room to see if my patient was there. I saw, not the patient I was expecting but Sylvia, whom I had loved and lost so long ago in Berlin.

It was twenty-some years since I had seen her, and yet she was as young and beautiful as ever. I stared at this apparent miracle of eternal youth. Her lovely face was unlined, as clear and firm as a girl's. She was reading a magazine, unaware that I was standing transfixed in the doorway, staring at her.

She was in her forties, I knew, and yet she looked eighteen. Incredible—but how could I doubt my own eyes?

Something attracted her attention and she dropped the magazine. I saw the lower part of her face, which the magazine had obscured. It wasn't a miracle—it was Sylvia's daughter.

Yes, I thought, you are Sylvia's daughter in everything except the one feature you inherited from Albert, your father—that ugly, pendulous lower lip.

"I thought you were your mother," I said.

"You couldn't have. Mother's beautiful."

And so would you be, I thought, if it wasn't for that unfortunate manifestation of your father. Well, then, Doctor, I said to myself—why don't you take care of it for her?

Then it occurred to me that perhaps that was why Sylvia had sent her to see me. "What are you doing in New York?" I asked.

"Are you here for a short visit or a long one?"

"I've been accepted by the Juilliard School. I'm trying to follow in Mother's footsteps, you see—become a concert pianist."

She stayed for an hour, talking about her parents and their tales of our old times together in Europe; she didn't even mention the possibility of my operating on her. So that night I called Sylvia long distance.

"You have a lovely daughter," I said. "I would like to have your permission to try to make her even lovelier."

"I've thought about it," Sylvia admitted. "Is it much of an operation? Does it hurt?"

"Not in the least. She'd be anesthetized—just a local."

Sylvia thought it over. "It's very kind of you, Max—"

"I have a purely selfish reason, dear. While she's in New York, I want to pretend she's *my* daughter—yours and mine. And how can I possibly do that, if every time I look at her I see her real father looking back at me?"

Sylvia laughed and gave me her consent.

The next day the operation was performed. In 40 minutes everything was finished, and six days later I took off the last bandage. There, looking at herself in the mirror, was another Sylvia; and—

though to be sure in only very small measure—in part, she really *was* mine.

So, to that extent, I had won out over my old rival in love, Albert, after all.

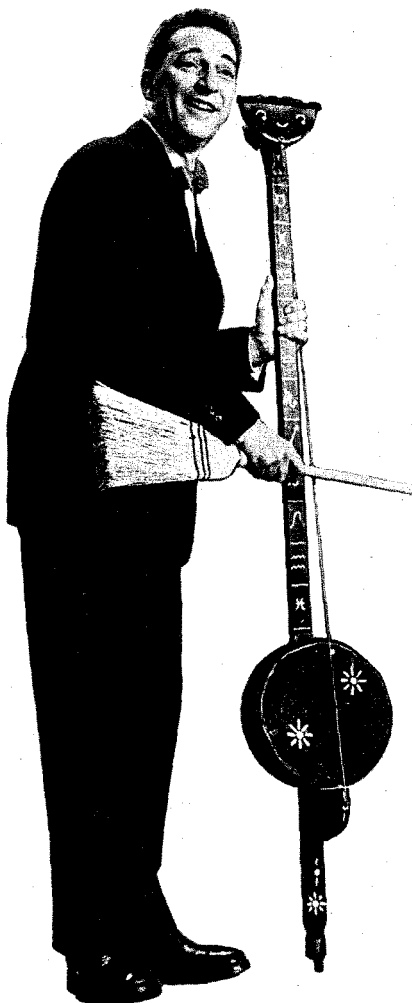




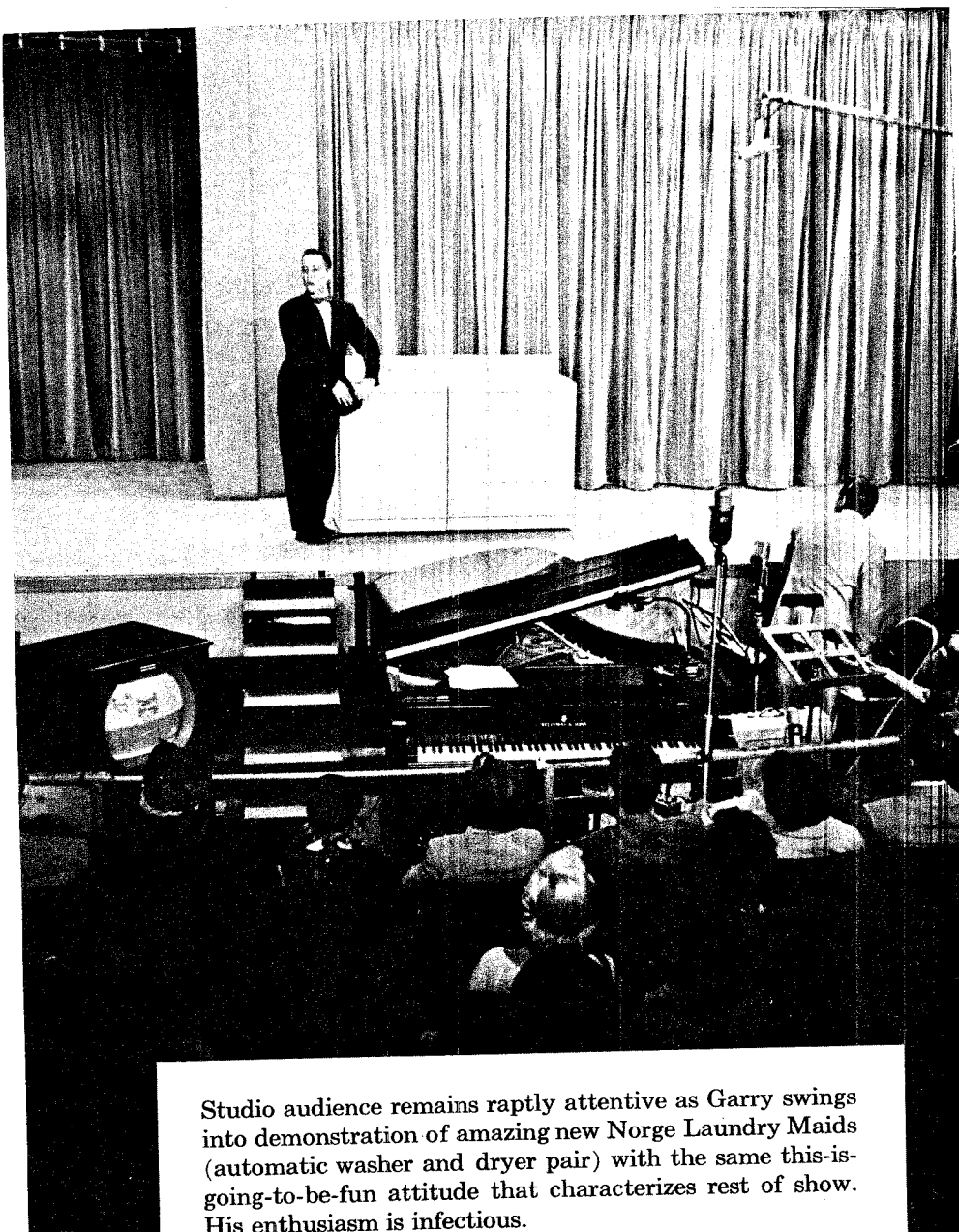
GARRY MOORE

Super-Salesman with a crew cut!

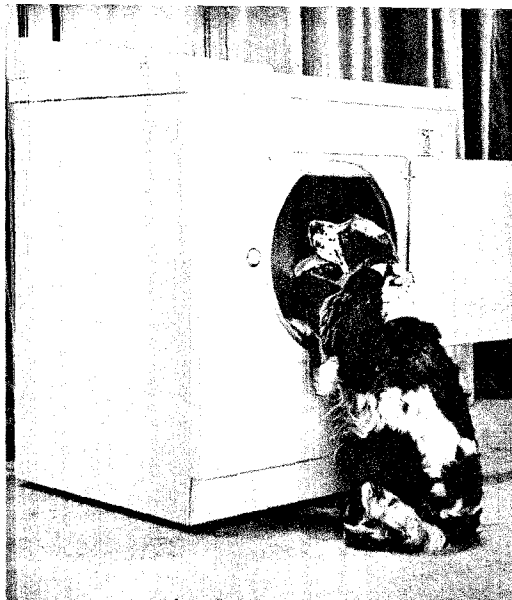
Day after day, millions of TV viewers enjoy his jokes, his singing, his show. But they applaud his commercials, too. Watch how he combines entertainment and enthusiastic conviction in demonstrating the Norge Laundry Maids.



Advertisement



Studio audience remains raptly attentive as Garry swings into demonstration of amazing new Norge Laundry Maids (automatic washer and dryer pair) with the same this-is-going-to-be-fun attitude that characterizes rest of show. His enthusiasm is infectious.



At rehearsal, someone had bright idea: "Let's dry a live dog to prove that Norge is safe for everything washable". Though safe in Norge, Garry discarded idea rather than risk possible harm to pets if viewers tried stunt in other dryers.



In compromise demonstration, Garry displays toy dog washed and dried seven times in Norge Laundry Maids. He gets appreciative chuckle from audience when he leads toy pup on leash out of dryer. Toy is still soft, cuddly.



"No washday work. Just press this Time-Line knob", Garry explains.

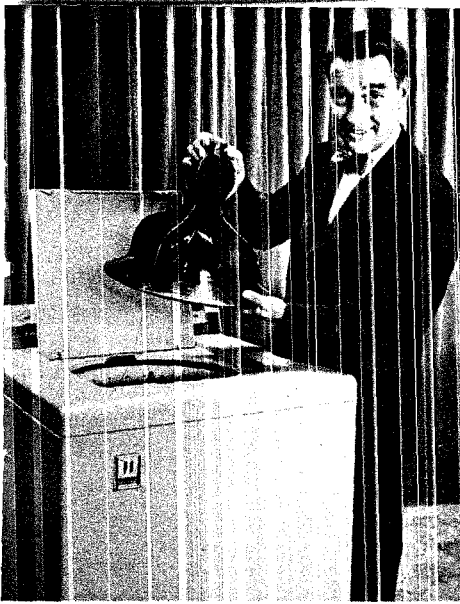


Durward Kirby loses his shirt (and sweater) for washer demonstration.



Garry bases his sparkling washer commercials on solid facts like these: The Norge Time-Line Automatic Washer is guaranteed safe for anything washable. Though completely automatic from fill to finish, it's completely flexible, too. Any action can be skipped, shortened or repeated with a touch on the

Illustrating ease of washing with a Norge gives Garry brief rest period.



Garry removes agitator to show principle of Norge's superior wash action.

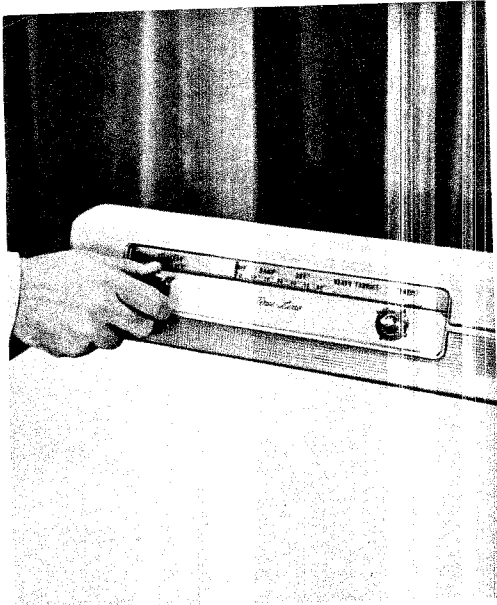


"Safe for all washables", says Garry, exhibiting electric blanket, nylons.

clearly-marked Time-Line control. Norge's Wave Agitation is so gentle it actually prolongs normal fabric life. 5-Way Warm Rinsing is extra-thorough, floats out every trace of soap and soil. Super-Spin never tangles or tears clothes. New Safety Spin model stops automatically if lid is raised during spin cycle.

Fan mail brings many letters from enthusiastic new Norge owners.





To demonstrate low, safe heat level (maximum 140°) of Norge Dryer . . .

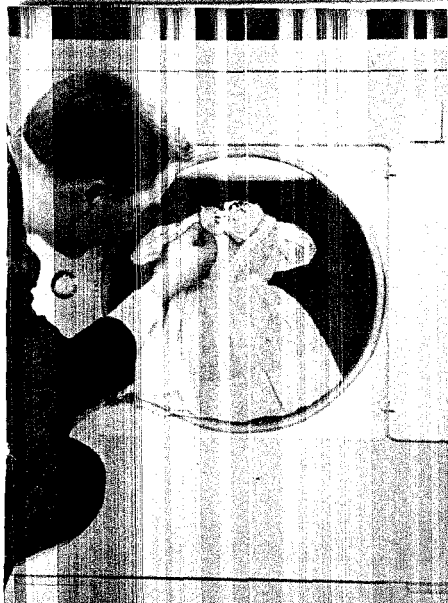


Garry puts unbroken egg inside dryer, after turning off the tumble action.



Like a good teacher, Garry's entertaining stunts are designed to make important points memorable. Demonstrating the all-fabric safety of the Norge Time-Line Automatic Dryer, he dramatizes fact that Norge is the only dryer in which both heat and tumbling can be turned off. (It can also be used like other dryers—with heat, tumbling

Blizzard of confetti shows powerful blower action of Norge dryer fan.



Next he hangs tot's wet nylon party dress on Norge's removable drying rack.

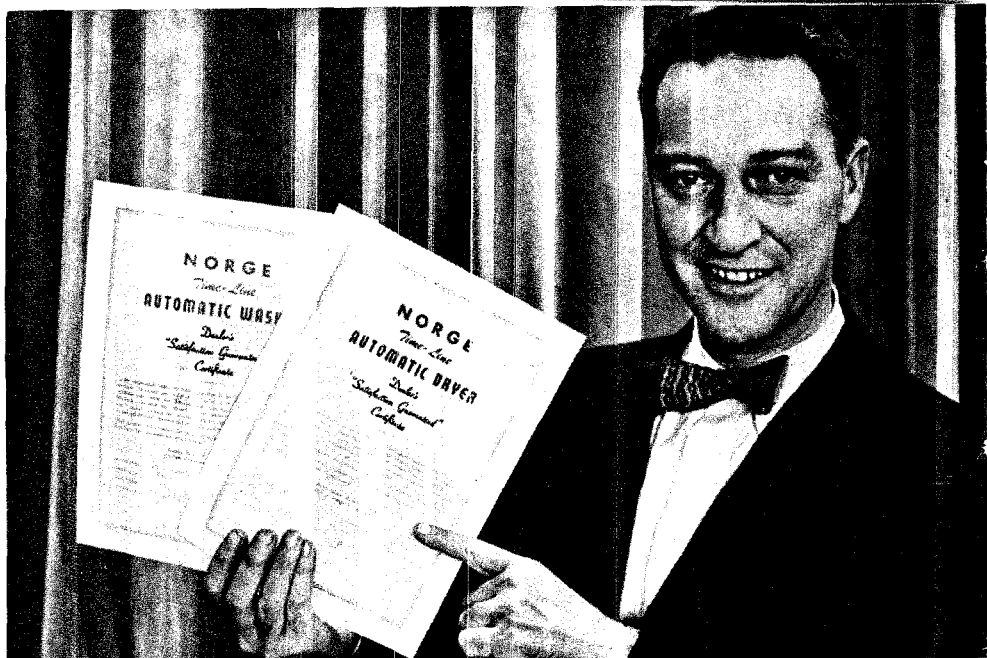


Dress is dry and ready to wear in five minutes, but egg is still completely raw.

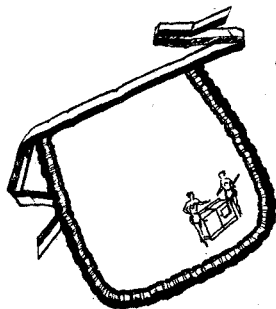
and air.) But even without heat or tumbling, Norge's drying rate is fast. Reason: triple-sized fan blows so much more air through clothes. Maximum heat is a low, gentle 140°. For non-tumble drying there's a removable clothes rack. Safety switch stops all action automatically when door is opened. Made in both gas and electric models.

Basketful of Norge-dried items includes foam rubber pillow, lampshade.





"No hedging about these two products!" says Garry, explaining Norge's money-back guarantee to TV audience. Purchasers can use Norge Laundry Maids at home for thirty days, return either or both for full credit if not completely satisfied.



A FREE GIFT from Garry and NORGE

MAIL THIS COUPON TO:
Norge Laundry Maids,
Chicago 54, Ill.

Please send me—free and without obligation—the Laundry Maids apron featured on the Garry Moore Show, plus further details about the Norge Laundry Maids.

Name

Address

City Zone State

Present Laundry Equipment

NORGE

... *just the best in*
home appliances

DIVISION OF BORG-WARNER

Merchandise Mart, Chicago 54

In Canada:

Addison Industries, Toronto



Grin and Share It

THE MOST OUTSTANDING effect produced by the newly organized town band came from the lusty if somewhat erratic booming of Harold, the bass drummer. A listener buttonholed the youth when he descended from the bandstand, and complained bitterly, "You don't make very good music with that instrument, Harold."

"No," the drummer cheerfully admitted, "but, boy, do I drown out a heap of bad music!"

—ADRIAN ANDERSON

AN EASTERNER was seeing the West for the first time, traveling by bus. He was not only unimpressed by the scenery but sharply critical of such wonders as the Grand Canyon, the Royal Gorge, the Painted Desert.

After listening to the constant stream of criticism for several days, the bus driver finally interrupted the disgruntled tourist with:

"Listen, mister, if you ain't got it on the inside, you can't see it on the outside."

—M. A. KINGMAN (Quote)

"WHAT PLANS FOR the future have you?" Bernard Baruch was asked on his 55th birthday.

"From now until I am 75," the Elder Statesman replied, "I will be occupied with my work. At 75 I intend to learn how to play a good game of bridge. At 80 I am going

to gossip with the ladies and at 85 I hope to take up golf seriously."

"What do you expect to do when you reach the age of 90?" his companion inquired.

Mr. Baruch smiled faintly and shrugged. "I don't know. I never plan for more than 30 years in advance."

—HY GARDNER

IN THE HEART of the Ozarks, I once lost my way and inquired of a native, "Am I on the road for Kansas City?"

"Well," he said, "not exactly, bud. That road just moseys along for a piece, then it turns into a hog trail, then a squirrel track, and finally runs up a scrub pine and ends in a knothole."

—LOUIS BROMFIELD (Quote)

NOTED IN THE CLASSIFIED section of a West Coast paper.

"For Sale: Antique desk suitable for lady with curved legs and large drawers, also mahogany chest."

—Coast Federal Savings & Loan Association

AN EMCEE WAS leading his panel in a game of "Who Am I?" To a male panel member he gave the following question:

"I am a Hollywood star. I have flaming red hair, a perfect body, and am one of the most beautiful women in the world. Who am I?"

To this the contestant gasped: "Who cares? Kiss me!"

—JACK PAAR

AN INVOLUNTARY two-step was executed by a young man and a young woman who were trying to pass each other in the street.

After they had dodged to right and left in vain several times, the man halted the woman and said: "Just once more, dear, then I really must go."

—NORTHERNER II, *Yorkshire Post*

WHEN OSCAR WILDE arrived in New York on his first trip to the New World he was asked by the customs officials if he had anything which should be declared.

"Nothing," replied the brash Britisher, "but my genius."

—ED SULLIVAN (*N. Y. Daily News*)

SIR MALCOLM SARGENT, the eminent British orchestra conductor, finished a grueling concert to tremendous applause and retired to his dressing-room. His valet came in with a request for autographs from fans waiting outside.

"No, no," said the weary man.

The valet looked at him pleadingly as if to say, "You should."

"Very well," said Sir Malcolm, "but no more than 20. No more than 20."

The valet replied: "There are only three."

—LEONARD LYONS

ALARMED AT WHAT his examination disclosed, a doctor told the patient that he should avoid all excitement. In order to do so he must cut out beer and whiskey and

drink nothing but water.

"Oh, I can't do that!" the man protested.

"And why not?" the doctor wanted to know.

"Because," wailed the unhappy patient, "the idea of drinking water excites me more than anything else."

BBROWN AND HIS WIFE were driving sedately to a country club luncheon. A lady driver headed in the same direction came up behind them, horn-signalled to pass. Brown obediently pulled over. To his surprise the lady, once ahead, slacked her speed so much he was obliged to pass her. Then she passed him again and repeated the performance. They kept alternating, all the way to the club.

Spotting the lady at the gathering, Brown made his way to her and with a tremendous effort at self-control inquired politely: "I hope there wasn't anything about my driving that confused you on the way out here. I noticed that we seemed to be passing each other a good many times."

"Oh that," said the lady lightly. "I was just trying to see what your wife was wearing so I could run home and change if it was too much like my own outfit."

—*Wall Street Journal*

HHEYWOOD BROWN, the carelessly attired columnist, exited from a Broadway premiere one night and was accosted by a producer who protested: "That's no way to dress for an opening. Your suit looks as if it had been slept in."

"You're dead right," yawned Heywood, looking straight at the man. "I just woke up."

—WALTER WINCHELL

THE STORY IS TOLD about the late dictator of Greece, General Ioannes Metaxas, that during an inspection of a Mediterranean air base he was invited to try out a new flying boat. He undertook to pilot it himself, and all went well until the commander, his host, observed that they were about to make a landing on the airdrome. "Excuse me, General, but it would be better to come down on the sea; this is a flying boat."

"Of course, Commander, what was I thinking of!" said Metaxas, suddenly recollecting himself, and making a safe landing on the water. Rising from the wheel he added, "Commander, I greatly appreciate the tact with which you drew my attention to the incredible blunder I nearly made." Saying which, he opened the door and stepped into the sea.

—*Thesaurus of Anecdotes* Edited by EDMUND FULLER. Copyright 1942 by Crown Publishers

A FRENCHMAN ASKED a German guest how they told the difference in Germany between an optimist and a pessimist.

"Very simple," the German explained. "The optimist is learning English, the pessimist is learning Russian."

—LEO AIKMAN (*Atlanta Constitution*)

EZIO PINZA, who plays the role of Feodor Chaliapin in "Tonight We Sing," tells this story about the famous basso: At the end of a concert in Moscow, Chaliapin was called back for ten encores. He then announced that this tenth encore would be his final one. Just as he

left the stage, he heard a voice from the last row in the last balcony ring out: "Bravo, Chaliapin! Bravo!"

Chaliapin was disconsolate in his dressing room, despite the ten encores. For the voice he had heard from the balcony was easily one octave lower than he himself ever had been able to achieve.

—LEONARD LYONS

A YOUNG SOLDIER returning to college after a hitch in Korea was asked by a professor: "What was the most important lesson you learned from the war?"

The ex-GI grinned. "That it's a great deal easier studying history than making it."

—ADRIAN ANDERSON

TWO GURKHA SOLDIERS who had volunteered for service with India's paratroopers asked their sergeant: "From what height are we supposed to jump?"

"Five hundred feet," was the reply.

"Nothing doing," they said, "it's too high. Can't we try from 300?"

The sergeant explained that from such a low height there was danger of their parachutes not opening in time. Whereupon the Gurkhas broke into smiles.

"Oh, that's different," they said. "We get parachutes, do we?"

—*Woolery Digest*

Why not send your funny story to "Grin and Share It" Editor, Coronet, 488 Madison Ave., New York 22, N. Y.? Please give your source. Payment is made upon publication, and no contributions can be acknowledged or returned.

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New way to Reduce

by Lois Cristy

Tiny home-use machine gives fabulous results

A NEW and faster way to reduce has been discovered. Secret of the new method is a tiny device that is used at home.

Physicians agree that when you are *overweight* you must diet; they also agree that excessive weight loss often causes flabbiness. You may diet, lose those "ugly pounds"—and, then end up looking worse than before you started.

And, how often have you heard the complaint: "My waistline and hips are way out of bounds. I've dieted, but that doesn't take it off in the right places."

This new little machine DOES take it off . . . inches and inches . . . *just where you want to*. You don't have to do tiresome "exercises" or try to find the time and money for salon treatments, either.

This midget-size home machine works on the same principle as the large ones this same manufacturer makes for salons.

"What will it do for me?" you ask. As in every form of reducing, results vary with each person. If you are large you can expect to lose more than if you are small and have only one or two disturbing bulges.

One famous magazine health and beauty editor reported this: "In our own case, our waistline was one inch smaller, midriff an inch and a quarter smaller—in a week. . . . This we consider a sensational diminishment. . . . Particularly since it was achieved by the laziest lie-down means. For we did lie back on our own little bed, reading, touching up our manicure, thinking small thoughts, scribbling notes, even visiting with our chatter friends over the telephone. Meantime, the machine did the real work."

The little machine has made some-

thing of a mark in the theatre world. Some of the famous beauties using it to keep their pretty figures lovely are: Arlene Dahl, Mrs. John Lund, Cleo Moore, Helen O'Connell. Actually I'm more interested in what happens to us "typical" women. That's why I asked some what they thought. Mrs. Brantweiner of Philadelphia wrote me: "I've lost 4 inches from my waist, 3 inches from my hips and 2 inches from my thighs. . . . My friends are amazed at the difference in my figure. Not only does it take off inches but it is an ideal way to relax after a hard day's work."

I think this one is unusual. But read what Margaret Burns of San Jose, California says: "What wonderful results I have had in just 1 week. My measurements before were hips 39", waist 26", lower abdomen 36". NOW—they are: hips 37½", waist 24½", lower abdomen 35". Results vary, of course—but I think these letters give you a hint as to what to expect. Many husbands use it to pull in their waistlines, too.

How does the machine work? By electronic impulse, the same sort of tiny impulse that doctors tell me the brain generates to make muscles exercise. The big difference though is that this new kind of reducing exercise requires no mental or physical effort. It doesn't make you the least bit tired. (A physician tested a subject; she used it 8 hours a day for a week—no fatigue!)

It's so easy to use. All you do is place a set of round pads over a set of bulges, connect the pads to cord ends, fasten the white rubber tapes that hold the pads in place. Then you turn on the machine and your reducing exercises begin . . . while you make like a luxuriating queen!

You are always in complete control, by just the touch of a dial, of the depth and strength of the exercise. You actually *see* and *feel* the muscles exercising, rhythmically. And, it does feel good.

Is the machine safe? Completely. The exercise is caused scientifically. There isn't any effort—yet it is perfectly normal, natural exercise. It can't hurt you. More than 50,000 are in use. It's approved by Underwriters' Laboratories. Hundreds of test cases have been made by physicians. It's safe.

To the timid the very word electronics might sound scary. The modern, intelligent woman, though, understands the scientific advances. It's not only safe, it's foolproof—designed for use by women without even a little bit of mechanical sense. There's no heat, no vibration. The power is no more than a small flashlight battery.

How does it decrease measurements? It starts by improving muscle tone . . . by making the muscles that really control the *shape* of our contours tighter, firmer and trimmer. And it does, too! With increased weight muscles are stretched. After our youthful 20's, muscles, like ageing rubber bands, lose their snap—and get like an old worn out girdle. Then come the sags and bulges and those distressing lumps. With this no-effort, tireless, relaxing exercise muscles “pull-in” and you lose inches—while you rest in your very own bed. Unlike the usual reducing “exercises” you feel no aftermath weariness or loss of energy and your heartbeat ticktocks normally. Lazy, luxurious you.

As far as I know, there isn't any magic that you use just once and *stay forever* reduced. Face it—you must keep on forever doing *something*. In this case, it's mild—almost fun. After using your machine daily to strip down to the size you want, you taper off and use it weekly for a restful session that keeps you in tantalizing trim.

If you have your heart set on dieting to lose weight you'll want to try this company's “NEW SPEED-UP PLAN” of reducing. They give you a caloric intake guide that gets rid of excess fat—and the machine tightens in the inches as the

extra weight vanishes. Results are greater and faster.

The little machine arrives with some “extras” (at no extra cost) that do rather fabulous things. There's a “vest” that exercises your back muscles and tightens the underlying muscles of the breasts. The “facial” exercises and tightens muscles under eyes and chins.

Another extra is membership in a National Charm Club that gives you (at no extra cost) free salon treatments and figure beauty counsel.

This new company has offices and salons coast to coast—and they give their purchasers really wonderful continuing service. Each office is staffed with expertly trained professional figure consultants.

A telephone call or letter gets you a FREE treatment (or a booklet, if you prefer). There, of course, isn't any charge or obligation, and you can have your free treatment either at home or in one of the company's salons.

Economy note: A few years back a machine like this would have cost from \$400 to \$500. This new version costs only \$169.50 and you can buy it with a really small down payment for about \$11 a month. If you want to try it for a month you can even *rent* it for a dollar-a-day and then if you decide to buy apply that toward the down payment—but you are NOT obligated to buy.

It is also sold by mail-order on a money-back 10 day trial basis.

There are some surprise “extras” that I don't have room, here, to tell you about.

I suggest that if you are really serious about having a more attractive figure that you either write or TELEPHONE: Relax-A-cizor, Dept. CT: NEW YORK, Murray Hill 8-4690, Suite 900, 665 Fifth Ave.; CHICAGO, WE 9-0760, 66 East Jackson Blvd.; LOS ANGELES, BRADshaw 2-1161, 915 N. La Cienega; BOSTON, KENmore 6-3030, 420 Boylston; PHILADELPHIA, LOcust 4-2566, 100 South Broad St.; CLEVELAND, Prospect 1-2292, 1118 Euclid Ave.; SAN FRANCISCO, SUTter 1-2682, 420 Sutter St.

Women sales representatives wanted CT-1

(ADVERTISEMENT)

MARCH, 1954

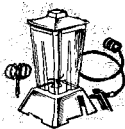
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Coronet's Family Shopper

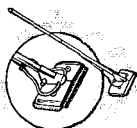
This month, the Family Shopper features items for use in the kitchen. These items have been chosen for their newness, practicality and utility, with the main purpose of making hours spent in the kitchen fewer—and more enjoyable.



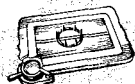
SAVE YOUR ENERGY before a party by using the Federal Lazy Suzan refrigerator serving trays. Four trays, with hinged covers, detach from base, can be stacked on top of each other for easy storing, and inserted on base again for quick serving. In black, forest green or chartreuse Styron plastic. Base diameter: 13½". \$2.98. Federal Tool Corp., 3600 W. Pratt Blvd., Chicago 45, Ill.



THE AQUA-MATIC BLENDER, a water-powered mixer, will blend, beat or mix drinks, desserts, sauces. With a special attachment, it will whip cream, egg whites and whole eggs. Just attach mixer hose to faucet, turn on water and the stainless-steel blades whirl. In red, green, yellow and gray plastic. \$8.95 from The Ozilam Co., 111 McCourt Bldg., Denver 2, Colo.



A NINE-INCH WIDE cleaning area is the special feature on Empire's Sponge Mop. It also has a built-in brush for removing floor spots, sponge extension from mop base to prevent knicks in woodwork, and a wringer lever halfway up the handle. Will fit in standard size pail. Metal handle, and hook at top for hanging mop up. \$4.95 from Empire Brushes Inc., Port Chester, New York.



SALVAGE the natural gravy while carving meats with the hard maple 1400 Roast and Gravy Carvall. The meat anchor, in the center, is removable, and measures 6" in diameter. At the corner stands an ovenware gravy catcher, also removable, which can be used for storing and reheating gravy. \$15 from Woodmasters of California, 207 W. Magnolia Blvd., Burbank, Cal.



FOR EASY SERVING, here is a three-speed, electrically controlled, brass chafing dish. It comes equipped with an extra water pan, in brass, which turns dish into a double boiler. This dish, in modern design, has legs of black wrought iron; Regency style has curved brass legs; Contemporary design has legs in a looped pattern, also of brass, \$29.95 from Pizitz, Birmingham 3, Ala.



USE—and keep using—your kitchen fats and oils, without fear of impurities or cooking odors. Filt-r-Fat is an aluminum cone with chemically treated filter paper which takes the previous cooking tastes and smells out of the fat, leaving it clean and pure. Just discard filter after use. \$1.49, with ten filters; 69 cents for thirty extra filter papers from Tricolator Co. Inc., Newark 8, N.J.

Still Tired after a night's sleep?

New medical findings revealed! You may actually be "starved" for the RIGHT KIND of sleep

AT BEDTIME and especially during the long nighttime hours without food, your brain may become *starved* for blood sugar, your vital "sleep food." Result: You may feel too nervous to go to sleep, too restless to sleep *well*.

How you can help your body get the "sleep food" it needs. Take something before bed that will help maintain your blood sugar supply. Sweet, sugary foods are too quickly burned up... but the new Postum Nightcap is ideal. Made with



INSTANT POSTUM and hot milk, a drugless Postum Nightcap is good-tasting, safe—helps assure a *slow, steady* supply of "sleep food"... the kind that helps give you more refreshing sleep *tonight*, a brighter, more productive day *tomorrow*.

The new Postum Nightcap is safe and so easy—try one tonight! If the right kind of sleep is a problem for you—get yourself a jar of



INSTANT POSTUM and try the new Postum Nightcap tonight. It's easy—just a teaspoon of INSTANT

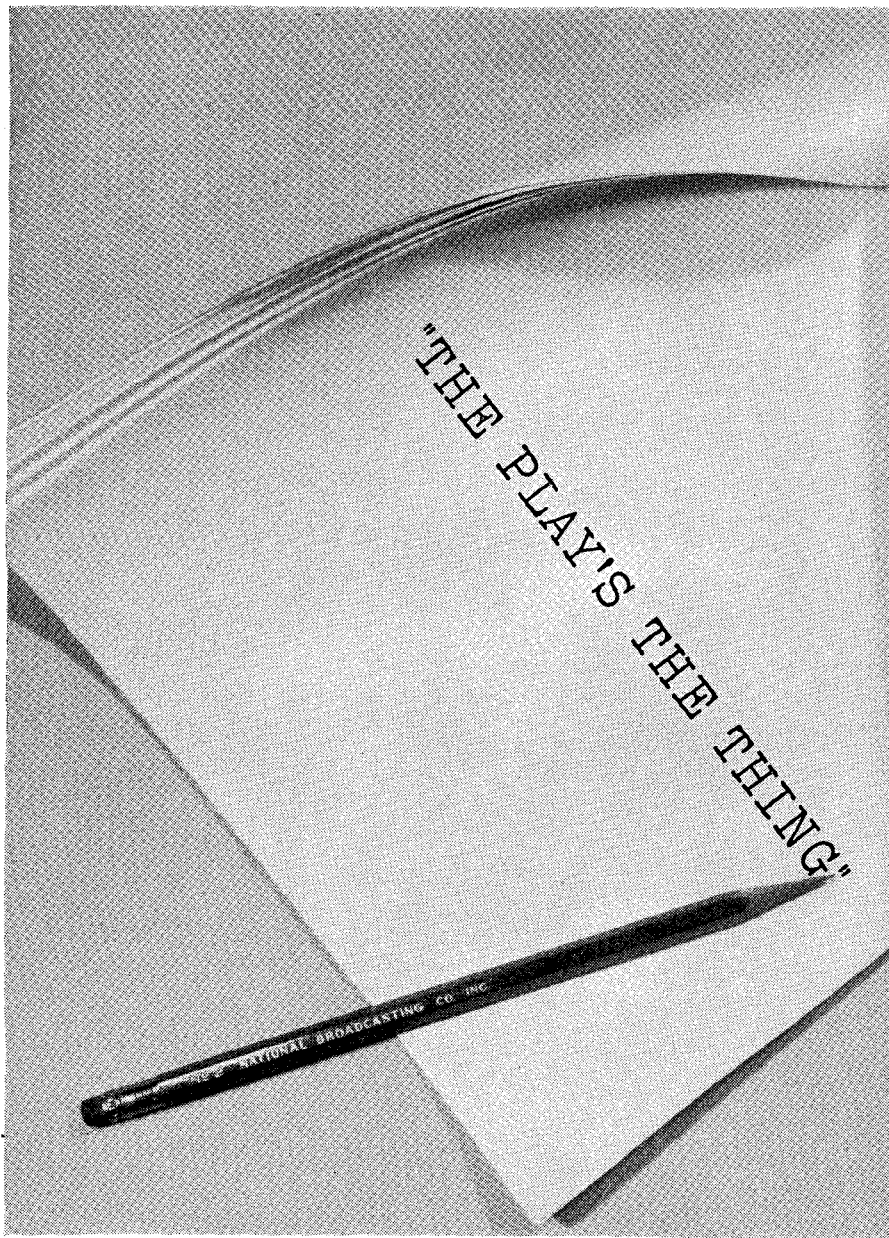


POSTUM in a cup of hot milk. See if you don't sleep better, *nights*—wake to more energetic *days*. Remember, too, that POSTUM is a great mealtime beverage—no caffeine, no "Coffee Nerves"!

The "SLEEP-FOOD" Nightcap
—for sleepless Millions!



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an award-winning series...an award-winning producer, Fred Coe...a "first" each week...original dramas and comedies...written by a corps of outstanding writers expressly for television...brought to vivid life by renowned dramatic personalities.

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ROBERT MONTGOMERY PRESENTS

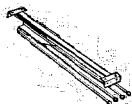
prominent stars of the entertainment world...in especially-created offerings and in adaptations of famous novels and plays...produced by actor-director Robert Montgomery and staged with the customary Montgomery imagination and detail.

9:30 p.m., New York Time

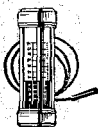
NBC TELEVISION

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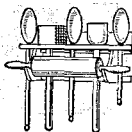
Coronet's Family Shopper



SAVE SPACE in your kitchen with the K-Venience #798 Towel rack. Chrome-plated bars slide underneath sink or cabinet for easy storage, slide out again for easy accessibility. $5\frac{1}{4}$ " wide, 20" long, rack comes with screws, easily installed in sink cabinet or under cupboard shelves. Keeps towels out of sight, yet always just where you can reach them. \$5 complete from Knappe and Vogt Mfg. Co., Grand Rapids, Mich.



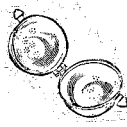
DETERMINE at a glance the temperature inside your home freezer unit without wasting time and money by opening it. The Taylor remote-reading freezer thermometer mounts on wall near the freezer, and connects by a metal tube to a temperature-sensitive bulb inside freezer. Thermometer scale ranges from 40 degrees below zero to 70 degrees above. \$4.50 from Taylor Instrument Cos., Rochester 1, N.Y.



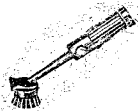
ENHANCE your cooking with the Maple Culinary Set. Included in the set are a long-handled spoon for stirring deep pots; a medium length spoon for shallow dishes; a short spoon for testing and tasting; a heavy-duty masher; a double-faced meat chopper or tenderizer; and a rolling pin. Wall-rack of matching, natural maple has place to hang each tool. \$4.95 from The Mail Box, Department 143, Covina, Cal.



NO ICE, salt, or cranking is necessary now to make home-made ice cream. The Home-Aid electric freezer will freeze ice cream, sherbets, and other frozen desserts in 35 to 45 minutes. Place in freezing compartment of your refrigerator, close door on flat cord plugged into electrical outlet. Easy to clean, Home-Aid measures $3\frac{1}{2}$ " by 5" by 12". \$19.95 from Stanley Moore, Box 119, Edisto Drive, Orangeburg, S.C.

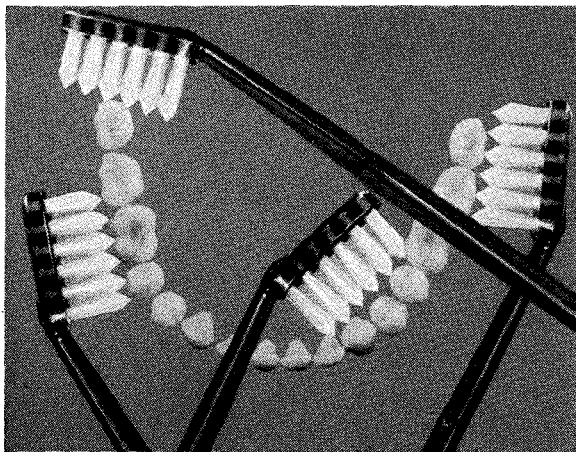


MAKING fluffy rice need no longer be a problem. The rice fluffer is a perforated aluminum ball. Place the rice in it, then into boiling water, and perfect rice, in a one-step operation, is the result. No change of water or rinsing necessary. Fluffer unhinges to make two separate colanders, and for easy storing. $5\frac{3}{4}$ " in diameter, it comes with chain for hanging. \$2 from Mrs. Dorothy Damar, Newark 5, N.J.



THE JET BRUSH allows you to clean dishes without putting your hands in water. A visible supply of detergent is in the translucent handle, and by pressing a button on the side of the handle, you can control how much detergent you use, where it will go. Sturdy nylon bristles to get stains off dishes, and a scraper for pots. In red, green or yellow. \$2.98 from I. J. Moritt Products Co., 405 Lexington Ave., N.Y. 17, N.Y.

see *why Squibb Angle Toothbrushes clean so thoroughly*



To help clean hard-to-get-at places all Squibb Toothbrushes are bent like your dentist's mirror . . . an exclusive Squibb feature.



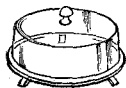
Look for this Squibb package at your drugstore. Squibb Angle Toothbrushes meet every requirement set by the Journal of the American Dental Association.

SQUIBB

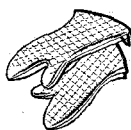


*The priceless ingredient of every product
is the honor and integrity of its maker.*

Coronet's Family Shopper



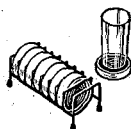
MADE OF transparent plastic, this cake platter and cover are useful as a pair, and can also be put to work as separate units. The platter is 12 $\frac{3}{4}$ " in diameter, and can be used as a cake, cookie or toast dish. The cover is 5" high, and its transparency is a main feature, as you can tell exactly how much cake is left without having to lift the cover each time. \$9.95 from Plastic Pioneer Inc., Jamaica 35, Long Island, N.Y.



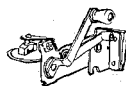
NO NEED to burn your hands or arms when reaching into the oven to pull out casseroles or roasts. The Ritz Asbestos Armshields are 14" from tip to top, cover the arms halfway up to the elbow. Made in mitten form, the Armshields offer free movement as well as protection. In white, with red trim and a tape loop for easy hanging. \$3.50 the pair from Lewis & Conger, 1154 Ave. of the Americas, N. Y. 36, N.Y.



ENTER Refrige-O-Fresh; exit refrigerator odors. Place Re-frige-O-Fresh on center shelf of your refrigerator and you will no longer detect odors of cantaloupe, cheese, fish, etc., in other foods. It is not even necessary to place covers over the dishes containing these foods. Regular ice box odors, which may impart an alien taste to ice cubes, also disappear. \$1 from Bayer Enterprises, 2236 N. Gower St., Hollywood, Calif.



DRI COASTERS have an absorbent center of cellulose sponge yarn, which will keep glasses drip-free for as long as nine hours. Coasters will not stick to the glass, they absorb liquid, can be washed in regular soap and suds, are alcohol proof, and will dry within 24 hours. With whiterims and black centers, set of eight comes with black wrought-iron stand. \$4.75, from Hammacher Schlemmer, 145 E. 57th St., N.Y. 22, N.Y.



THE ZIM-MATIC can opener has a magnet at the top which holds the lid of the can firmly, after can has been opened, so that lid does not slip into the food. The opener will fold flat against wall when not in use. It will open can of any shape without leaving ragged edges or splinters. \$3.50 in cadmium finish; \$5.50 in chrome (slightly higher west of Rockies); from Zim Mfg. Co., 3037 W. Carroll Ave., Chicago 12, Ill.



THESE COOKING utensils, made of heavy-gauge aluminum, let you prepare food without water, or bake and broil without use of grease. The process of cooking retains the natural sugars, vitamins and coloring in the foods. Basic utility set, 14 pieces, \$74.45. Complete set, 25 pieces, \$179.70. For demonstration in your area, write Aluminum Cooking Utensil Co., Wear-Ever Building, New Kensington, Pa.

For the woman who
insists on her freedom

the new-day girdle for a new day!

skippies

BY FORMFIT

From this day on you needn't be uncomfortable to look slimmer and smoother. New designs, new elastics give you a new comfort believed impossible till the coming of Skippies! If you are a young modern from 18 to 80 who insists on her freedom (and who doesn't?)—Skippies are for you!
*Girdles and
Panties from
\$3.95. Skippies
Foundations
from \$5.95.*

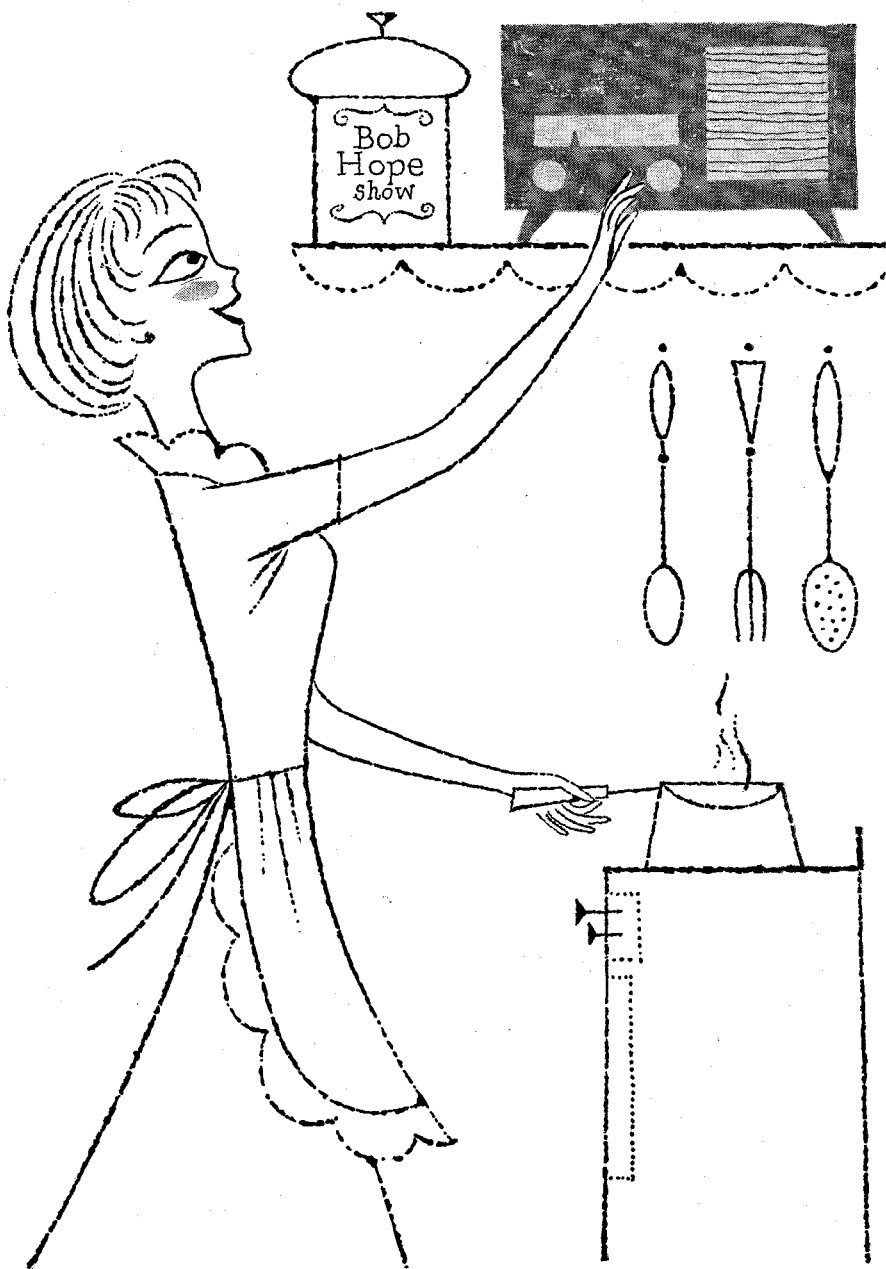


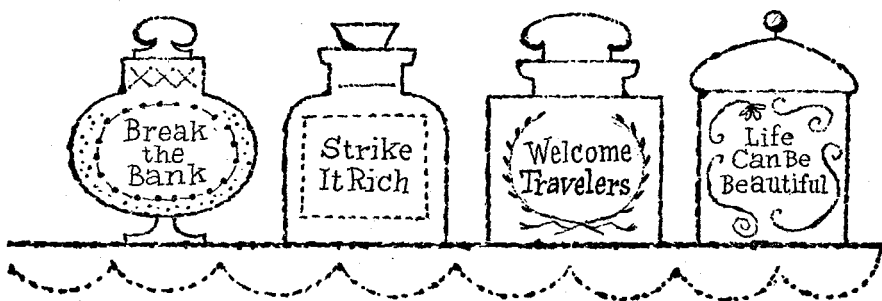
THE FORMFIT COMPANY
CHICAGO, NEW YORK

Made by the Manufacturers of the Famous Life Bras

MARCH, 1954

145





Do you have a radio in your kitchen?

(where you spend a quarter of your waking hours)

All work and no play makes mother a dull girl! Buy a radio for your kitchen today — make time and chores fly while you keep company with the greatest stars and shows in daytime broadcasting...on *NBC Radio*!

MORNINGS

WELCOME TRAVELERS
THE BOB HOPE SHOW
BREAK THE BANK
STRIKE IT RICH
THE PHRASE THAT PAYS

AFTERNOONS

LIFE CAN BE BEAUTIFUL
ROAD OF LIFE
PEPPER YOUNG'S FAMILY
RIGHT TO HAPPINESS
BACKSTAGE WIFE
STELLA DALLAS
YOUNG WIDDER BROWN
THE WOMAN IN MY HOUSE
JUST PLAIN BILL
FRONT PAGE FARRELL
LORENZO JONES

The spice of a housewife's life...

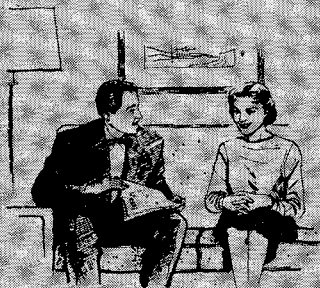
NBC DAYTIME RADIO

MARCH, 1954

147

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**right in
your own
living room!**

*...and have
them delivered
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all year 'round!*



Soon, one of the hundreds of young men and women who represent Publishers Continental will call at your front door and ask to be invited into your living room.

You'll find this young man or woman neat, courteous, hard working, and ambitious—eager to discuss and help you select from the nation's leading publications those magazines custom-tailored to your family's interests. He will further explain how publishers' subscription

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TAXES! TAXES! TAXES!



A DISTRESSED LADY depositor entered the office of one of the vice-presidents of a prominent New York bank. Her accountant, it seemed, had miscalculated her income on certain holdings so that she was short on a \$400,000 tax payment, and she asked to borrow \$100,000. In no time at all the bank engineered the loan, the lady said thanks, then sighed: "This income tax thing is quite harrowing, especially on us people in the middle income group!"

—HY GARDNER

THIS COUNTRY is composed of two kinds of people. One group believes that the government can support all the citizens. The other wonders whether all the citizens can support the government.

—JAMES A. FARLEY

SCHEDULE FOR CONGRESSMEN to follow in levying taxes:

Monday—Soak the rich.

Tuesday—Begin hearing from the rich.

Tuesday afternoon—Decide to give the rich a chance to get richer.

Wednesday—Tax Wall Street stock sales.

Thursday—Get word from Wall Street: "Lay off us or you will get no campaign contributions."

Thursday afternoon—Decide "We are wrong about Wall Street."

Friday—Soak the little fellow.

Saturday morning—Find out there is no little fellow. He has been soaked until he is drowned.

Sunday—Meditate.

—WILL ROGERS

A SALESMAN EXPLAINED to a customer who was looking at a handsome television set: "The price tag refers only to the city, state and federal taxes, madam. The price of the set is in addition to that."

—Capper's Weekly

AN INTERNAL REVENUE agent visited a Midwestern minister on a personal matter.

"While I'm here," the agent said, "I'd like to see your church. I've heard so much about it."

Delighted with the request, the minister took him on a tour of the church. "Well," he asked proudly, "what do you think of it?"

"I'm rather disappointed," the agent said.

"Why?"

"From the amount of money your parishioners list as gifts to your church," answered the agent, "I'd come to believe that the aisles were paved with gold."

—KENNY NICHOLS (*Gluey Gleanings*)

ABOUT THE ONLY redeeming feature we can see to pay-as-you-go taxes is that you don't get quite as mad all at once.

—Wall Street Journal

PSYCHOLOGISTS SAY no person should keep too much to himself. The Bureau of Internal Revenue is of the same opinion. —General Features Corp.

MARCH IS THE MONTH when money stops talking and takes off for Washington.

—O. A. BATTISTA

Psychiatry for Psuckers

by WILLIAM KAUFMAN, M. D.

A warning to families who are tempted
to take their troubles to "mind doctors"

EVERY HOUR ON THE HOUR, thousands of American lives are being needlessly ruined. Every year, increasing numbers of well-meaning people, seeking to improve their way of life through psychiatric means, fall into the clutches of psycho-quacks. Instead of getting the ethical help they desire, they often lose independence of thought and action, sacrifice mental and emotional health, and pay huge sums of money to those who do them serious harm.

These men and women have been led to believe that they are in immediate danger of developing serious emotional and mental trouble if (a) they are the least bit unhappy, (b) they experience the slightest feelings of frustration, (c) they feel that it is a struggle to solve ordinary life problems, or (d) they are experiencing mild feelings of anxiety or guilt.

When a normal person believes these false premises to be true, he often seeks outside help. If, in seeking advice, he falls into the hands of the pseudo-psychiatrist, he takes an important step toward his own ultimate undoing.

There are all sorts of quacks, including those who never completed grammar school; those who never had any special training in psychology or psychiatry; and even those with a dazzling string of degrees after their names. The tragic fact is that the imposter takes advantage of the esteem in which genuine psychiatry is rightly held today. He pretends to be an ethical psychotherapist as he victimizes the unsuspecting individual who has come seeking his advice.

Consider what happened to the Mitter family. Mildred Mitter, an attractive, intelligent, 35-year-old brunette, was a fine mother and wife. Her son Tommy, 13, was a likable redhead: he was a normal adolescent—pesky at times, but never really bad or vicious. Bob Mitter, the husband, was a cheerful, hard-working accountant who loved his family and home.

The family led a happy life until the day when the school principal called Mrs. Mitter for a conference. Solemnly he warned her that Tommy had become a "problem child." Several times he had been caught smoking in the hall, and had talked

back to the teacher who discovered him in the act

"Mrs Mitter, Tommy has all the makings of a juvenile delinquent. You should get him to a psychiatrist right away."

The frightened Mitters immediately arranged for a "psychotherapist" to see Tommy—but without first investigating to see if he were really qualified professionally. They chose a "Doctor" who, without even seeing or talking to Tommy, agreed that the boy was seriously ill and needed "deep treatment."

Under this tutelage, Tommy quickly learned that since he was a "problem child" he was expected to act differently from other boys his age. As a result he became insolent and slovenly. He swore at his parents, took money from his mother's purse, and played hookey from school.

The psycho-meddler beamed as he told the Mitters that Tommy was making excellent progress toward "recovery." Said the "Doctor": "It's wonderful to see Tommy beginning to feel free enough to express his hostile feelings normally." Sternly he ordered the Mitters never to regard anything Tommy did as unusual—and above all, never to punish him for his "Dead-End-Kid" behavior.

Bob and Mildred followed these instructions, even though they often felt as though they would explode. Soon, they released their pent-up emotions by quarrelling with each other about inconsequential things. Then they decided that because they were bickering, there must be something basically wrong with them, too, and that perhaps what *they* needed was psychotherapy.

Needless to say, Tommy's psycho-seer was delighted to be of increasing service to the family

In a few sessions, he probed their unconscious minds and found ugly secrets. The first thing he held against the Mitters was that they were both virgins when they married—and thus it was no wonder they were presently having trouble "adjusting." He told them they were repressed sexually, and that this could mean that they were mismatched.

All this had to be changed, he said. Delicately and then more bluntly, he urged the Mitters to sharpen their romantic impulses. But as a result of his exhortations, both Bob and Mildred became self-conscious about lovemaking and their formerly normal sexual activity almost reached the vanishing point.

Before long, Mildred no longer wanted to see her friends. She cried all day long. Soon, she became unable to continue some of her ordinary household duties because it was so difficult to make even simple decisions.

Bob was no better off. He was worried by what was happening to his wife and Tommy. But even worse, he was made to feel at each of his sessions with the "Doctor" that he had been a failure as a husband, father and man. At work, his boss noticed that the quality and quantity of his work was decreasing.

Meantime, expenses for the family's treatments had been skyrocketing until they were greater than income. The Mitters had to lower their standard of living and put a new mortgage on their house to

pay for the pseudo-psychotherapy.

Fortunately for the family, Aunt Clara and Uncle John picked this particular time to make an unannounced visit. Observing how badly Tommy acted, Uncle John advised: "Give the boy the old-fashioned paddling he deserves. If you don't, Bob, I'll do it myself! Then take him out fishing with you next weekend. And fire that psycho-guy!"

They followed his advice. Bob paddled Tommy—and it had a remarkably good effect. For several weekends, he took his son fishing. Before long, Tommy was again a typical adolescent.

Over several months, with the continuance of commonsense treatment which came from the heart instead of from the twisted mind of the psycho-meddler, the Mitters were saved from destruction both as individuals and as a family. Thanks to old-fashioned Uncle John and Aunt Clara, the Mitters are once more a happy and emotionally healthy family.

TODAY, IN SOME SOCIAL CIRCLES, you have no standing unless you are having or have had some form of psychotherapy. The longer the time and the more you pay, the greater is the esteem in which you are held. But unfortunately, the rich aren't the only ones who are crazy about psychotherapy. Many a family in moderate circumstances is being robbed because one of its members feels he can't function without being psychoanalyzed.

What values do these individuals get out of such ex-

periences? Each learns a new, impressive jargon. Words and phrases such as libido, Oedipus complex, repression, narcissism, hostility, resentment, and sublimation punctuate his conversation.

Furthermore, the process of psychoanalysis allows him to postpone necessary decisions about contemporary problems. His analyst doesn't want him to make any radical changes in his way of life until the treatment is "completed." Also, in the course of analysis, he picks up all sorts of psycho-phony excuses for his shortcomings and anti-social conduct.

During the course of his psychoanalysis, he takes a sour look backwards at life. He talks about himself and how he feels, and there is no end to his self-dramatizations. Whether he lies on a couch looking at the ceiling, or sits in a chair looking at his psycho-master, matters very little. The subject knows that he is supposed to say anything that comes into his mind.

The more bunk he concocts, the more pleased is his psycho-seer. The patient recites all the gutter words and ideas he may know. Next he sounds off about love, hate, and even fancied sexual relations with parents, brothers, sisters. By this process of verbalization, gradually the individual is supposed to be freed from the guilt he has felt about sex and incest. Then, at last, he is ready to grow into psychological "maturity."



Now, how did this great American psycho-craze get started? No one quite knows. With improved standards of

living, decreased work week, and increased leisure, many more people could spend much more time fretting about the whys and wherefores of their feelings and their relations to other people. Their interest was further sharpened by the vast volume of material on psychological subjects available through the media of mass communication. People want to know how to rate themselves and others, how to get rid of faulty ways of reacting—and how to use psychological methods to excel in the competition of everyday living.

Psychological help means to most people the hope of attaining personal mastery of their feelings, developing sex-power, and a way of tapping hidden reserves of emotional energy which will enable them to be happy, wealthy—and even wise. Thus, psychology and psychotherapy seem to be very desirable devices for getting what you want out of life. But unfortunately, there are no easy ways to successful living.

Today, people are over-rating the power of the psychotherapist as a helper of mankind. He can perform no miracles. He is limited by the nature of his patient's problems, by his inability to be omniscient, by the quirks of his own personality and outlook, by his own goals, and by his inability to use environmental factors so that these always help his patient. Nevertheless, legitimate psychotherapy has made significant progress in the past decade in improving methods of studying, interpreting and treating emotionally sick patients.

The belief that all minor psychological quirks should be "treated"

and "corrected" is as foolish as the belief that all people should have plastic surgery done on their faces to make these conform to the arbitrary standards of beauty.

No one realizes this more than the competent and ethical psychiatrist. Thus, he will not subject any patient to needless therapy any more than a family physician would advise unnecessary surgery. But the irresponsible psycho-meddler, of course, has no such scruples.

There is nothing wrong with being dissatisfied, frustrated or even emotionally disturbed, provided these feelings stimulate you to solving personal problems in socially acceptable ways. Almost any biography of a great man will show how anxiety, tension and dissatisfaction, emotions common to all of us, seemed to goad him into creative activities which frequently benefited mankind.

The struggle to provide "emotional security" by psychological means alone is not only unrealistic, it is an impossible goal. It is tragic for the patient to expect from psychiatry those inner feelings of peace and security that only religion can provide.

No amount of the best psychotherapy available today can supply the emotionally distressed person with the right kind of motivation. All psychotherapy can do—if the mentally sick person has not lost all touch with reality—is to help him understand why he feels as he does, why his goals are distorted as judged by conventional standards—and above all, what he must do to recover. But the cure is really up to the patient himself.

Most of us need friendly advice

at various times in our lives, and many people are called upon to give advice to others who either ask for it or seem to need it. But this type of advice is not psychotherapy. It never probes into deeper motivations of the person seeking help. Instead, it concentrates on planning action to reach constructive goals.

An emotionally sick person may be helped by a little child who gives him a friendly smile; or by a word of encouragement from a stranger; by a prayer; or sometimes, by the threat that he will be sent to a psychiatrist.

However, sometimes an emotionally sick person may *not* be helped by the most intensive types of psychiatric treatment or care—nor by the various shock treatments or brain surgery. Indeed, it is even hard to select for him a well-trained, capable, ethical psychiatrist. Dr. Fritz Redlich, Professor of Psychiatry and head of the Department of Psychiatry at Yale Medical School, has summarized this problem as follows:

“Among the few psychiatrists there are, how does one find a good one? Usually by asking a doctor or another psychiatrist. But even they have trouble separating the sheep from the goats, because it is so hard to judge from the outside how much help a psychiatrist is actually giving to his patients.

“If a surgeon’s appendix cases all develop post-operative infections, it is clear that the doctor is a bit on the sloppy side. But there is no such criterion in psychiatry. Even a high suicide rate of patients would not necessarily mean anything against the psychiatrist, since many of his colleagues refuse to ac-

cept as patients people with suicidal leanings, and therefore have no suicides to be held against them.”

This CORONET article is not intended to cast doubt on the value of the legitimate uses of psychology, psychoanalysis or psychiatry as applied to the study and treatment of emotionally and mentally diseased, disabled or disordered personalities. For years, many ethical practitioners of psychological medicine have given abundant evidence of their devotion to the best interests of their patients, often helping them to recover from serious mental disturbances and lead normal lives. Furthermore, many reputable clinics, such as the Henry Phipps in Baltimore and the Langley Porter in San Francisco, have successfully treated many such individuals. And, perhaps even more important, the case histories of thousands of such patients are being used in research to help develop the psychiatric methods of the future.

However, this article *is* intended to alert you to look before you leap into the waiting arms of a psychoquack. Should you or any of your loved ones need psychiatric help, do not be afraid to seek it. But first check and make as sure as you can that you will be seeking the advice of a well-trained, ethical psychiatrist who will do his utmost to help you. And remember: although legitimate psychiatry has been making great advances in the past decades, it has by no means reached a state of perfection. Expect only what is humanly possible to accomplish by the means at hand today.

Mostly, human behavior is baffling. It is always a queer admixture of normal, rational behavior—and

the sudden, savage deviations from all the commonly-held rules of wholesome living. The quiet little man who has lived nextdoor to you for years may abscond with a hundred thousand dollars, shoot his best friend or a stranger, or fling himself earthward from a tall building. Predictable? Rarely! Preventable? Almost never!

If the study of human behavior advances to the point where the investigator can predict with reasonable certainty—over the short

and long term—how a given individual will react under given circumstances, then we will have an exact science of human behavior, and there will be a real basis for measuring the results of psychotherapy. Until that time, even legitimate psychiatry and psychotherapy will continue to be an inexact and empirical branch of medicine, and psycho-quacks will continue to thrive and do damage to thousands of American children and adults.

On People and Places



THREE GENTLEMEN from South America called one day on the mayor of New York. How long, asked the mayor, did they intend to stay in the city?

"A week," replied the man from Bogota.

"Fine," said the mayor. "New York is a wonderful city, and undoubtedly you will manage to see all of it."

The traveler from Caracas thought he would stay for a month.

"Good," said the mayor. "I am sure you will see most of the things you should."

Then the man from Buenos Aires declared that he had fallen in love with New York, and intended to live there forever.

"Ah, then," said the mayor, "I am afraid that you will never see New York at all."

—ELEANOR EARLY,

New York Holiday (Rinehart & Co., Inc.)

A LITTLE OLD WISCONSIN FARMER was showing a city relative some of the country sights.

"My goodness," exclaimed the urbanite, "look at all those fields, the cattle, the splendid farm build-

ings and up-to-the-minute farm homes. This community must certainly abound with prosperity."

"'Tweren't prosperity that built all those fine homes," the farmer said. "'Twas jealousy."

—PETE WALCH

THE TRUE Californian is a man with an orange for an Adam's apple.

—FRED ALLEN

HOLLYWOOD is the only place in the world where they put beautiful frames in pictures.

—IRVING HOFFMAN

THERE ISN'T MUCH to see in a small town, but what you hear makes up for it.

—The Anchor

AFTER APPEARING on a quiz show, Al Capp, the perpetrator of "Lil' Abner," was asked by a small girl for his autograph.

"What do you want my autograph for?" said Capp. "I'm not Roy Rogers."

"We're from Cleveland," said the little girl sadly. "We'll take anything."

—JOHN CROSBY (*N. Y. Herald Tribune*)

For 70 years National machines have rung up a story of success

Romance of the Cash Register

by MORT WEISINGER

WHEN A BLINDFOLDED contestant on a recent radio quiz show was asked to guess the identity of "a common, everyday business appliance" from the sound of its operation, he won the jackpot by tagging the object as a National cash register.

Listening audiences complained that this prize question had been too easy, that the electric whirr and strident jingle of a National cash register is one of the most familiar sound effects in the world.

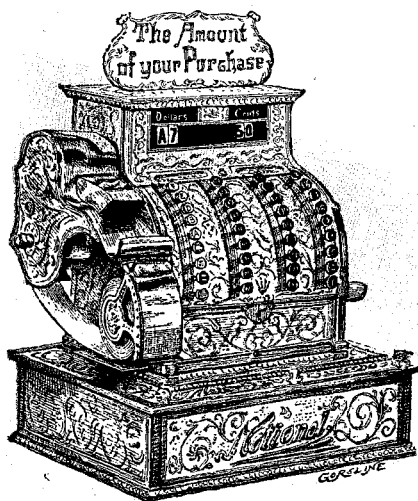
In 92 different countries and trading areas, it is a sonic coat-of-arms that stands for cash and carry. The machines are operated by Es-

kimos in the Arctic Circle and by Bantus below the Equator, by vendors in the Flea Market of Paris and by Algerian merchants in the casbah. They ring up sales wherever men trade in francs, liras, cruzeiros, florins, guilders, piasters, kroner, yen, shillings, and even Russian kopecks.

The greatest amount that can be recorded at one time on a cash register is \$999,999.99. The smallest amount is one mill, used in some states for recording a sales tax. But whether used to ring up a mill or a million, it is a safe bet that you come in contact with one of these machines several times a day.

For example, when you shop at most supermarkets, thanks to a National cash register, you can see how much each item costs as it is rung up and how much you owe for the total bill.

The average register, with 7,500 intricate parts, is a faithful financial servant whose push-button wizardry performs all sorts of monetary magic. Lending libraries use them to record card numbers as well as cash received. Taxi, dairy and laundry offices often use registers to check in drivers and to record money, merchandise, and gasoline on individual trucks and cars. Fuel dealers use them to record tons and pounds of coal, gallons of fuel oil



and to provide delivery records, as well as to handle cash.

Restaurants and hotels use registers for checking food from the kitchen to the dining room. The register, often a battery of registers, is placed in a location between the kitchen and the dining room.

The waiter makes a record of the food order and the register's printed figure becomes a requisition for him to receive the food from the kitchen. The price of the food is charged to the waiter's total inside the register and he must collect from the customer and then, at the end of his shift, pay the restaurant the total amount charged against him.

There are cash registers with Braille keys for use by the blind, and sensitive electric models which can be operated by amputees with artificial hands. For use in such places as school cafeterias, there is a portable midget number which rings up amounts from one cent to \$2.99. The largest register in the NCR catalogue is an 18-drawer model, specially built for businesses where a large number of salespeople have access to the same machine and each requires a separate cash tray which only he can unlock.

Not to be overlooked is the jumbo-sized cash register of all time, a device about three stories high. Perched atop the company's exhibition hall at the 1939 New York World's Fair, it soared 74 feet in the air and performed a superstatistical service by registering each day's attendance on a mammoth indication panel four feet high and 26 feet long.

It was man's age-old desire for

possessions and the problems of counting them that led from the primitive use of pebbles, knotted ropes, notch-sticks, and the abacus to the invention of "The Cash," as it was first called. The romantic story of its birth begins about four million National machines ago, in the era of tandems, gaslight, bustles, and wooden Indians.

In 1879, James Ritty, an ex-mechanic who had invested his savings in a café in Dayton, Ohio, pondered the paradox that while his establishment was doing a flourishing business, he kept losing money. It required no Sherlock Holmes to detect the reason. The only receptacle for receipts was a cash drawer which could easily be dipped into, with the result that bartenders were able to pilfer as much as they desired.

Ritty brooded so much over these speculations that he suffered a breakdown and was obliged to take a cruise for his health. One morning, as he stood fascinated before the automatic mechanism which clocked the revolutions of the ship's propeller shaft, he asked himself: "If the movements of a ship's propeller can be recorded, why can't a device be built to record sales?"

FROM THAT MOMENT, amid the fumes and clatter of a ship's engine room, the idea of a cash register obsessed Ritty. Returning to Dayton, he began to work on the device that was to make mechanical history.

The first model had two rows of keys across the lower front of the machine. Pressed down, each key represented the amount of money to be recorded. The sales were

registered by a revolving arrow on a dial face similar to that of a wall clock. There was no cash drawer in this earliest effort.

In a later model, Ritty mounted a wide paper roll inside the machine so that when a key was depressed, it pricked a hole in the tape. Thus, at the end of the day, the proprietor could remove the tape and count the holes in each column. If there were ten holes in the five-cent column, he could see that he had done a 50-cent business in five-cent sales. He could repeat the counting of holes in each of the other columns and then add them up to arrive at the grand total of sales for the day.

In time, Ritty substituted a series of wheels for the paper roll, which kept a record of the number of times each key was operated and eliminated the necessity of counting holes. But his most dramatic innovation was the introduction of a drawer and a bell that rang sharply when the key was depressed and the drawer opened. This compelled the clerk to ring up a sale in order to have access to the drawer.

Here, at last, was real protection. The customer benefited in that the indicator showed the amount registered on the sale. And the proprietor warmed to the machine because it made the clerk responsible for every cent rung up during the day. Nevertheless, Ritty was unable to market the device and reluctantly sold his infant invention for \$1,000 to Jacob H. Eckert, a glassware salesman.

Although "The Cash" was now functional enough to serve as an automatic policeman, its manufacturers encountered terrific resistance when they tried to sell the machines to merchants, who dismissed it as an expensive fad. What saved the register from the limbo

of countless other gadgets was the truth behind the maxim: "If a man can . . . make a better mousetrap than his neighbor . . . the world will make a beaten path to his door."

In this case, the world was John H. Patterson, an erect, wiry man with a bristling mustache. Patterson, a coal dealer and the owner of a general



Patterson

store in Coalton, Ohio, found that he was losing \$6,000 yearly instead of making a profit of \$12,000, which the figures said was due him.

One day, standing unobserved in his store, Patterson noted that certain miners waited to buy from certain clerks. Inspecting a miner's basket, he found him charged with only half the goods he had actually received. Patterson was now in a dilemma. He saw no way to protect himself against crooked employees unless he kept vigil himself, and this was not feasible. Then something clicked in his mind. He recalled having been told of a new-fangled machine being made in Dayton to register sales.

Typical of the man, he telegraphed for three of these machines, C.O.D. Within six months after introducing them on his counters, the store showed a profit.

In 1883, because of a general depression, Patterson gave up his

store. After paying off all his debts, he had \$16,000 left. Now 40, he regarded himself as a failure. What could he do for a living?

Considering cattle-raising, Patterson visited Colorado with his brother Frank to look at ranches. One day they met a New England merchant who was vacationing.

"How do you do it?" asked John. "Who watches your store?"

The merchant explained that he had a good manager and a couple of those new cash registers being manufactured in Dayton. That night, John Patterson told his brother, "Frank, this man's experience proves that what was good for our store in Coalton is good for every store. If we can convince merchants of the good these machines can do, they will be used in every store on earth."

Next morning Patterson boarded a train for Dayton, where he sought out George L. Phillips, a shrewd financier who had bought the patent rights from Eckert and now owned the company. What Patterson did not know was that Dayton businessmen called the cash-register factory "Phillips' Folly." The company's stock was considered worthless.

When Patterson offered \$6,500 for the stock, Phillips snapped it up. Later, learning of the company's shaky status, Patterson offered the financier a \$2,000 settlement if he would cancel the deal.

"I wouldn't take the stock back as a gift," Phillips said coolly.

"Very well," replied Patterson, "I am going into the cash-register business. I'll prove that I can sell honesty to the world."

Fired with determination, Patter-

son organized a group of aggressive salesmen. Each he equipped with a miniature three-key model of a section of a cash register, which could be concealed inside a coat pocket and thus thwart the watchdog eyes of antagonistic clerks.

Once inside a store, the salesman would wait for the boss to appear, then whip out the tiny model and demonstrate its financial feats. Invariably, under the baleful glare of the clerk, the proprietor would order a machine.

Patterson also pioneered the modern business college. Each man on his sales force had to attend classes under his personal tutelage. In model stores equipped with dummy merchandise, he made apprentice salesmen act out selling a cash register to a reluctant merchant.

He made them learn a score of different retail trades, so that they could understand the problems of the merchants they had to sell. Then he rehearsed them with a sales talk, until they could recite it from memory.

In many stores where a cash-register was installed, the clerks tried to doublecross the machine. Their tricks were endless. When a patron handed over a quarter for a 15-cent purchase, the clerk, instead of registering the amount, would press the "Change" key so, at the end of the day, the cash in the drawer would not tally with the registration. When Patterson heard of this wrinkle, he abolished the "Change" key and put in its place the "NO SALE" key.

Patterson guaranteed the mechanical perfection of every register to leave his plant. Once, testing a machine which was supposed

to have passed inspection, he pushed down a key and nothing happened.

"There seems to be something wrong with this," he remarked casually to the workers around him. Then he lifted the register from the table to the floor, picked up a mallet and demolished it. On another occasion, he threw crated registers down an elevator shaft to determine whether they had been shock-proof packed.

Such high standards, plus dynamic selling methods, soon made the National cash register a fixture in thousands of stores. Demand for the registers came from every continent, and the NCR became an international houseword.

Meanwhile, numerous improvements were added. Most notable was the receipt which permitted the merchant to give his customers a printed record of the sale.

Up until 1904, the register had been powered by an unwieldy hand-crank. With the U. S. becoming increasingly electrically minded, Patterson decided that the new force could facilitate operation of his machine. Technicians argued that the application of electricity to a cash register was an impossibility.

But they reckoned without a lank, gangling, spectacled youth from the company's Invention Department who was assigned to the task. The youth studied the problem for three years, then came up with a revolutionary motor run by electricity which made the manual models obsolete. The youth's name was Charles F. Kettering.

When Patterson bought the business in 1884, it had 13 employees and was housed in a one-room second-floor workshop. From that

humble beginning the NCR factory has grown to occupy 28 buildings in Dayton, with over 72 acres of floor space. In addition, the Company operates a factory in Ithaca, N. Y., paper processing plants in Washington Court House, Ohio, and Mechanicsville, N. Y., and plants in Canada, Scotland, Germany, France, Switzerland, Sweden, and Japan.

The complications of foreign currencies, money of different sizes, and sterling instead of the decimal system in some countries presented problems, but they have been met.

During the past 60 years, NCR has taken out more than 2,000 patents in the U. S., and many others abroad, by way of improving its amazing monetary scoreboard. Its never-ending quest for perfection has paid off fabulously. In 1952, it sold its four-millionth machine and achieved a world wide sales volume of \$226,500,000 for the year.

Profits went to the Company's 15,000 stockholders, located in every state of the Union and in 25 different countries. They include churches, colleges, insurance companies, and trust companies, as well as individuals.

The present boss of NCR is dynamic Stanley C. Allyn, who started with the Company in 1913 as a \$20-a-week accountant and worked his way up to become president in 1940. Foreseeing a trend toward mechanization in record-keeping methods among businessmen, Allyn added a new chapter to NCR's growth by rounding out the line with ingenious accounting, book-keeping, and adding machines.

Today, when you make a deposit

in the savings department of a bank, the chances are the transaction is recorded on a National window-posting machine. Behind the scenes in the offices of banks, other Nationals keep records of checking accounts and fulfill that important function known as central proof.

When you check out of a hotel, your bill is usually printed on a National hotel machine. Most of the telephone bills are made out on a specially developed National, widely used by public utilities.

If you are an employee of a large industrial concern, your pay check is probably made out on a National payroll machine, and one reason that both you and the company like it is the clearly printed check showing gross pay, each deduction, and net pay.

Other NCR machines perform analysis work of all types, industrial accounting, federal, state, and municipal accounting, and railroad, bus-line, and air-line accounting.

Frequently these machines are installed in batteries of 75 or 100. But there are thousands of business establishments where one machine does the complete job. In fact, an outstanding advantage of one particular model is the fact that it can

be changed in 30 seconds from one type of work to an entirely different type.

Today, under the leadership of Allyn, one out of every 12 employees at the Dayton plant is actively engaged in research connected with future products. Here, too, and in the recently acquired Computer Research Corporation in Hawthorne, California, technicians are experimenting with the application of electronics to the office machines of tomorrow.

Says one enthusiastic NCR engineer: "Our machines will require so little hand motion they'll practically be able to respond to telepathic impulses."

The original paper-roll machine devised by Ritty had 546 parts. Today's most highly developed National machines contain as many as 22,000. Its calculating devices, with myriad springs, gears, coils, levers, and shafts reaching metal fingers into untold places, guarantee its performance as an incorruptible keeper of the business conscience.

John H. Patterson passed away peacefully in 1922, content in the knowledge that he had fulfilled his dream to sell honesty to the world.

AS MY WORK as a writer was keeping me so busy that I had to give up looking after my garden, I hired a gardener. He came just before Christmas so I bought him a gift, and then I said to my maid, "Perhaps the gardener is married and I should have bought a present for his wife, as well."

"No," replied the maid, "he isn't."

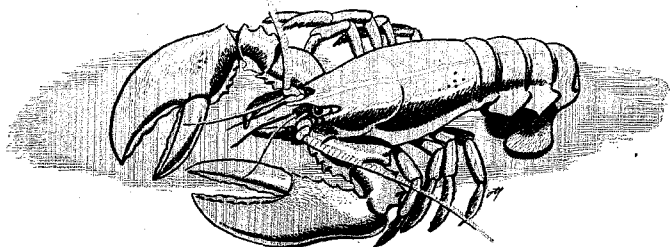
"How do you know?" I asked.

"Because," she said, "he comes to work every morning from a different direction."



—From a forthcoming autobiography by Juliet Lowell

What Is a Lobster?



by HARRY BOTSFORD

Our succulent shellfish is a creature of strange moods and even stranger habits

NATURE MUST HAVE BEEN in a capriciously ironic mood when the lobster was created. As a result, this succulent crustacean lives dangerously.

For at least six weeks of the year, the adult males are wholly without defense; the more fortunate females are defenseless for a similar period every other year. In these intervals, when he has shed his armor, the lobster is an easy prey to predatory denizens of the sea. Only man, his foremost enemy, considers the flesh inferior at such times.

At this time, the adult male becomes, literally, too big for his skin. Then he seeks what he hopes will be safe cover, flops on his side and starts to bend over and double up. Eventually, a crack appears down the back and there is more vigorous squirming, which is likened to a fat lady shedding a girdle. Once out of the shell, he is unarmed.

The new shell requires six to eight weeks to harden, depending

on the size of the lobster and the temperature of the water. As it starts to form, the lobster takes aboard quantities of water which expand his girth and length, and the rubbery shell is tailored to fit this artificial growth. As he grows, he expels the surplus water a little at a time, thus letting the shell fit snugly until time for the next molt.

The adult female cannot molt when she is carrying eggs under her tail. Since she carries these eggs for 10 to 11 months, nature has decreed that she shed her shell only once every other year.

Every two years the mama lobster, known as the "berried lobster," hatches from 3,000 to 100,000 eggs. She fiercely protects them by flexing her armored tail around when she senses danger. The older the lobster, the more eggs she will produce.

The hatching period takes about seven nights. As the eggs hatch, she propels clouds of baby lobsters,

or larvae, to the surface by the fanning movement of the appendages she uses for swimming. The larvae are a third of an inch in length, about the size of an ant, and they shed and grow new shells three times in the first two weeks of their precarious lives.

By the time they are six to eight weeks old, they are about three-quarters of an inch in length and have changed shells a half-dozen times. Most of this period is spent on top of the water where many of them are gobbled up by voracious gulls and marauding menhaden.

Once they sink to the bottom, the greatest enemy of these young lobsters is the raiding cod. No one has ever computed the mortality rate during the first year, but it is admittedly high, for sharks and skates take a deadly toll. If they survive the first year, they are from two to three inches in length.

BASICALLY, NATURE gave the lobster some pretty sound protective equipment. His armor plate, counting the rings of the antennae, may be made up of as many as 2,000 separate and coordinated parts. The large claws are tremendous defense weapons.

The lobster lurks like a green shadow in a crevice. When a mollusk passes, the smaller claw, often called the "quick claw," grabs it and passes it to the crusher claw, known as the "club claw." The victim's shell is deftly crushed, then the "quick claw" transfers it to the successive sets of small legs which help masticate it so that it can enter the mouth.

Exclusive of the large claws, the lobster is equipped with four pairs

of legs, two of which terminate in pincers, small but efficient. He has two pairs of antennae, one for smell and the other for touch.

An extra-special feature is the fine sensory, or olfactory, hairs on the first antennae that serve as a personal radar for the lobster, enabling him to detect food or the presence of an enemy at some distance, and tactile hairs scattered elsewhere to assist in orienting himself. He has compound eyes on free moving stalks, mounted on top of his head, which, however, have a limited range of vision.

It takes longer for a lobster to attain maturity than any other meat that comes to your table. A year or less is all that is needed for a chicken, lamb, calf or pig to be old enough to eat. But seven to ten hazardous years are needed before a lobster will weigh in at around two pounds.

The lobster is a marine cannibal and inclined to become pugnacious. In a fight, he will rise on his tail, claws extended, begging the opponent to come to grips. At last, one of the battlers, tired and beaten, deftly disconnects his claw and backs away, leaving the victor some claw meat for dinner. The loser eventually grows a new claw.

Traditionally, the live lobster is bluish-green in color, but in Maine, where about 80 per cent of the U.S. poundage is caught, they are occasionally blue, a few are cream-colored, some have double-large claws, some are calico-colored, others are spotted. Once in a while, a lobster will be caught as crimson as if he had been boiled.

Lobsters have been caught that weigh as much as 40 pounds, al-

though it is rare that one lives to attain 25 pounds. Most states have stringent laws regarding the legal length of lobsters. Large ones must be returned to the water as they are the great seed lobsters, the type that produce as many as 100,000 eggs every two years.

Millions of eggs are removed from lobsters, artificially hatched in cold sea water and then distributed on the surface of the Atlantic by fish commissions. In the U.S., there have been planted, recently, approximately 200,000,000 larvae. In Canada, the seeding is much more extensive.

Time was when the lobster was considered a sign of affluence; but in recent years prices have been reasonable and modern shipping methods have made the lobster no stranger to the tables of Cleveland, Memphis or Salt Lake City.

Maine lobsters are found fairly well in-shore, often in water less than 20 feet deep. They are trapped in wooden crates domed at the top and called "pots." Each end has an opening with a cone of heavy twine netting, which diminishes in size to a smaller opening, suspended in the middle of the trap, just short of the bait, usually a hunk of fish.

The lobster investigates the bait, drops in to sample it. Once he has

partaken, he cannot, for the life of him, figure out how to escape.

The lobster is a backward creature. He can move forward, and does so frequently—although, when startled, he prefers to travel backward. A few flips of the tail will send him backward 25 feet at a rather surprising speed.

In the winter when the water is too cold, the Maine lobster may move out to sea as much as 50 miles. Like many Maine citizens, he resolutely refuses to be transplanted. Shipped alive and planted in the waters of the West Coast, he doesn't breed successfully.

He is the American lobster. West Coast lobsters are of the Spiny Lobster family and have no claws; found throughout the warmer waters of the world, as well, only the tail is edible.

Tough as the lobster is in water, he is helpless out of it, although he can live nearly two weeks if his gills are kept moist. Fresh water, even in small quantities, is fatal to the lobster in a very few hours.

Wisely administrated and enforced conservation programs will probably assure future generations of a steady supply of lobsters at reasonable prices. He's hard to catch, easy to eat, and will always be in demand.



Fill Those Squares!

(Answers to quiz on page 67)

DrAfTing; gReATeSt; CaREleSS; sPacIOUS; PANorA-
MA; reDstART, TOwErIng; cOVERAge; PArADise; de-
TAlLED; REdoleNT; loCATiOn; REpEateD; SPITfirE.

A. J. CRONIN: *The Writing Doctor*

by ARTHUR BARTLETT

A colleague's prescription was his ticket to a successful career as a novelist

THE DOCTOR HAD A FARAWAY LOOK in his eyes. "You know," he said suddenly, "I believe I could write a novel if I had time."

His wife looked up from her knitting. "Do you, dear?" she responded tactfully. Then, gently pulling him back to earth: "How is Johnnie Smith getting on with his whooping cough?"

Doctors—and all sorts of people—are forever thinking they could write novels . . . if only they had time. Naturally, nine hundred and ninety-nine out of a thousand never find the time to try—and the thousandth, having tried, usually discovers that he wasn't cut out to be a novelist, after all.

This one doctor was the exception. He became one of the most widely-read novelists of our time. More than 20,000,000 copies of his books have been sold all over the world; and millions of people have seen his novels enacted in some of the most successful motion pictures ever made.

The doctor was (or is) A. J. Cronin, author

of such best-sellers as *The Green Years*, *The Citadel*, *The Keys of the Kingdom*, *Shannon's Way*, *The Spanish Gardener*, *Adventures in Two Worlds* and *Beyond This Place*. Yet, when he actually found time to write a novel, it involved one of the toughest blows of his life.

A tall, sandy-haired, pleasant-mannered man, whose initials stand for Archibald Joseph but whose friends call him "A. J.," Dr. Cronin was a prosperous physician in London's fashionable West End in 1930. In his mid-thirties, he could still hardly believe that he was out of debt, making money, and, better yet, achieving recognition in his profession. Getting to that point from a poverty-ridden boyhood in Scotland had been an epic triumph.

Then a touch of indigestion—as he dismissed it to himself—began to bother him. Finally he decided to drop in on a colleague and be looked over. He came out with a diagnosis of gastric ulcer—and a "prescription" to go away for six



months' rest. Leave a good practice which he had only just succeeded in building up? It meant throwing away everything for which he had struggled. Yet there was no alternative. And so he quit medicine—and wrote his first novel...

Today, in New Canaan, Connecticut, a town favored by Manhattan commuters, the one-time doctor writes in a book-lined study. He ducks as many neighborhood parties as possible but is a frequent host at small dinners. He plays tennis on his own court with his young son or drives to the nearby country club for an occasional round of golf.

Life was quite different for young Archie Cronin, who was born in Cardross, Scotland, in 1896, son of a Scottish girl who had defied her family, and a host of Covenanting ancestors, by marrying an Irishman. His father died when the boy was seven, but fortunately young Cronin was a good scholar; and since he has always had the impetuosity of the Irish and the doggedness of the Scots, he decided to earn enough money from menial jobs to become a doctor. And, doggedly, he did.

As a student, he was highly regarded by his teachers, but other youngsters—and their parents—sometimes tended to resent his superiority. One father, whose young hopeful was beaten by Cronin in an all-important examination, became so enraged that the theme of Cronin's first and famous novel, *Hatter's Castle*, took shape around his domineering personality.

Cronin's position in the commu-

nity was further complicated by the fact that he was a Catholic. To most neighbors and relatives in the narrow-minded Scottish town, this was considered a downright disgrace; and as a youngster it so embittered his life that he turned, for a time, against all religion.

All through medical school, he now admits, he nursed a skeptical belief that human beings are mere biological machines. It was not until he had become a practicing physician that he found himself unable to explain in laboratory terms many of

the things which he saw and felt as a doctor.

One such experience was a long vigil at the bedside of a dying child. "At the instant of death," says Cronin, "I felt, with terrifying reality, an actual sense of passage in that dim little room. Later I was to meet a famous physician who told me that in all his years of practice, he had never sat beside a deathbed without experiencing, in some degree, the sensation that had been mine. He called it, unashamedly, the flight of the soul."

Putting himself through medical school at the University of Glasgow working at part-time jobs, Cronin was always hard up. When he met the quiet and self-possessed girl who later became Mrs. Cronin—also a medical student in the university—he wooed her principally in a tea shop where twopence would provide a pot of tea over which they could sit indefinitely.

His education was interrupted for two years during World War I, in which he served as a surgeon sub-



lieutenant in the British Navy; and for the remainder of his university course, his old naval uniform was his only suit.

As a young but penniless medical graduate, Cronin got his first job as an assistant to an ailing old general practitioner in a slag-strewn mining town in the Rhondda Valley, South Wales. Mrs. Cronin admits that the day they got there, after they had made their way through the ugly town and reached the furnished rooms in a miner's cottage which were to be their first home, she sat down and wept.

But there was plenty of work for young Dr. Cronin, and he threw himself into it with characteristic energy. The nearest hospital was miles away, and he handled everything from measles to mine accidents, making his rounds on foot. After six months of it, he got his first chance to move higher. It was not much higher, to be sure—only to a better-paying post in the neighboring valley of Tredegar.

The young doctor was busier than ever in Tredegar and yet, with one of his impetuous decisions, he began studying for three major postgraduate degrees. To do it, he had to borrow a whole medical library, piecemeal, from the Royal Society of London, and sit up studying it—after finishing his rounds—far into the nights.

The nearest laboratory where he could work to qualify for the new degrees was in Cardiff, more than 20 miles away. Cronin bought a second-hand motorcycle and rode there once a week, spent two hours in the laboratory and sped back in time for evening office hours.

The examinations which he had

to take in London for the degrees are so difficult that three of four candidates usually fail. Cronin passed with honors. His savings turned out to be far too little for the kind of London practice he had dreamed about, so he finally had to buy in a run-down section of Bayswater. Nevertheless, young Dr. Cronin was on his own at last.

Mrs. Cronin recalls that period as the worst they ever lived through. They had a big house, about half-furnished, a big obligation to the old doctor who had sold the practice, an infant son born in Tredegar, another on the way—and no money. The Cronins ate salt herring and potatoes, skimped on coal—and had to have the plumber in to fix frozen water pipes.

Gradually, however, the practice grew, as word spread about the pleasant and competent young doctor. And as more well-to-do people were added to his list of patients, guineas as well as shillings began to go into the old tobacco sack which, for luck, he used as a money bag.

At the end of three years, he had paid off his predecessor, furnished his home, bought a car and employed house servants.

"Just think of it!" he gloated to his wife one day, after ushering out a wealthy patient. "Three guineas a visit!"

"What's the matter with him?" his wife inquired.

"Oh, nothing much," said Cronin chuckling. "Just a touch of liver."

"In Tredegar," she reminded him, "you wouldn't have been much interested in that kind of case."

The quiet remark thoroughly chastened him, and from that day

onward, poor patients and rich patients, alike, got his careful attention. Dr. Cronin was busy, successful and respected. Then suddenly, his own sickness demolished the career so laboriously built.

The place chosen for his rest cure was an isolated farmhouse in the Scottish highlands. After the family had been installed—there were two boys now—Dr. Cronin decided he would write that novel he had been talking about. He sat down at a table . . . and glared at the blank page in front of him. It wasn't as easy as he had imagined. The page remained blank most of the day.

Finally he forced himself to start putting words down—words for which he groped in mental anguish. But stubbornly he kept at it, day after day, and soon the notebooks began to fill up. At the end of two months, the novel was half-written. Then the writing doctor took time out to read the finished chapters.

Suddenly he decided they were terrible. With characteristic impulsiveness he threw the manuscript into the ash can and started out for a brooding walk in the rain.

It was a meeting with an old Scottish farmer, he says, which brought back his determination. Old Angus was digging a ditch in a bog. Stopping, the doctor told him that he had abandoned the novel. Angus looked at him with sober disapproval. "My father ditched this bog all his days without making a pasture," he said. "I've dug it all my days and never made a pasture. But pasture or no pasture, I canna help but dig."

The simple sermon struck home, and Cronin went back to his digging. After another month of white-

heat work, the novel was finished. Cronin picked a publisher's address at random from an old manuscript and sent it to the publisher. Then he waited for a rejection slip.

But instead, a telegram came from the publisher. The novel, *Hatter's Castle*, was accepted. It became an immediate success. It was translated into 21 languages, serialized, dramatized and made into a motion picture. Critics hailed Cronin as a new sensation.

"This may not last," Cronin warned his wife with Scottish caution, moving first to a small apartment in London and then to a modest cottage in Sussex, where he went to work on another novel, *Three Loves*. But it did last, and as *Grand Canary* followed *Three Loves*, and *The Stars Look Down* followed *Grand Canary*, the ex-physician became a full-blown literary lion, in demand at dinners, bazaars and book fairs.

When *The Citadel* came out in 1937, the American Booksellers Association voted it the favorite novel of the year; and *The Keys of the Kingdom* had hardly been published, in 1941, when it had already passed the 500,000 mark in sales. In 1948, when Cronin's American publishers, Little, Brown & Company, brought out his book, *Shannon's Way*, the total printings in the first edition ran to more than 1,000,000 copies. His latest novel, *Beyond This Place*, was a selection of the country's biggest book club.

Cronin decided to take up residence in this country some years ago, when American royalties became his major source of income. Moreover, as he has written in his autobiography, he looked on America as "the great, perhaps only hope

for the future of the world." His youngest son, Andrew, is now 17; Vincent, after two years at Harvard, is now on the staff of an English magazine in London; and Patrick is a doctor practicing in Montreal.

When Cronin first came to America, he went to Hollywood and found it beautiful, amusing and amazing. The feudal castles, the swimming pools, the expensive cars, fascinated him. But the horde of nameless extras fascinated him even more.

"Everything is so romanticized," he declared. "The very air is inimical to reality. If they offered me all the money in the world, I could not call this home."

The producers did make him lavish offers, but he turned them down flat. For all his success, Cronin still does his writing in longhand and

still finds it agonizing labor. He works in a hard chair and usually keeps his study unheated, feeling that comfort might dull his mind.

His Irish impulsiveness and his Scottish caution frequently contradict each other, particularly in money matters. When he decided to buy a place in Connecticut, he specified a tennis court as a prerequisite. "Woodlea Hill" didn't have a tennis court when he bought it, but he has since built one.

Of course, there were no estates with tennis courts in the life of young Archie Cronin or in that of the struggling young Dr. Cronin. Perhaps if there had been, the novels of A. J. Cronin would have lacked much of their understanding. More probably, there wouldn't have been any novels at all.

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Libraries for Every Town

by WINONA WHEELOCK SPARKS

How imagination and a few donations started a library in a Dakota Community

"WE NEED A LIBRARY!" Individuals and groups were still saying it as they had said it 16 years before, when I was one of the discontented youngsters scuffling up and down the dusty streets of our town in search of something to do. By mid-July we had devoured even the "unsuitable books" kept well hidden in the home libraries in town, and it took a long time to save from our candy-and-soda money the price of a book whose purchase was the climax of our rare trips to the county seat.

We did need a public library, where every one of our 523 people from grandmother to toddler could find something to read. As the need grew and enthusiasm mounted, the ideas came. First, we would need a sponsor and since, as it has been rightly said, nothing can equal a women's club to get things done, the Women's Study Club of Westington, South Dakota, would be the logical sponsor.

I chose four fellow members who really enjoyed reading and put my idea to them. My mother was the club president, and enthusiasm was immediate. Mrs. Dake had for years shared her library with half the town, and gave her full support. Mrs. Clark, the school-superintendent's wife, and Mrs. Black, the minister's wife, had to be persuaded,

not on the idea but on the possibility of financing such a project at a time when even groceries were a problem to most families. They promised aid, however, if I could blueprint the idea in such a way as to get the Study Club's support.

As presented to the club, our five basic requirements were as follows: First, books; second, a place to keep them; third, minimum furniture and supplies; fourth, a continuous, dependable income, however small; and fifth, some individual willing to devote the time necessary to catalogue and circulate the books.

The nucleus for the original library would be 70 books of our own choosing, to be secured on loan from the state library, plus whatever books our townspeople would donate. The library was to be located in a small glassed-in office in the back of the town's hardware store. We could have it, rent free, with a desk and chair included. Shelves we could make by using borrowed two-by-fours and bricks.

To finance our venture, we would sell library cards at \$1 a family. I was happy to volunteer my time as librarian. I had had no formal library training, but I had spent much of my spare time for years in various libraries and felt sure I could devise some workable system of cataloguing and circulating the books.

I'm not particularly eloquent, but I was so heart-and-soul in the

project that I was able to put the idea across to our group of 25 women and get their vote of approval and an appropriation of \$15 for cards, date stamp, identification stamp, and book pockets. A library board of five, the terms of whose members expired on different dates, was also elected.

The editor of our local weekly paper gave us all the space for publicity we needed, without cost. Each week we printed the names of all those who had contributed books to the library. Soon we were deluged with donations—sets of Dickens, Mark Twain, Bret Harte, Alexandre Dumas, and other old friends long ago lent and forgotten. My eighth-grade graduation-gift copy of George Eliot's *Mill on the Floss* turned up in somebody's box of books.

Obviously there was need for careful screening, but never was a book refused. When our small stock of book pockets and cards were exhausted, I turned to the editor and purchased, for a small sum, cardboard to make cards, and heavy paper for book pockets.

OUR TRIP TO PIERRE, the state capital, to select our first library books was a never-to-be-forgotten experience for the library board. The state librarian, Miss McKay, sent us home with more than our share of new books for children and

adults, and her cooperation got us off to a good start.

Our shelves proved to be a major project. Because our lumber was borrowed, we could use no nails in it, but four enthusiastic ladies placed boards upon bricks, tier upon tier, with books filling the space between. All was going well, when, without warning, the entire structure collapsed in our faces—books, boards, and bricks together. Nobody was hurt physically. When we were again ready to build, we went to a man for advice. Each of the new shelves had a wire wrapped about it nailed into the wall so that the result was straight and solid.

Magazines were donated: they were usually several months old, but they had wide circulation. Comic books presented a problem. Stacks of them had been given us. Finally we decided to meet our young readers on their own level and put the best of them on a table for reading in the library. In a surprisingly short time, the youngsters who came just to read the comics found our new juveniles and started taking them home.

Once open, the various organizations in town voted us small sums of money. Since we had no rent or fuel expense, all of it could go for books. Our first book orders were made up by the entire library board, each with clippings and a catalogue of reviews. As librarian, I chose the



children's books and, using our circulation as a guide, made the final choice as to what other books were ordered. We found we weren't ordering books for ourselves but for the young folk, who wanted the lighter fiction.

Our rental shelf, five cents a book a week, helped purchase the really good books, which, as they paid for themselves, were replaced and put on the regular shelves. There was little demand for non-fiction, although we did get a few adventure and travel books. Memorial books, given as tribute to someone dear, also added to the supply of books too expensive for us to buy.

We moved the library twice. Then we leased a small building on the main street. Now there were heat, lights and rent to pay. New equipment was needed. Individuals and groups helped supply the equipment. The Study Club held an Amateur Hour. It gave the community an evening of fun and netted the library \$65. A yearly tag day and silver teas at the homes of club members gave us more dimes and quarters.

Another device that in time brought in quite a sum was the

round-robin food basket. One person would put in it some delicacy she had and start it on its rounds; each recipient would buy the contents, put another cake or pie or other pastry in it, and start it on to the next person.

By now the library had become so much an accepted part of our town that we felt we could ask for tax-support. Accordingly we attended a meeting of the city council and asked to be included in the year's budget. Because we had been operating for four years and no one cared to think of our town without a library, we were promised enough for rent and fuel and \$5 a month for the librarian.

Today, our library has more than 3,000 books and a large supply of new magazines. It receives \$300 each year from the town. With donated money and the income from the library cards, we have a regular supply of new books and magazines.

I give this account as proof that any interested group in any part of the country can provide reading for itself and its community. All one needs is public-spirited citizens, a woman's club, and a man to help with the shelves.



Editorial Lapses

IN QUOTING THE DIRECTOR of the Miss Canada Pageant, to the effect that the girls would be judged in evening gowns rather than in bathing suits, the Kitchener (Ont.) *Record* reported his words thus: "I have fought for five years to get the bathing suits off the girls."

HEADLINE in the Michigan City (Ind.) *News-Dispatch*: "Mother of 12 Children Advocates Relaxation."

—NEAL O'HARA, McNaught Syndicate, Inc.

FROM AN ENGAGEMENT ANNOUNCEMENT in the Stamford, Conn. *Advocate*: "The bedding will take place in Paris in July."

—Gloss Topics

Poem of Gold



by DON McNEILL

THE YOUNG BANK CLERK who moved to the Yukon in 1906 had only two ambitions: wealth and fame. So the following year, when he was asked to recite a poem at a church concert, he was proud of himself. Maybe he wasn't getting rich fast, but at least his fame was spreading. People were saying that he could recite "Casey at the Bat" better than anybody else in the little town of White Horse.

When a friend told him that he was sick and tired of "Casey," it was a considerable blow.

"Would you rather have me do Gunga Din?" asked the bank clerk.

"Look, Robbie, we've heard that a hundred times, too. Why don't you write your own poem?"

Robert got to work that very night. Using a Yukon saloon for a setting, he wrote the story of a faithless wife and a betrayed husband, all in verse. He used the language of the frontier—not just the haunting musical quality of the language, but the unpleasant cuss words as well. When he had finished, he knew that his poem was true to life. But he also knew that it was too full of sharp language to read in church, so he put it away.

In the next two months, he kept writing verses. At last he decided to make a book of them, to give to his friends for Christmas. He had

\$100, and thought he could get a book printed for that amount. The only trouble was, he couldn't bear to part with his savings, so he asked a friend to share the risk.

"What's your book about?"

"It's poetry."

Robert's friend roared. "Poetry! D'you think I'm mad enough to throw away fifty dollars?"

With a sigh, Robert sent his precious \$100 to a publisher who handled amateur work. The publisher agreed to print 100 copies and then forgot the matter. But the typesetters in the composing room fell in love with the verses. They went around reciting them to wives and neighbors, who became equally excited. Traveling salesmen heard the poetry, memorized it and repeated it all over Canada. Long before the book came out, many thousands of copies had been ordered.

It is unlikely that "The Shooting of Dan McGrew" has ever been read at a church concert since that time, but it brought the young clerk fame and fortune. Nobody knows what happened to his friend, who was too smart to invest \$50.

"Poor man," said Robert W. Service many years later, "I think it broke his heart. I know it would have broken mine, too, to give him the fifty thousand dollars his investment would have brought."

A Boy's Faith

by RICHARD BURDICK



A CHILL early morning light crept over the rolling plains of southwestern Kansas. Down a narrow dirt road, two boys jogged at a determined clip. The older was thirteen, the younger seven; both were strong and exuberant with the energy of farm boys everywhere.

The boys were proud to be the first there for firing the schoolhouse stove each morning, before teacher and pupils arrived, for it was the custom for the first pupil who was old and capable enough to have the school warm for the others. This morning they ran with a kind of desperation because they were late, and someone else might already have started the fire.

At the schoolhouse they quickly filled their arms at the woodbin. Then the smaller boy noticed the can sitting beside the stove. Quickly he handed it to his brother, who was

Out of tragedy and pain was born one of the world's greatest athletes of all time

kneeling before the opened door.

"Look, Floyd!" he cried. "Kerosene! That'll make the fire burn faster."

The older boy took the can and poured its contents into the stove. From his pocket he took a match. The next instant there was a thunderous explosion that shook the tiny schoolhouse and blasted windows from their frames. For the can had contained not kerosene—but gasoline.

Angry flames were now lashing from the stove. The younger brother, blinded by smoke, stumbled about the room calling, "Floyd! Floyd, where are you?"

There was no answer. Just the choking billows of smoke; the fierce heat.

Flames now were blazing from the small boy's stockings and trousers; the smoke filled his lungs near to bursting, his eyes with blindness. Finally, he and his brother, who had fought clear of the smoke, ran to their farm house, a short distance away. Floyd, the older boy, died soon after, and his seven-year-old brother had been horribly burned. In the bedroom of the farmhouse, the bereaved parents waited anxiously as the family doctor examined the seared body of the son who had been spared. At length the doctor stood up, his voice grave.

"I wish I could offer you encouragement of full recovery, but

WOULD YOU

save this CHILD?

IF YOU SAW THIS CHILD, would you pick him up and save him as Bill Asbury, CCF representative, did in Korea a few weeks ago? We are sure you would not "pass by on the other side" to leave him die. He is now in a CCF orphanage being decently cared for. He is there with other children—children like the baby whose mother brought him to the superintendent, saying she could not find work and could not care for her baby. The baby was accepted and the mother started away and then fell. When the superintendent reached her, she was dead—of starvation. Some CCF orphanage children were pulled apart from the arms of their mothers—the children just faintly alive, their mothers dead.

Bill Asbury is making no complaint about the dirt and discomfort connected with his job or even about the vermin, far more alive on such a child than the child himself. But he is heavy hearted over the many children he can't save for lack of funds.

He will be glad, if you wish, to pick up a starving boy or girl for you and place him or her in one of the 42 Korean orphanages in which CCF assists children. The cost in Korea and in all countries where CCF operates is ten dollars a month and you will receive your child's name, address, story and picture. You can correspond with your child. Children can be "adopted" in CCF orphanages around the world; in the following countries: Borneo, Brazil, Burma, Finland, Formosa, Hong Kong, India, Indochina, Indonesia, Italy, Japan, Jordan, Korea, Lapland, Lebanon, Malaya, Mexico, Okinawa, Pakistan, Philippines, Puerto Rico, United States and Western Germany.

"And the Lord took little children into His arms and blessed them." 20,000 Americans have done likewise by "adopting" children through CCF. Gifts of any amount are welcome.



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it would be unfair. Many of the tissues in the boy's legs have been destroyed."

The horror-stricken parents looked at one another, fearing possible amputation. "Doctor, we respect your opinion—but is there no chance he'll be like he was?"

"There is a chance," the doctor replied, "but it is a very slim one."

The farmer looked at the limp form on the bed. He placed his arm uncertainly on his wife's shoulder. "Then we'll pray for it," he said. "We must see that he fights for his legs."

The anxious parents did more than stand humbly by, waiting for a miracle. For months following the tragedy, when the skin had healed sufficiently, they massaged their son's twisted limbs. When they became exhausted, the boy, himself, would continue the painful job. And lying in his bed, he would repeat over and over to himself:

"I will walk! I will! *I'll show them I can do it!*"

But it was nearly two long years before the stiffness left his legs. The massaging continued. Now the boy could move about, slowly, painfully, and he began to develop a hippity-hop running style for farm chores. One afternoon, the family

doctor arrived unexpectedly and caught him at it. He checked an impulse to scold, then stood watching, amazed.

Later, he told the overjoyed parents that if he hadn't seen it with his own eyes, he would not have believed it. He told them there was a possibility—only a possibility—that constant running might eventually restore the lost tissues.

And so the boy continued running. When his parents gave up the farm and moved to Elkhart, he was always running, bobbing along like a wounded jackrabbit.

The farm had demanded rugged man's work that hardened youthful muscles. By the time the boy was old enough to enroll at Elkhart High, the former rough farm life plus his own dogged determination to run his legs to health had done their job. He joined the school track team, and before long, despite his ever-present limp, entered a mile race—and won!

Thus, out of tragedy and pain, was born one of the greatest athletes of all time. For this was only the beginning of a spectacular career of track victories for the man who was destined to become accepted as the physical ideal of all runners—Glenn Cunningham!



The Word

A NUCLEAR PHYSICIST stepped up to the prescription counter and asked for some prepared acetylsalicylic acid.

"You mean aspirin?" said the druggist.

"That's right," the physicist smiled apologetically. "I can never think of the name."

—IRVING HOFFMAN

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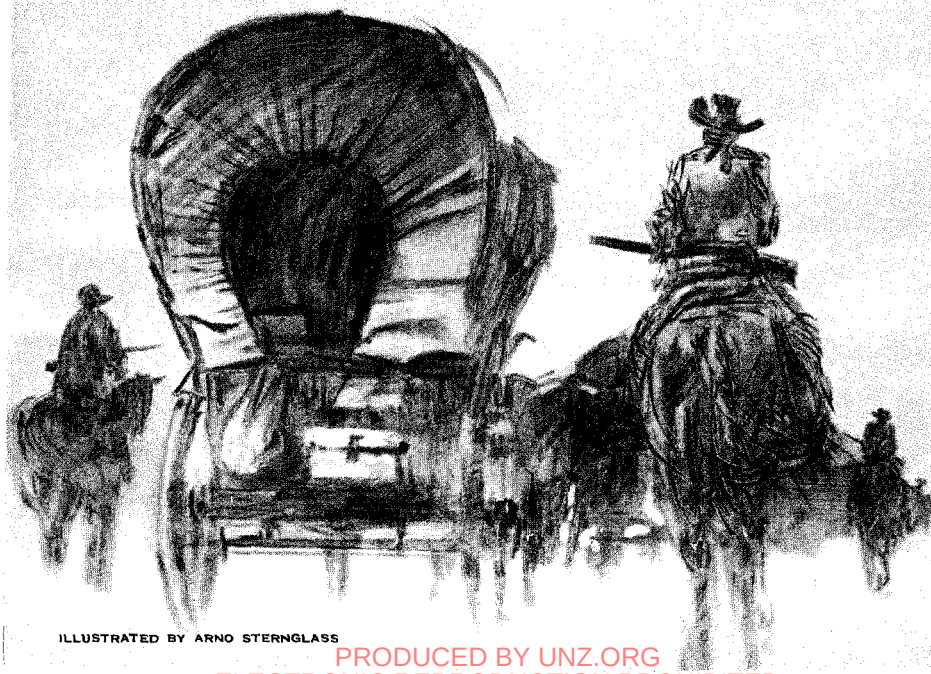


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SEEDS OF DESTINY

You cannot be saved by valor and devotion to your ancestors. To each generation comes its patriotic duty, and upon your willingness to sacrifice and endure, as those before you have sacrificed and endured, rests the national hope.

—CHARLES EVANS HUGHES

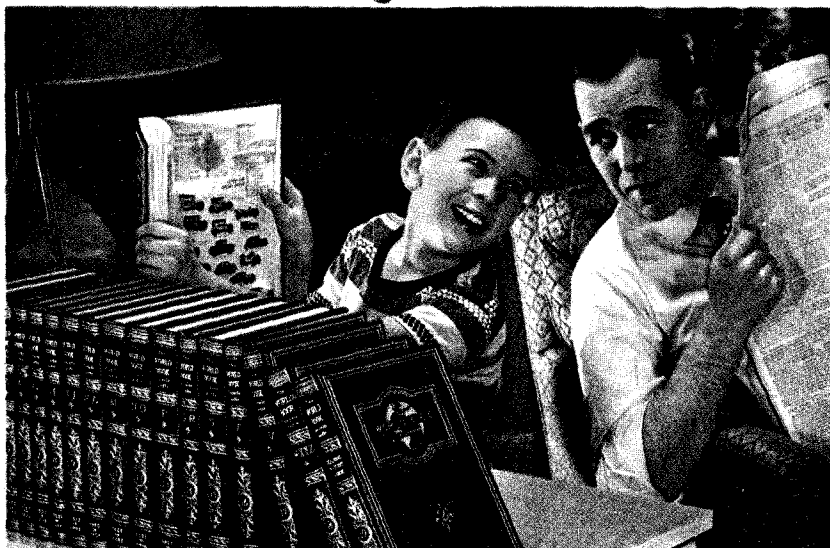


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"They're even older than you, Dad!"



"**LOOK!** Here's a Model T and a Stanley Steamer!" shouted Bill. 'Gosh those jalopies are even older than you Dad!' 'Don't flatter me, Bill,' I said, 'that Stanley Steamer's a dead ringer for the one my father drove when I was a kid!'

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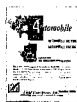
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